MARVEL MASTERWORKS
DAREDEVIL
VOLUME 17

DAREDEVIL Nos. 182-191
FRANK MILLER & KLAUS JANSON

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PRESENTS

VOLUME 17

COLLECTING

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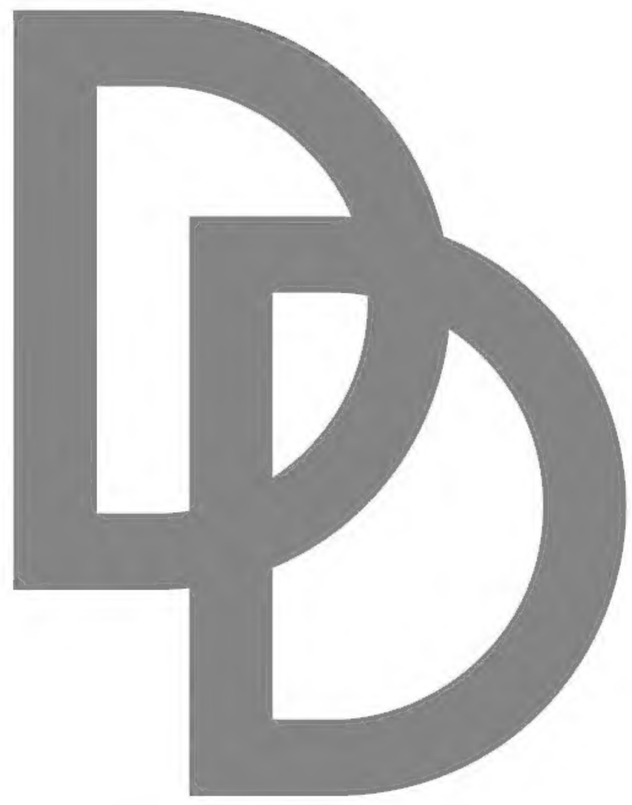

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MARVEL MASTERWORKS

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DAREDEVIL

Nos. 182-191

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MARVEL MASTERWORKS

CONTENTS

Introduction by Ralph Macchio . . . . . .

Daredevil #182, May 1982

"She's Alive" . . . . . .

Daredevil #183, June 1982

"Child's Play" . . . . . .

Daredevil #184, July 1982

"Good Guys Wear Red!" . . . . . .

Daredevil #185, August 1982

"Guts" . . . . . .

Daredevil #186, September 1982

"Stilts" . . . . . .

Daredevil #187, October 1982

"Overkill" . . . . . .

Daredevil #188, November 1982

"Widow's Bite" . . . . . .

Daredevil #189, December 1982

"Siege" . . . . . .

Daredevil #190, January 1983

"Resurrection" . . . . . .

Daredevil #191, February 1983

"Roulette" . . . . . .

INTRODUCTION
BY RALPH MACCHIO

Forty years. It's been forty years since the classic *Daredevil* run you're about to savor first appeared. Now these brightly burnished gems are getting the *Marvel Masterworks* treatment. And I couldn't be happier.

I recall seeing Frank Miller when he first came up to the Marvel offices in the late 1970s, a country boy carrying his portfolio, from the great state of Vermont. He was friendly and funny, new to the mean streets of New York, but he quickly adapted. I once surreptitiously followed Frank out of the Marvel offices after he'd turned in some *DD* pages. He put his art portfolio down next to him as he waited for the light to turn green so he could cross, and I rushed up behind him, grabbing the portfolio and ran down the block. Frank was in hot pursuit of the stranger who'd made off with his pages. Eventually, he caught up with me, grabbed me by the shoulder and swung me around to let me have it, only to be greeted by my grinning face. I told him never to trust anyone in the big city. We both had a good laugh. That's the kind of guy he is.

I would love to boast and say that I was the one with the foresight to have assigned Frank as penciler on *Daredevil*, but I can't. That honor belongs to former Marvel staffer Jo Duffy, who herself is enormously talented not only as an editor but as a writer. When her tenure on *DD* ended, the legendary Denny O'Neil took over the editing reins, soon placing Mr. Miller in the driver's seat as its writer when then-scripter Roger McKenzie graciously stepped aside to pursue other projects. Now in full creative control, Lanky Franky was able to brilliantly combine Marvel's super heroics with the hardboiled detective fiction of Dashiell Hammett and Mickey Spillane (a 1940s Timely Comics writer himself) to create a genre hybrid that took the world by storm! And to this very day Frank's stellar run on the adventures of our crimson crusader is considered a high-water mark. Who could've suspected that the genial gent from the wilds of Vermont would so effectively explore the dark underbelly of New York City's crime scene? It was Dennis J. O'Neil.

My own involvement with *Daredevil* in the early 1980s was as Denny's assistant editor. As such, I was privy to his plot sessions with Frank as he helped the nascent scrivener navigate the rough seas of comics scripting, bringing his decades of experience into play. This was the man, after all, who, along with artist Neal Adams, had brought the grit back to Batman after the campy '60s era, as well as introducing new political relevance and topicality in *Green Lantern/Green Arrow*. Listening to them was a primer in how to structure a comic book story and wring maximum effect from it. Those were lessons I never forgot. Parenthetically, when I became *Daredevil* editor somewhat later, I oversaw Denny, no-brainer for *DD* writer, and the young penciler David Mazzucchelli, who easily excelled beyond expectations. I stayed as series editor for more than a decade, including when the invaluable Mr. Miller came back to the title and produced his and David's magnum opus: "Born Again." But that's a tale for another *Marvel Masterworks*.

This go-round, we're concentrating on issues #182-191. They are an unbelievable run of stories that have lost none of their power to impress in the ensuing decades. Upon rereading their work, I was as blown away as I was forty years ago when Frank and Klaus brought it into the Marvel offices. Poor Matt Murdock is put through an emotional wringer such as he never experienced. Just look at the cover for issue #182 with DD desperately clutching the tombstone of his late lover Elektra and you'll see what I mean.

For those of you unfamiliar with Elektra Natchios, she was a fellow student of Matt Murdock in college. They bonded very quickly on multiple levels. As he had done with Stick, the man who taught Matt Murdock how to use his enhanced senses, Elektra was part of Miller's additions to Daredevil's origin story. And what a stunning addition she was! Although she is deceased through the majority of issues reprinted herein, her powerful presence permeates the stories.

Her death had a profound effect on Matt, altering his behavior toward his law partner Franklin "Foggy" Nelson and his then-girlfriend Heather Glenn. As you'll see in the first few pages of #182, Matt is tortured by his conflicted feelings as to whether or not Elektra is alive or dead. Perhaps her ninja training may have actually allowed her to cheat death at the hands of the assassin Bullseye. And Matt is on a mission to learn the truth. The visual storytelling and panel progression of Mr. Miller, so enhanced by the finished pencils, inking and coloring of Klaus Janson, draws you instantly into the story. Frank and Klaus put on ample display both the aerial acrobatics of our hero as well as his lithe, lethal combat techniques. These, of course, were signature elements throughout Frank and Klaus's run. Certain plot elements are introduced in #182 that came to fruition in later issues including the Kingpin of Crime's concern about Daredevil's interference in his operations; Heather Glenn's difficulty in dealing with now being the head of Glenn Industries after her father's death; the Punisher's escape from jail and return to his murderous ways. And then there's that shattering last page that will haunt you forever.

Speaking of Frank Castle, né Castiglione, he plays a prominent role as a thorn in Daredevil's side. You'll note the credits list Roger McKenzie and Frank Miller as co-scripters. Well therein lies a tale. What saw print as *Daredevil* #183 was originally planned as issue #167. Y'see, that story focused on children using narcotics, which was forbidden so far as the Comics Code Authority was concerned. The Code refused to approve the book for publication. Neither Marvel nor Miller wanted to censor the story and so it was pulled. Even at that late stage in the production process, Frank couldn't stomach a reprint issue taking its place. Ever a trouper, he came up with a new story for #167 and he and Klaus completed it in two weeks to make the printer deadline. That's the kind of commitment they had to the book.

Two years later, Marvel was able to convince the Code of the story's value and reverse their objection. Considering that it focused on the damage narcotics were having on New York City's youth, it was hardly putting drug use in a positive light or running afoul of the Code's restrictions. Frank added new pages, expanding the story's page count from the original seventeen to the then-standard twenty-two pages. The result is a taut, gripping tale that finally, and deservedly, saw the light of day. What I found as a standout element was Miller's deft handling of the contrast between the terribly lethal force the Punisher is only too willing to use and the restraint displayed by the Man Without Fear. Drug use among kids was and is a huge societal problem and McKenzie and Miller really shine the light on it here.

The narcotics storyline is continued in the wholly new issue #184, with another potent clash between the Punisher and DD, once again highlighting the huge contrast between the two men's approach. Frank's powerful cover is no cheat—DD does wield a firearm and is forced to use it. One of the things truly fascinating about the issue is that we have the resolution of a plotline where, when new information comes to light, Daredevil goes after a man he had just defended in court as defense attorney Matt Murdock.

Issue #185 is unique in several respects. Lightening up on all the grim doings in the preceding few issues, Frank has Foggy Nelson narrating the story. And it's laugh-out-loud funny as his caption narration makes him out to be a dangerous hunter on the trail of his quarry in the scary streets of the city. Meanwhile, his actions belie that in hilarious fashion. His confrontation with the Kingpin, orchestrated by third-rate hoodlum Turk, is a classic. "Guts" Nelson has to face down the most feared figure in organized crime and bluff him. Even as I write these words, I'm cracking up with

laughter. And you will, too. Daredevil breaking the fourth wall to introduce the story is also a one-of-a-kind thing. I was struck by how neatly Frank could bring forth the laughs while dealing with the very serious drama of the series. Those of you who felt Miller could only do grim urban tales are in for quite a pleasant surprise.

Next up is #186, which saw the return of an old favorite of mine, the Stilt-Man, who's in the employ of Glenn Industries, performing some dirty deeds for them in exchange for a princely sum. The very complex relationship between Heather Glenn and Matt Murdock takes a major step forward in another shocker of a final page. Don't miss it!

The ensuing issues, from #187-190, assemble all the pieces as the long running Elektra storyline that has lurked in the background explodes. But it isn't only the possible return of DD's sai-carrying sweetie that complicates things, it's the return of another lethal lady from his past—Natasha Romanova, the Black Widow! And Frank brings her back sporting a new costume design.

She and Matt go back quite a ways to the Gerry Conway/Gene Colan *Daredevil* run of the early 1970s. The two heroes became lovers and a first-rate crime fighting duo on the sloping streets of San Francisco. Natasha is every bit Daredevil's equal in the latter department. And, unlike our red-garbed guardian, she is as deadly as the Punisher and will kill if provoked. As a Soviet-trained spy, a current agent of S.H.I.E.L.D., as well as an Avenger of note, she has had one amazing past. And take that from someone who's written her exploits on several occasions. However, this time she may have bitten off more than she can chew.

Frank masterfully intermixes the return of Stick and his group—dressed in white—and the battle with their opposite, the subversive Hand—attired in red, just so you'll be able to tell all the players apart. This leads to the spectacular double-sized issue #190, that, alone, is worth the price of this *Masterworks* volume. It's here that Elektra's character arc reaches a thoroughly satisfying conclusion, while maintaining a wonderful aura of mystery to it all. I won't spoil it for you if you haven't read it, but I will state that you'll be deeply moved by her piercing personal struggle. There's an irresistible momentum to the unfolding events that will pull you deeply into this tale of death and redemption. This is an extraordinary woman, often at gut-wrenching odds with herself. Frank Miller more than does justice to his signature creation. And for you completist types out there, we've included Frank's new covers for his *Elektra Saga* limited series, which reprinted her appearances in a new configuration focused entirely on her, along with new pages he added to draw the narrative of her life into a tightly cohesive whole.

We're not finished yet, Frantic Ones. There's a coda to Frank's historic *Daredevil* run. I'm referring to the nail-biting #191, featuring the man who slew Elektra—Bullseye. He and Daredevil play a deadly game of roulette. Bullseye, the assassin who can make any object into a lethal projectile, was paralyzed in issue #181, putting him out of action permanently. He and the Man Without Fear have been at each other's throats for years. Frank's use of this truly vile character has been so memorable that many readers have forgotten that the Lanky One didn't actually create him. Former *DD* scripter Marv Wolfman did so with Bob Brown in his often-underappreciated run on the title. This singular story is the perfect conclusion to all the awesome events Mr. Miller has presented. It was Bullseye who was the catalyst, who set so many events in motion through his brutal killing of Elektra. *Daredevil* #191 is a lean, mean issue, perfectly in keeping with the darker aspects of DD's character that Miller has explored. And it's a fitting capstone to all that has occurred since #181.

You'll note that renowned *X-Men* inker Terry Austin did the embellishing honors this issue, instead of Klaus Janson who had taken time off to prepare for his assignment handling full art chores on *Daredevil* beginning next issue. Terry, as always, rose to the occasion and did a stunning job over Frank's pencils. And there wasn't a mutant in sight. That leads me into saying a few words about the unsung hero of the Frank Miller run: Klaus Janson.

On almost every issue in this volume, Klaus is credited as penciler, inker and colorist. The estimable Mr. J. was a triple threat creator and a true partner of Frank's in collaboratively crafting these DD classics. It isn't an easy thing to take a character wearing a bright red costume and make him into a formidable and fearsome creature of the night. But that wasn't beyond the huge talent of our Klaus, who made it all work beautifully. Just to show you how much he contributed to the visuals, we've reprinted Miller's pencil breakdowns alongside Klaus's finished artwork and color guides for contrast. Frank certainly laid the initial groundwork with his impeccable storytelling, but so much of the film noir atmosphere was provided by Janson's finished artwork. What a team!

One other unsung hero I must mention before departing is the *Marvel Masterworks*' erudite editor, Mr. Cory Sedlmeier, who went to the wall to see the reprinted stores herein had the highest production values for your perusal. And he also went to extreme lengths to fill this volume with an awesome array of extra features and artwork to supplement the main content. All the *Masterworks* volumes are labors of love for Mr. Cory who works tirelessly behind the scenes to ensure your utmost entertainment value. Here's a tip of the horned cowl for your herculean labors, my friend.

Now let's head deep into the urban jungle where danger lurks around every darkened corner and even possessing super-powers is no guarantee of survival. First, we'll eavesdrop on the midnight musings of a young man whose very sanity is on the line. Ssssh. Be very quiet. And if he reaches under the bed for that billy club—run for the exits!

Enjoy,

Ralph Macchio

2022

Ralph Macchio's tenure as a Marvel Comics editor is second only to Stan Lee. Throughout his distinguished career he has guided the creation of iconic series including Frank Miller's Daredevil, *Walter Simonson's* Thor, *the launch of the Ultimate Universe and adaptations of Stephen King's* Dark Tower *and* The Stand. *He has also written numerous titles, including* Marvel Two-In-One *and* Marvel Fanfare, *and trained generations of editors, including multiple future editors-in-chief.*

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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

ELEKTRA

"For in that sleep of death what dreams may come..."

SHE'S ALIVE
FRANK MILLER STORY & ART \ KLAUS JANSON FINISHED ART & COLORS \ JOE ROSEN LETTERS \ JIM SHOOTER SUPERVISOR \ DENNY O'NEIL EDITOR

SHE'S ALIVE.

NO. THAT'S CRAZY.

ELEKTRA IS ***DEAD***. SHE DIED IN MY ARMS.

I ***FELT*** HER LAST, FITFUL HEARTBEAT... ***SMELLED*** THE BLOOD AS IT FILLED HER LUNGS... ***HEARD*** HER FINAL DEATH RATTLE...

SHE'S DEAD.

SHE'S ALIVE.

I CAN FEEL IT. I KNOW IT.

GOT TO THINK. REMEMBER.

SOMEWHERE IN THE PAST, THERE'S A ***CLUE***.

THERE'S GOT TO BE.

I WAS JUST A BOY WHEN WE MET. I HADN'T TOLD ANYONE ABOUT THE ACCIDENT THAT ***BLINDED*** ME AND HEIGHTENED MY REMAINING SENSES.

I HADN'T TOLD ANYONE. BUT I TOLD HER.

WE WERE ***CHILDREN***, LOVING WITHOUT PAIN...

...WITHOUT ***DUTY***...

HOW DID IT *HAPPEN*, ELEKTRA? WHAT BROUGHT US TO THIS?

WHAT MADE YOU HURT ME SO?

DID I FAIL YOU IN SOME WAY--

--OR WERE YOU POSSESSED BY SOME AWFUL INNER *DEMON*, THAT MADE YOU KILL, AND KILL...

YOU STUDIED WITH THE *NINJA*. YOU BECAME ONE OF THEM.

THEY TAUGHT YOU ALL THEIR DARK WAYS OF DEALING DEATH...

...DID THEY TEACH YOU WAYS OF FORESTALLING DEATH, AS WELL?

OR *FAKING* IT?

DID THEY?

SO MANY QUESTIONS. AND THEY ALL NEED ANSWERS.

YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE THEM TO ME.

I'M COMING FOR YOU, ELEKTRA.

...

RYKER'S ISLAND PENITENTIARY...

DRY OFF REAL GOOD NOW.

DON'T WANNA CATCH COLD.

RECOGNIZE US, TALL MAN?

SURE.

YOU'RE THREE OF *INJUN JOE'S* BOYS.

UH-HUH.

AND INJUN JOE'S FLAT OUT IN THE *INFIRMARY* 'CUZ OF YOU.

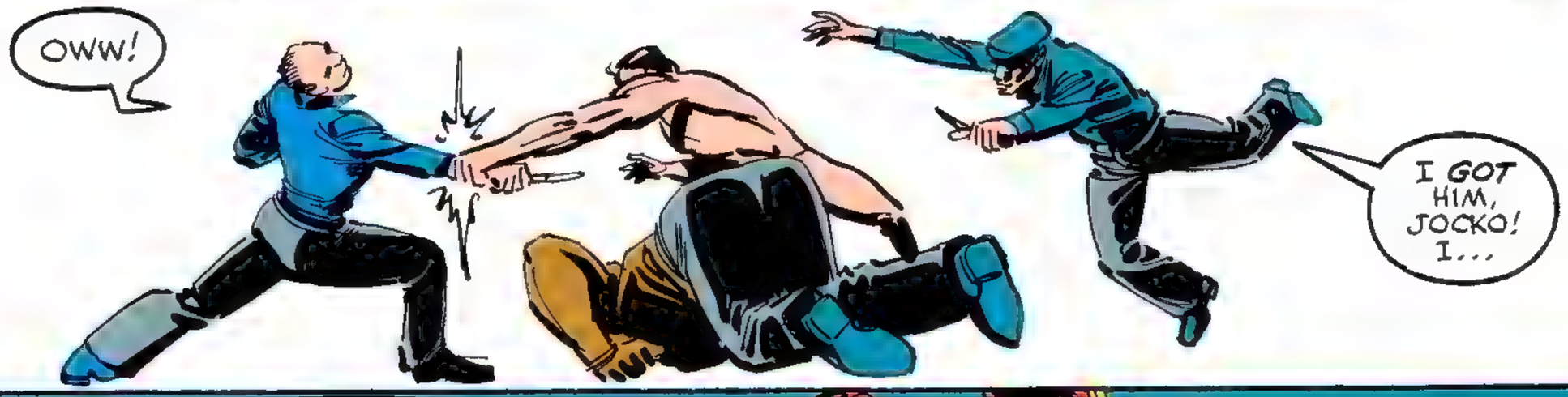
HAPPY HE *AIN'T.*

HE WAS STUPID.

WHAT ABOUT YOU?

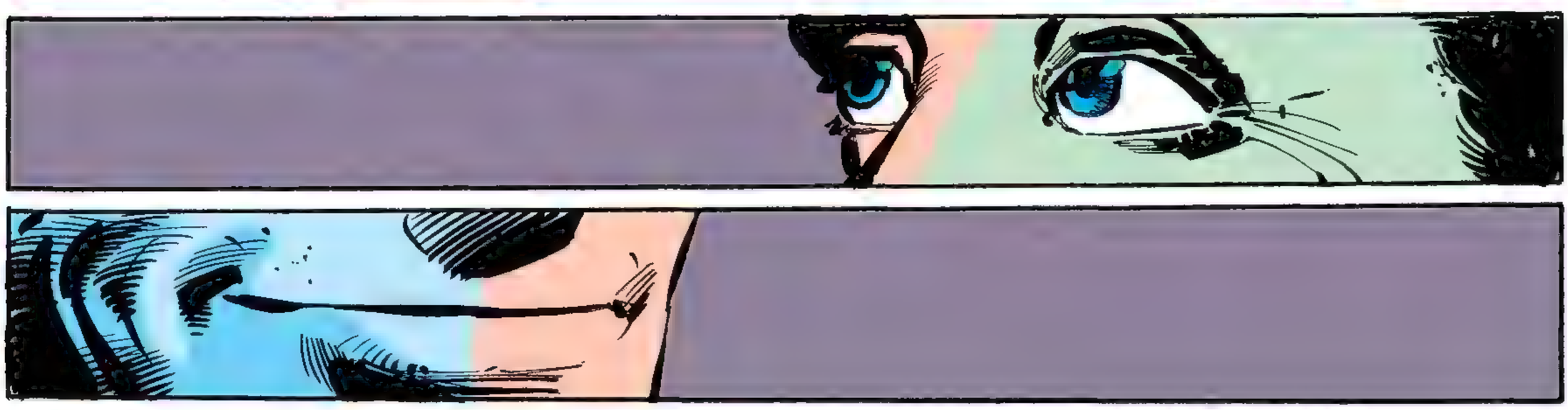
FAPP

KRAK


OWW!
I GOT HIM, JOCKO! I...

JOCKO--!

DON'T MATTER!
STILL GOT MY BLADE--



LATER...

THREE MEN *DEAD*-- IN THE FOURTH SUCH INCIDENT THIS WEEK.

YOU'VE KILLED A LOT OF CRIMINALS IN YOUR TIME, *PUNISHER.* THAT MAKES YOU EXTREMELY UNPOPULAR WITH THE OTHER CONVICTS.

AND AS LONG AS YOU'RE IN THE JOINT--YOU'RE A TARGET.

OF COURSE, NONE OF THIS IS STRICTLY IN MY AGENCY'S PURVIEW...

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

IN SIXTEEN HOURS, A MASSIVE SHIPMENT OF NARCOTICS WILL BE UNLOADED, SOMEWHERE ON LONG ISLAND.

BECAUSE OF CERTAIN PRESSURES THAT HAVE BEEN BROUGHT TO BEAR ON MY AGENCY, I HAVE BEEN ORDERED TO DO NOTHING ABOUT THIS.

AND I WON'T-- OFFICIALLY. IN THIS MATTER, I'M ON MY OWN.

JUST AS YOU MUST BE--

--WHEN I ARRANGE TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE.

KEEP TALKING.

THE MANHATTAN OFFICE OF GLENN INDUSTRIES...

SIMPLY A REORGANIZATION OF ADMINISTRATIVE SEQUENCE TO ALLOW FOR INCREASED EFFICIENCY IN THE SUPERVISION OF DUTIES.

THAT'S ALL.

SOUNDS LIKE MATT WROTE IT.

MATT?

YOU KNOW, MATT MURDOCK. MY ATTORNEY.

SPEAKING OF WHOM, HE MADE ME PROMISE TO SHOW HIM ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE I SIGN IT.

AND, SINCE I JUST HAPPEN TO BE SEEING HIM TONIGHT...

YOU DON'T MIND, DO YOU?

CERTAINLY NOT, MY DEAR.

SHALL I CALL YOU TOMORROW ...SAY, AT NOON?

A WAKE UP CALL I DON'T NEED, MR. SPINDLE!

...STRICTLY A FORMALITY, MS. GLENN. HARDLY WORTH YOUR TIME.

JUST ANOTHER ATTEMPT BY OUR LEGAL DEPARTMENT TO KEEP ITSELF ON THE BUDGET.

I CAN'T MAKE HEAD NOR TAIL OF THIS. WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

FLAKEY BROAD.

YES, YES...BUT INCREASINGLY TRACTABLE.

SOON ENOUGH, GLENN INDUSTRIES SHALL BE OURS.

A GRIMY UNDERWORLD SALOON, JUST OFF SOUTH STREET...

KRESS

BLAM BLAM

CHAK

CHOK BLAM BLAMM KLIK KLIK KLIK KLIK

OKAY! OKAY! SO I'LL *TALK* ALREADY!

WORD'S COME DOWN FROM THE *TOP*--THE *KINGPIN* HISSELF. HE'S HOLDIN' SOME KINDA' *SUMMIT* OF THE *BIG SIX*--THE TOP MOBSTERS OF THE EAST COAST. TONIGHT. MIDNIGHT.

LEMME DOWN, HUH?

SUMMIT CONFERENCE? NOT WHAT I'D *EXPECT*--

--BUT IT MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH *ELEKTRA*. MAYBE THE *KINGPIN* IS SELLING ELEKTRA'S SERVICES TO ANOTHER CITY.

IT'S EARLY YET. I'VE GOT TIME TO SWITCH BACK TO *MATT MURDOCK* AND FIND OUT IF THE CORONER'S REPORT HAS ARRIVED AT MY OFFICE...

...LACERATION OF THE THROAT... SHATTERED JAW... HEART PUNCTURED BY...

MATT, DO I HAVE TO GO ON? FOGGY'S ALMOST DUE WITH MRS. VAN DER LEAR.

WHO?

THE CUSTODY CASE. THE *BIG MONEY* CUSTODY CASE. DON'T YOU REMEMBER?

JUST KEEP READING, BECKY.

ALL WE NEED IS AN ELEMENT OF DOUBT... A HINT THAT ELEKTRA MAY BE ALIVE...

ALIVE?!

MATT, THEY CUT THIS ELEKTRA PERSON *OPEN!*

SHE COULDN'T BE ALIVE.

PERHAPS THEY HAD THE WRONG BODY.

FOGGY IDENTIFIED HER, THEY CHECKED HER DENTAL RECORDS.

RECORDS CAN BE CHANGED. FOGGY HADN'T SEEN HER IN YEARS.

AND, IF IT *WAS* THE WRONG BODY...

TAP TAP TAP

AREN'T WE GRISLY?

HEATHER!

MATT, IT'S *HEATHER GLENN.*

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL HIM WHO I AM, BECKY. MATT MAY BE ***BLIND***, BUT HE'S GOT THE BEST ***EARS*** IN TOWN.

RECOGNIZE MY VOICE, LOVER?

HEATHER? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

WE'VE GOT A DATE. REMEMBER?

NO. I FORGOT.

CAN'T MAKE IT ANYWAY. I'M BUSY.

MY HAND--!

YOU HURT MY HAND!

MATT WHAT'S--

SORRY.

BECKY-- THE REPORT. I NEED TO KNOW THE EXACT CONDITION OF THE CORPSE, PARTICULARLY THE LUNGS.

I KNOW FOR A FACT THAT ELEKTRA'S LUNGS WERE FILLED WITH BLOOD. IF THE CORPSE THEY EXAMINED HAD CLEAN LUNGS--

WHO'S "ELEKTRA"?

RIGHT THIS WAY, MRS. VAN DER LEAR.

I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO MY PARTNER...

DON'T IGNORE ME, MISTER.

WHO'S "ELEKTRA"?

JUST LEAVE HEATHER. WE'LL TALK LATER.

BECKY-- ABOUT THAT CORPSE...

WERE THE LUNGS FILLED WITH BLOOD OR WEREN'T THEY, BECKY?

ANSWER ME!

IF YOU'D RATHER SPEND YOUR TIME WITH ***CORPSES*** THAN WITH ***ME***--

--WHY DON'T YOU JUST DIG ONE UP, MISTER MURDOCK!

I HOPE THE TWO OF YOU ARE VERY HAPPY!

UM...GUESS WE HAD A LITTLE DOMESTIC UPSET HERE...

HEH HEH...EH...

I WOULDN'T WORRY, THOUGH, MRS. VAN DER LEAR. WOULDN'T WORRY AT ALL.

WE STILL PROVIDE THE FINEST LEGAL SERVICES IN THE COUNTRY HERE AT *NELSON AND MURDOCK.*

MRS. VAN DER LEAR?

MATT...

HAVE YOU LOST YOUR **MIND?**

I DON'T KNOW.

RYKER'S ISLAND PENITENTIARY...

YER *BUTT*, GROTTO. *MOVE* IT.

THEY'LL BE CHECKIN' OUR CELL ANY *MINNIT*.

I DUNNO ABOUT THIS, TURK.

LOOKS DANGEROUS.

SHADDUP.

SPENT SIX WEEKS IN SHOP, MAKIN' THESE HERE *SUCTION CUPS*.

I AIN'T LETTIN' THEM GO TA WASTE.

WHOOOM

OOF!

WHAT WAS *THAT*?

DUNNO. BUT IT'S *GOTTA* BE TROUBLE.

SOUNDED LIKE AN EXPLOSION.

HARD TA SEE, INNA DARK.

THAT'S WHY THEY CALL IT *DARK*, GROTTO.

AW, JEEZ. THERE GOES THE *ALARM*.

WE BETTER GET BACK TO OUR CELL, BEFORE--

ARROOGA

HEY! WHAT'S *THIS*?

WHAT'S *WHAT*? HARD TA SEE, INNA D...

A *LADDER*!

GROTTO, IT'S A *LADDER*--

ARROOGA

--AND A *CHOPPER!*

IT'S THE *PUNISHER*, GROTTO! HE'S BUSTIN' OUT!

THAT EXPLOSION MUSTA BEEN A *COVER*, JUST TA GET THE GUARDS LOOKIN' THE OTHER WAY...

C'MON, GROTTO! THIS IS OUR *CHANCE!*

TURK, I BEEN GIVIN' IT A LOT OF THOUGHT...

EVERY TIME I HOOK UP WITH YOU, I WIND UP GETTIN' PUNCHED OUT.

I DON'T LIKE GETTIN' PUNCHED OUT. IT HURTS.

SO I'M *STAYIN'*.

HEY! UP THERE!

HOW ABOUT PULLIN' THE LADDER UP, HUH?

I MEAN, WE'RE OVER THE *RIVER* ALREADY!

HEY-- *PUNISHER!* HOW YA DOIN'?

LISSEN -- I FIGGER WHOEVER SPRUNG YA GOT *BRAINS.* AND *BUCKS.*

NOW ALL YA NEED IS *VISION.*

VISION I GOT.

WHATTAYA SAY WE...

HEY! WHAT'RE YOU--

AW, *NO...*

SPLOOSH

MEANWHILE...

KLUD

THWAKK

WHOK

KLGGG

OAK

FINISHED?

GOOD.

NOW THAT WE HAVE DISPENSED WITH THE FORMALITIES--

--PERHAPS YOU SHOULD TELL ME WHAT IT IS THAT YOU *WANT.*

SHE SERVED YOU AS YOUR CHIEF ASSASSIN --HELPED YOU MAINTAIN YOUR CONTROL OVER THE MOBS,

AND NOW-- YOU'RE HELPING HER HIDE FROM ME,

HIS *HEARTBEAT*-- IT JUMPED JUST THEN, BUT IS THAT BECAUSE HE'S *AFRAID*--

--OR SIMPLY *ASTONISHED?*

DAREDEVIL...

ARE YOU ILL?

I'M FINE. NOW, DO YOU TELL ME THE TRUTH--

--BEFORE, OR AFTER I BEAT YOU SENSELESS?

I WANT *ELEKTRA,* KINGPIN.

AH! NOW I UNDERSTAND. THIS IS SOME ELABORATE *JOKE,* IS IT NOT?

THE DAREDEVIL I KNOW WOULD NEVER RESORT TO UNPROVOKED VIOLENCE, SIMPLY TO TEST A THEORY.

WOULD HE?

COME IN, GENTLEMEN. DAREDEVIL IS GONE.

DOES-- DOES HE *KNOW*?

HE KNOWS NOTHING. WE ARE FREE TO ACT.

THE NARCOTICS DELIVERY SHALL PROCEED AS SCHEDULED, WHILE THE ONE MAN I FEARED MIGHT PROVE AN OBSTACLE--

--IS OFF CHASING PHANTOMS.

RING RING

RING RING

RING RING

RING R

HELLO?

THIS IS HIS WIFE. WHO'S CALLING?

4:00 AM

4:00 AM

4:01

4:01 AM

4:02

FOGGY, IT'S *JUDGE COFFIN.*

GO 'WAY.

DID YOU SAY *JUDGE COFFIN?*

YES, SIR, I MEAN, YOUR HONOR. WHAT CAN I--

PLEASE DON'T SHOUT, YOUR HONOR. I...

WHAT?

HE *WHAT!?*

THUMP

YES, YOUR HONOR, I... I MEAN NO, YOUR HONOR, I DON'T UNDERSTAND EITHER.

YES, YOUR HONOR, I'LL SPEAK TO HIM. I'M SORRY. I...

HELLO?

WHAT'S THE MATTER, DARLING?

YOU'RE WHITE AS A SHEET.

IT'S MATT.

HE JUST GOT JUDGE COFFIN OUT OF BED AND TRIED TO MAKE HIM SIGN AN EXHUMATION ORDER. WANTS *ELEKTRA* DUG UP.

BUT-- THAT'S *CRAZY.*

THAT'S WHAT SCARES ME.

I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM.

SOMEWHERE ON LONG ISLAND...

MY LIBERATOR DID HIS HOMEWORK.

THERE'S THE NARCOTICS SHIPMENT, RIGHT ON SCHEDULE.

THOSE MEN ARE *FILTH*--PEDDLING THEIR POISON TO THE WEAK, THE LOST, THE INNOCENT.

THEIR KIND HAVE MUCH TO PAY FOR.

MUCH.

AAAGGGKK--

SOME KINDA *WIRE* UP AHEAD--TOOK OUT DUKE!

KEEP *DRIVING!*

PFOOM

KRESSH

TEAR GAS--

WHOMP

KCHOW

KCHOW
CHOW

KCHOW
CHOW
CHOW

PLEASE--
I GIVE *UP*...

THIS
IS *WAR*.

I DON'T
TAKE
PRISONERS.

KCHOWW

UH... NICE WORK.
SOMETHING WRONG?
THE LAST ONE I SHOT...
A CHILD. JUST A CHILD.
YEAH. TOO BAD.
LOOK, PUNISHER, I DON'T KNOW QUITE HOW TO SAY THIS--
--BUT THE DIRECTOR WOULD HAVE MY HEAD IF I LET YOU GET AWAY.
YOU UNDERSTAND, DON'T YOOUURHH
THWOK
UNCONSCIOUS. GOOD.
I COULDN'T LET HIM TAKE ME BACK TO PRISON.
NOT NOW.
THE ENEMY ENLISTS *CHILDREN.*
THE WAR HAS GOTTEN DIRTIER.
I'M NEEDED MORE THAN EVER.

MEANWHILE...

THE *HERO* FAILED.

THE *LAWYER* FAILED.

ELEKTRA

BUT THE *MAN* WILL FIND YOU, ELEKTRA.

FIND YOU-- AND *PUNISH* YOU FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO ME.

I'LL PROVE YOU'RE STILL ALIVE.

THEN I'LL *HUNT* YOU TO THE END OF THE EARTH.

KREEE

UGG

THAT *SMELL*-- AWFUL...

OKAY. ALL RIGHT. WHOEVER IS IN THERE IS *DEAD.*

BUT IS IT YOU, ELEKTRA?

IS IT?

I CAN'T *SEE*--BUT MY HANDS KNOW YOUR FACE.

EVEN AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, I COULD NEVER FORGET...

NNNOOOO

MATT--I'VE FOUND--

DEAD! SHE'S DEAD!

IT'S ELEKTRA AND SHE'S DEAD!

MATT... I'LL TAKE YOU HOME...

FOGGY... SHE'S DEAD...

I *LOVED* HER, FOGGY.

I LOVED HER.

NEXT ISSUE: CHILD'S PLAY

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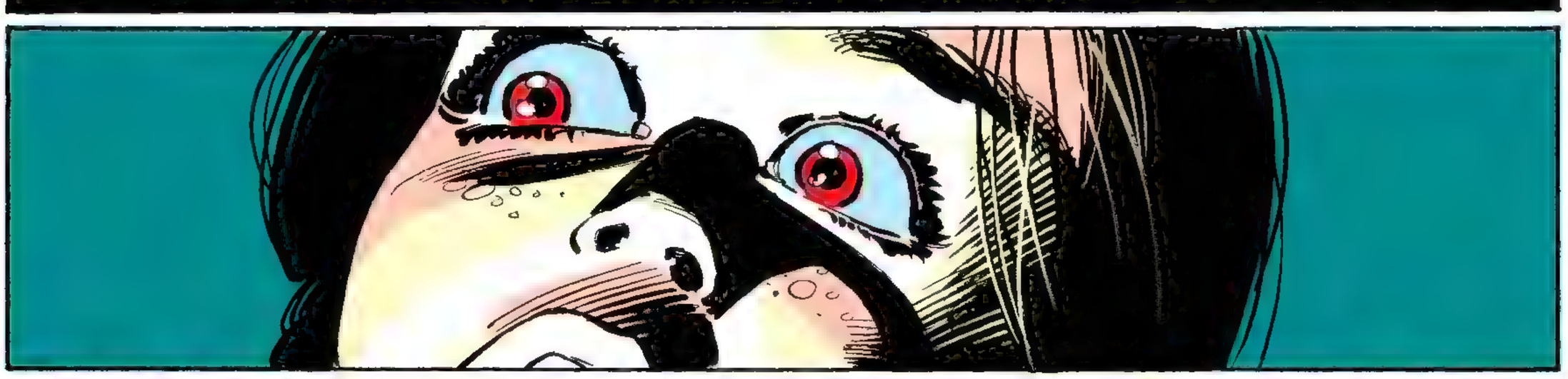
DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

AGAIN... THE PUNISHER!

THE SNAKES ATTACKED MARY ELIZABETH O'KOREN DURING FIFTH PERIOD CIVICS.

THEY SQUIRMED UNDER THE DOOR AND PLOPPED FROM THE CRACKS IN THE CEILING AND OOZED, HISSING AND SPITTING, BETWEEN THE FLOORBOARDS OF OUR LADY OF HOPE PAROCHIAL SCHOOL.



THEY CRAWLED OVER THE DESKS AND CHAIRS AND THE RUSTY SKELETON OF THE OLD RADIATOR IN THE CORNER AND

AAAA

--OR IS SHE JUST AS **BLIND** AS THAT LAWYER, MURDOCK? WHY DOESN'T SHE TELL HIM TO SHUT UP ABOUT THE LAW AND THE CONSTITUTION AND

MAKE HIM TAKE HIS CANE LIKE SAINT PATRICK AND DRIVE THE SNAKES AWAY? **AWAY.** YES, SHE HAS TO GET AWAY. THE SNAKES HAVE WRIGGLED

INTO HER EARS AND THEY WHISPER AWFUL THINGS TO HER AND WHEN SHE TRIES NOT TO LISTEN THEY BITE HER AND FILL HER WITH SO MUCH DARK,

BURNING POISON THAT HER HEAD IS GOING TO **BURST**...

STAN LEE PRESENTS

CHILD'S PLAY

ROGER McKENZIE / FRANK MILLER / KLAUS JANSON
WRITERS ARTISTS

KLAUS JANSON / JOE ROSEN / DENNY O'NEIL
COLORS LETTERS EDITOR

JIM SHOOTER, SUPERVISOR

AND SPECIAL THANKS TO ED POLLOCK & KEN DIAS OF PHOENIX HOUSE FOR THEIR TECHNICAL ASSISTANCE.

DAREDEVIL!

WOW!

IT'S *DAREDEVIL*, COACH DONAHUE! MAYBE *HE* CAN...

WHAT'S KEEPING THAT *AMBU-LANCE?*

AN AMBULANCE MAY TAKE FIFTEEN MINUTES TO GET HERE.

SHE WON'T LAST THAT LONG.

THEN *HELP* HER, MAN!

SHE'S ONLY *TWELVE...*

CALL THE HOSPITAL.

TELL THEM TO PREPARE FOR EMERGENCY SURGERY.

SOMETIMES I'M *HAPPY* FOR THE ACCIDENT THAT *BLINDED* ME AND AMPLIFIED MY REMAINING SENSES.

SOMETIMES I'M *GRATEFUL* FOR THE WORLD OF SOUND AND SMELL IT OPENED UP FOR ME--A WORLD NO OTHER MAN CAN SHARE.

SCREECH

SOMETIMES.

NOT NOW.

I CAN *FEEL* HER SHATTERED RIBS... HER CRUSHED VERTEBRAE...

I CAN *HEAR* HER HEARTBEAT SLOWING... STOPPING...

THE *HOSPITAL.*

I PRAY I'M IN *TIME...*

TOO LATE, DAREDEVIL. WE'RE TOO LATE. SHE DIED ON THE OPERATING TABLE.

IF WE'D HAD ANOTHER FEW MINUTES... IF NOT FOR THE DRUGS... WE MIGHT HAVE *SAVED*--

DRUGS?

PHENCYCLIDINE. *ANGEL DUST.*

...ANGEL DUST.. YOU'RE *SURE?*

POSITIVE. I'VE SEEN THE SYMPTOMS OFTEN ENOUGH. LORD, IT'S ALL SUCH A WASTE...

LAST WEEK WE TREATED A BOY, FOURTEEN, IT WAS HIS FIRST BAD TRIP ON DUST. HE THOUGHT HE SAW SOMETHING SO TERRIFYING HE'D GOUGED HIS EYES OUT WITH HIS OWN HANDS.

CAN YOU IMAGINE HOW TRAGIC IT MUST BE TO LIVE THE REST OF YOUR LIFE TOTALLY BLIND?

YES.

WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP?

I'VE ASKED *MYSELF* THAT A MILLION TIMES, BUT THE ANSWER'S ALWAYS THE SAME... VERY LITTLE.

UNLIKE HEROIN OR COCAINE, PHENCYCLIDINE IS A SYNTHETIC SUBSTANCE THAT'S EASY TO MAKE AND INEXPENSIVE TO BUY.

IT CAN BE EATEN, INJECTED, SNORTED--

--OR SPRINKLED ON MINT LEAVES, TOBACCO OR MARIJUANA AND SMOKED.

IT HAS A DOZEN STREET NAMES: PCP, ANGEL DUST, CRYSTAL, ROCKET FUEL, HOG...

IT WAS FIRST MANUFACTURED AS AN ANIMAL TRANQUILIZER. THE DRUG WAS BANNED FOR USE ON HUMANS BECAUSE OF THE SIDE-EFFECTS--

--DELIRIUM, AMNESIA, PSYCHOSIS, CONVULSION...

AND WORST OF ALL IT COLLECTS IN THE TISSUE OF THE BRAIN, TRIGGERING FLASHBACKS DAYS, WEEKS, SOMETIMES EVEN *YEARS* LATER.

IN VIOLENT CASES USERS EXPERIENCE WHAT THEY TERM A WHACK ATTACK, BECOMING NEARLY IMMUNE TO PAIN AND POSSESSING ALMOST SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH.

ONCE IT TOOK SIX ORDERLIES TO RESTRAIN--

EASY, SON!

NO! LET ME GO! I WANT TO SEE MY SISTER, MARY! THEY TOLD ME AT SCHOOL SHE--

BILLY...

...SHE *OD*'ED ON ANGEL DUST. THE DOCTOR DID EVERYTHING HE COULD, BUT...

...SHE...SHE'S DEAD. I'M SORRY...

NO! IT AIN'T FAIR! IT JUST AIN'T FAIR!

HOW CAN MARY BE DEAD WHEN THE TWO BUMS WHO KILLED HER ARE STILL ALIVE AND PUSHIN' THEIR CRAP OUT ON THE STREETS?

WELL, I KNOW WHO THEY ARE AND YOU CAN TELL HOGMAN AND HIS SLIMY PARTNER THAT WHEN I FIND 'EM I'M GONNA BLOW THEIR BRAINS OUT!

BILLY, WAIT! I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, BUT YOU CAN'T TAKE THE LAW INTO YOUR OWN HANDS.

BILLY!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

WHAT-EVER I CAN.

DARKNESS DOESN'T DESCEND ON HELL'S KITCHEN.

IT SPEWS UP FROM SHADOWED DOORWAYS AND BACK ALLEYS AND FIRE-GUTTED TENEMENTS AS IF BLOATED AND BLACKENED FROM A DAY'S WORTH OF PAIN AND MISERY AND SUFFERING.

OR PERHAPS AS IF HUNGRY FOR MORE...

HOGMAN...THAT'S NOT MUCH TO GO ON. JUST A NICKNAME. BUT I'VE GOT TO FIND THAT PUSHER AND HIS "SLIMY PARTNER" BEFORE BILLY DOES.

FOR ALL THEIR SAKES.

AND SO, AS A DISGUISED DAREDEVIL BEGINS HIS SEARCH...

...BILLY O'KOREN STALKS HOME...

...JUST SIT IN FRONT'A THAT TV MORNIN', NOON, AND NIGHT. WHY DON'TCHA GET OUT AND FIND A JOB LIKE ANY SELF-RESPECTIN' HUSBAND?

AND WHY DON'T YOU GIT OFF MY BACK FOR A CHANGE?

HIS FOLKS ARE FIGHTING AGAIN, BUT THAT'S NOTHING NEW. IT'S WHAT THEY DO BEST. THEY'VE HAD ENOUGH PRACTICE...

MAYBE IF THINGS WERE DIFFERENT AND THEY DIDN'T ARGUE ALL THE TIME HE COULD TELL THEM ABOUT MARY AND WHAT HE WAS GOING TO DO.

BUT THINGS AREN'T DIFFERENT, THEY JUST ARE...

SO, WITHOUT A WORD, BILLY HUNTS FOR SOMETHING THAT HE KNOWS HIS FATHER KEEPS TUCKED AWAY IN HIS DRESSER DRAWER.

SOMETHING HARD AND COLD AND FILLED WITH DEATH.

JUST LIKE HIS SISTER...

MEANWHILE, SEVERAL BLOCKS AWAY...

HEY, HOGMAN, IT'S JOEY!

OPEN UP!

YOU'RE *LATE*, JOEY BOY. WHAT KEPT YOU?

NONE'A YOUR BUSINESS, FLAPPER. WHERE'S HOGMAN?

THAT'S NONE'A *YOUR* BUSINESS. YOU WANNA DEAL, YOU DEAL WITH ME.

SURE, FLAPPER, WHATEVER YOU SAY. I MEAN YOU GUYS'RE TIGHT, AIN'TCHA?

LIKE BROTHERS, JOEY, BOY. BROTHERS.

SO WHAT IF I SKIM A LITTLE PROFIT OFF THE TOP FOR MYSELF? TIMES'RE TOUGH ALL OVER.

HERE, JOEY, BOY. NOW BEAT IT.

THAT LITTLE CREEP'S GONNA PUSH ME TOO FAR ONE'A THESE DAYS...

WE GOT THE DUST, THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS.

:UHHNNH:

YEAH.

THE DUST...

... AND BUSTING HEADS.

SO... I HAVEN'T GOT A LINE ON HOGMAN YET, BUT I DID LEARN HIS PARTNER'S CALLED FLAP--

WAIT UP A SECOND, BRO--!

WE WANNA TALK TO YOU!

I'M NOT LOOKING FOR TROUBLE.

NO TROUBLE, CHUM.

NO TROUBLE AT ALL. WE TAKE CARE'A OURSELVES. WE HAVE TO-- NOBODY *ELSE* WILL.

WE TAKE WHAT WE WANT...

...ANY WAY WE CAN.

THEIR BREATHING'S HARSH AND LABORED... HEARTBEATS ABNORMALLY RAPID. THEY'RE DRUGGED.

THAT MAKES THEM DANGEROUS.

HE'S WEARIN' SOME KIND'A MAS--

DAREDEVIL!

HE DON'T SCARE *ME!*

NO WAY HE'S GONNA--

DANGEROUS OR NOT, THEY'RE NOT HARDENED CRIMINALS. I DON'T WANT TO HURT THEM, BUT--

KRAKK

ONE WAY

TRASH 'IM, LOUIEVILLE!

BRO, BY THE TIME I'M DONE WITH HIM, HE--

--HE--?

STABBED THROUGH THE HEART-- HE'S *DEAD*--

BUT *WHO...*

IT'S A *MAN*-- MY BUILT-IN *RADAR* IS PICKING HIM UP NOW.

HE'S *BIG*.

HIS HEARTBEAT IS STRONG, HIS MOVEMENTS CONFIDENT, FLUID. HE'S IN EXELLENT SHAPE.

AND HE'S A *KILLER*!

LOOK AT ME, *PUNKS*!

REMEMBER MY FACE!

IT'S THE *LAST* THING YOU'RE EVER GOING TO SEE--

--AND I WANT YOU TO CARRY THE *MEMORY* OF IT STRAIGHT TO HELL!

THE SOUND OF A *GUNBOLT* BEING SHOVED BACK! HE'S GOING TO *MURDER* THEM.

STILL *GROGGY* FROM THAT BLOW I TOOK--TOO *WEAK* TO..

I *HAVE* TO SAVE THEM!

KASNIK

OOF!

WHAT? WHO?

DAREDEVIL?!

I'VE READ ABOUT YOU, DAREDEVIL. IT'S A *PLEASURE* TO MEET YOU.

I'M THE *PUNISHER*. PERHAPS YOU'VE *HEARD*--

BLAMM

WHAT THE--?!

FLAPPER!

I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THIS BUM!

YET *ANOTHER* DEATH--!

HE'S SKRAGGED!

SOMEBODY SAVED ME THE TROUBLE...

HOGMAN'S PARTNER... GUNNED DOWN IN THE STREET--

--AND I'VE GOT AN AWFUL FEELING I KNOW WHO PULLED THE TRIGGER!

THE SHOT CAME FROM THIS ROOF-TOP. IF I HURRY...

DROP THE GUN!

BILLY...GIVE ME THE GUN...

...PLEASE...

I...I WANTED TO KILL HIM, MARY. MORE THAN ANYTHING IN THE WORLD.

BUT I FIRED *OVER* HIS HEAD.

I'M SORRY, MARY, I COULDN'T DO IT.

I JUST COULDN'T...

LATER, IN ***FAMILY COURT...***

THE CRIME IS THAT OF AN ***ADULT***, YOUR HONOR.

IT SHOULD BE ***TRIED*** AS SUCH.

WE CAN ***PROVE*** BEYOND A SHADOW OF A DOUBT THAT THE DEFENDANT, WILLIAM DAVID O'KOREN, ACTED WITH MALICE AFORETHOUGHT.

YOUNG MAN, I HOPE YOU REALIZE THE SERIOUSNESS OF THIS CHARGE.

YES, YOUR HONOR, HE DOES. IF I CAN SAY SOMETH--

YOU MAY ***NOT***, MR. DONAHUE-- BE SEATED.

THE DEFENDANT WILL BE BOUND OVER FOR A GRAND JURY HEARING. IF HE CANNOT AFFORD A LAWYER ONE WILL BE APPOINTED BY--

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, YOUR HONOR.

I HAVE EVERY REASON TO BELIEVE BILLY O'KOREN IS INNOCENT. I'D LIKE TO REPRESENT HIM.

YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE, MURDOCK. THE BOY'S GUILTY. IT'S AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE--

--SO YOU INTEND TO MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF HIM TO FURTHER YOUR ***OWN*** CAREER.

I WON'T LET YOU DO THAT TO HIM.

COUNSELLORS, LET ME REMIND YOU THIS IS A COURT OF LAW.

IT IS NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR PERSONAL DIFFERENCES.

THE GRAND JURY WILL CONVENE ON THE SEVENTH. UNTIL SUCH TIME, THE DEFENDANT IS REMANDED TO THE RECOGNIZANCE OF MR. PATRICK DONAHUE...

MATT, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU...

I JUST WANT TO SEE THAT BILLY GETS A FAIR TRIAL, COACH.

AND ***I'LL*** SEE YOU IN COURT, MURDOCK. THIS IS ONE CASE YOU AREN'T GOING TO WIN...

IT'S NO USE, MR. MURDOCK. I DIDN'T WASTE FLAPPER BUT I MIGHT AS WELL HAVE.

EVERYBODY *THINKS* I DID...

COACH DONAHUE DOESN'T. NEITHER DO I. DON'T GIVE UP ON US *OR* THE COURTS.

THE LAW WORKS, BILLY. JUST GIVE IT A CHANCE.

LATER...

DAILY BUGLE

SMOKING AGAIN, BEN?

THOUGHT YOU'D QUIT.

SURGEON GENERAL'S REPORT IS THE *LAST* THING I NEED RIGHT NOW, HORNHEAD. I'VE GOT A COLUMN TO BANG OUT.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

INFORMATION--

--ABOUT THE *PUNISHER.*

THE *PUNISHER?!*

YOU *CRAZY,* MATT--

--OR JUST TIRED OF *LIVING?*

SHHH! DON'T CALL ME *MATT.* NOT HERE.

JUST BECAUSE YOU KNOW MY SECRET IDENTITY, IS NO REASON TO *BROADCAST...*

POPPADOPOULOS, PRENTISS, PULITZER... AH! *PUNISHER!*

HAVEN'T GOT MUCH ON HIM. HE'S A VIGILANTE, LIKE YOU...

NOT LIKE ME.

HE *KILLS.*

THAT HE DOES. LOTS.

USES GUNS, MOSTLY. MAKES HIS OWN. AND THEY SAY HE NEVER MISSES A SHOT.

GOOD WITH HIS HANDS, TOO. ACED TWELVE MEN DURING A RECENT STINT IN PRISON.

AND YOU WANT TO GO UP AGAINST *HIM?*

THAT'S MY JOB.

LATER...

HERE'S WHERE BILLY STOOD WHEN FLAPPER WAS SHOT. HE'D JUST CROSSED NINETY-THIRD AND BROADWAY HEADING WEST.

MY RADAR-SENSE MAKES IT SEVENTY-FIVE YARDS, MINIMUM.

BILLY FIRED AN OLD AUTOMATIC--AN INACCURATE, UNRELIABLE, WORN HANDGUN. HE'S LUCKY IT DIDN'T EX-PLODE IN HIS FACE.

HE'D HAVE TO BE EVEN *LUCKIER* TO HIT A MOVING TARGET AT THIS DISTANCE.

BUT SOMEBODY ON A HIGHER LEDGE *BEHIND* HIM...

...SOMEBODY WITH A RIFLE AND A TELESCOPIC SIGHT...

...WOULD HAVE A RELATIVELY EASY, UNOBSTRUCTED SHOT.

IT'S A NICE THEORY, BUT WITHOUT EVIDENCE TO SUPPORT IT I'M BACK TO SQUARE ONE.

MY SUPER-SENSITIVE HEARING'S LIKE A SORT OF BUILT-IN LIE DETECTOR. I *KNOW* BILLY'S TELLING THE TRUTH...

...BUT I CAN'T *PROVE* IT.

MAYBE I'M JUMPING AT SHADOWS, BUT--

CHIK

A SPENT SHELL... RECENTLY FIRED, TOO.

BUT FROM THIS ANGLE, THE KILLER WOULD HAVE HAD TO AIM THROUGH THE NARROW SPACE BETWEEN THOSE CHIMNEYS.

WHY DID HE PASS UP A *MUCH* EASIER SHOT FROM THE UPPER LEDGE?

IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE...

...UNLESS FOR SOME REASON HE *COULDN'T* CLIMB...

THEN...

I WANT THE HOGMAN, JUNKIE! AND I'M BETTING *YOU* KNOW WHERE HE IS!

THAKK

N-NO, I-- *UNGHH!*

WHAT THE--?!

SPILL IT, JUNKIE, OR SO HELP ME I'LL--

KRAKK

SPAK

CHOK

LAY OFF HIM, PUNISHER!

THERE'S NO NEED TO...

KRAKK

YOU HAVE *YOUR* METHODS, DAREDEVIL.

AND, SO DO I.

MINE DON'T INCLUDE SENSELESS BRUTALITY.

OR WANTON MURDER.

THERE'S NO OTHER WAY--

BLAAM

--TO DEAL WITH CRIMINALS.

DAREDEVIL, IF WE *MUST* FIGHT LET IT BE AS ALLIES.

TOGETHER WE COULD *TERRORIZE* THE UNDERWORLD -- *ELIMINATE* THE ENEMY WE *SHARE!*

WHETHER YOU KILL INNOCENTS OR CRIMINALS, IT'S *MURDER*--

--AND THAT MAKES *US* ENEMIES, PUNISHER.

I'M BRINGING YOU IN, JUST LIKE ANY COMMON--*URRG!*

PUNCH STUNNED ME... COULDN'T STOP HIS DRAW--

FFFDD

I SHOT HIM WITH A TRANQUILIZING DART, ANIMAL!

I *COULD* DO THE SAME TO YOU...

...BUT I WANT YOU TO FEEL THIS!

THAKK

THUMP THUMP

I WANT YOU TO SUFFER!

PUNISHER... STOP IT...

THOK

THUMP THUMP

AS I HAVE SUFFERED!

-- HIS *HEART!*

...HIS HEART...

THH

GOT TO MASSAGE...

...TRY TO START IT BEATING AGAIN...

...UNDO THE DAMAGE THE PUNISHER DID...

THE PUNISHER WON'T TAKE A LIFE--

NOT.

ANOTHER.

ONE!

...POPPA'S...

THUMP

...AT POPPA'S...

EASY, FRIEND. FIRST WE GET US *BOTH* SOME MEDICAL ATTENTION.

THUMP THUMP

THEN WE TALK...

AND, AT POPPA'S RESTAURANT...

TOO BAD ABOUT OL' FLAPPER, HUH, HOGMAN?

POPPA'S
OLYMPIAN PALACE
FOOD ~ GODS

YEAH, A CRYIN' SHAME.

PASS THE MUSTARD.

BETTER LAY OFF THE CARBOHYDRATES, HOGMAN.

MAKES IT HARD TO CLIMB UP ROOFTOPS.

KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

FLAPPER WAS BLEEDING YOUR DRUG RACKET DRY. HE FIGURED HE'D CUT YOU OUT. HE *DIDN'T* FIGURE YOU'D PUT A BULLET THROUGH HIS BACK.

THAT WAS *HIS* MISTAKE. YOUR'S WAS BEING BORN.

YOU CAN'T PIN THAT RAP ON ME, DEVIL! I GOT FRIENDS!

TAKE 'IM, GUYS!

TAKE **WHO**, HOGMAN? I DON'T SEE ANYBODY.

YOU SEE ANYBODY, NIX?

HUH, UH. ONLY HERO **I** SEE IS A SANDWICH.

YOU MISERABLE...

TWO WEEKS LATER...

...AND WOULD YOU TELL THE COURT WHERE YOU WERE THE NIGHT OF THE MURDER?

ON THE ROOF. I DON'T HAVE MUCH ELSE PLACE TO GO.

DID YOU SEE THE DEFENDANT FIRE HIS GUN?

THE DEFEN--? BILLY? SURE. ONLY HE SHOT, YOU KNOW, UP IN THE AIR.

IT WAS THE ***OTHER*** MAN, THE ONE WITH THE RIFLE WHO PLUGGED FLAPPER.

I COULDN'T TELL, YOU KNOW, IN THE DARK AND ALL WHO HE WAS, THOUGH.

AND SO...

CASE DISMISSED.

BAILIFF, READ MR. PETER GRUNTER HIS RIGHTS. THEN HAVE HIM BOUND OVER FOR TRIAL.

NO, WAIT! YOU'RE MAKIN' A MISTAKE! I DIDN'T KILL FLAPPER!

HE SURE SOUNDS CONVINCING--

WAIT A MINUTE! HIS HEARTBEAT DIDN'T JUMP! HOGMAN'S TELLING THE TRUTH!

HE ***DIDN'T*** KILL HIS PARTNER.

THAT NIGHT...

...INVESTIGATION CONTINUES ON THE SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES SURROUNDING THE *PUNISHER*'S RECENT ESCAPE FROM RYKER'S ISLAND PENITENTIARY--

--EVEN AS REPORTS COME IN FROM EVERY CORNER OF MANHATTAN ISLAND OF HIS VIOLENT *BLITZKRIEG* ON STREET LEVEL CRIME.

IN A RELATED STORY, YOUNG *BILLY O'KOREN* HAS BEEN ACQUITTED OF THE CHARGE OF SECOND DEGREE MURDER IN THE SLAYING OF DRUG DEALER JOHN "FLAPPER" PHILLIPS.

BUT THE STORY DOESN'T END THERE. WE SWITCH NOW TO *JANE HANSON*, ON THE STEPS OF THE MANHATTAN CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING.

JANE?

CHUCK, I'M SPEAKING WITH RENOWNED ATTORNEY *MATTHEW MURDOCK*--

--WHO HAS JUST TOLD ME THAT HE PLANS TO REPRESENT PETER "*HOGMAN*" GRUNTER, WHO HAS BEEN CHARGED IN THE PHILLIPS MURDER.

MATT?

JANE, MY CLIENT IS INNOCENT.

HE DESERVES THE BEST DEFENSE POSSIBLE.

I INTEND TO MAKE SURE HE GETS IT.

KLIK

CENTRAL PARK...

THANKS FOR MEETING ME, MATT. I NEED TO TALK.

SO DO I, HEATHER. I...

IT'S *BUSINESS*, MATT. *GLENN INDUSTRIES.*

I THINK THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS IS TRYING TO TAKE MY POSITION AWAY FROM ME.

I'M GOING TO FIGHT THEM.

DO YOU THINK YOU SHOULD, HEATHER?

IS THAT WISE?

WHY NOT? I'M AN EXECUTIVE NOW.

I'VE BEEN TAKING CLASSES AND EVERYTHING.

HEATHER, YOU INHERITED YOUR FATHER'S BUSINESS-- NOT HIS BUSINESS *SKILLS*.

BE *REALISTIC*, DARLING. PUT YOURSELF ON A STIPEND AND *RESIGN*.

YOU HAVEN'T THE *HEAD* FOR THIS SORT OF THING.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

YOU THINK I'M JUST A SILLY LITTLE *GIRL*, DON'T YOU?

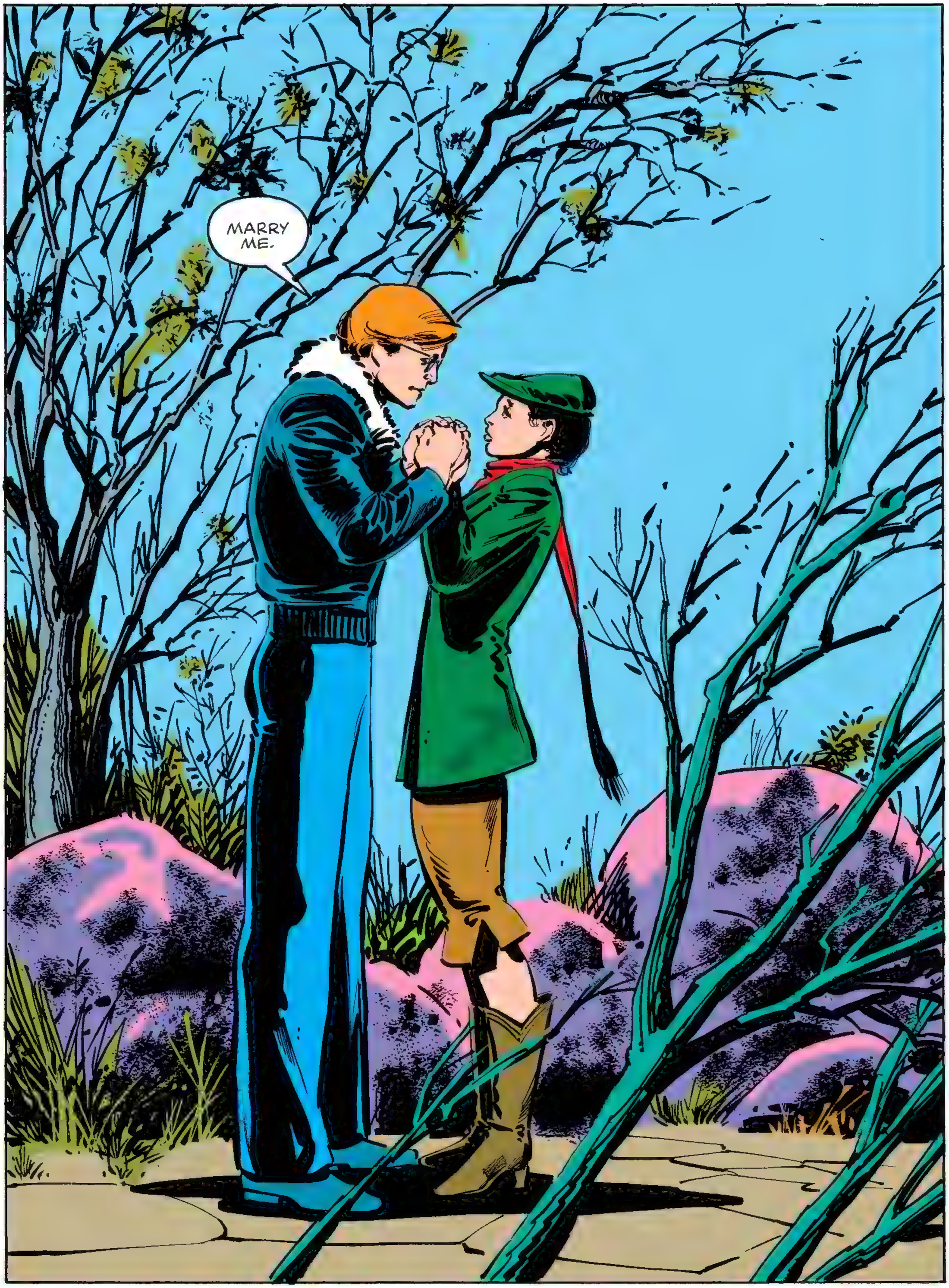
I'VE GOT TO FIND SOMETHING TO *DO* WITH MY LIFE! CAN'T YOU *UNDERSTAND* THAT? I FEEL SO *PURPOSELESS*...

I CAN GIVE YOU PURPOSE, HEATHER.

I NEED YOU. ONLY RECENTLY, I'VE COME TO REALIZE HOW *MUCH* I NEED YOU.

THERE'S A *HOLE* IN ME, A GREAT, BLACK HOLE THAT *YOU* COULD FILL.

I WANT TO SHARE MY *LIFE* WITH YOU, DARLING.



NEXT: GOOD GUYS WEAR RED

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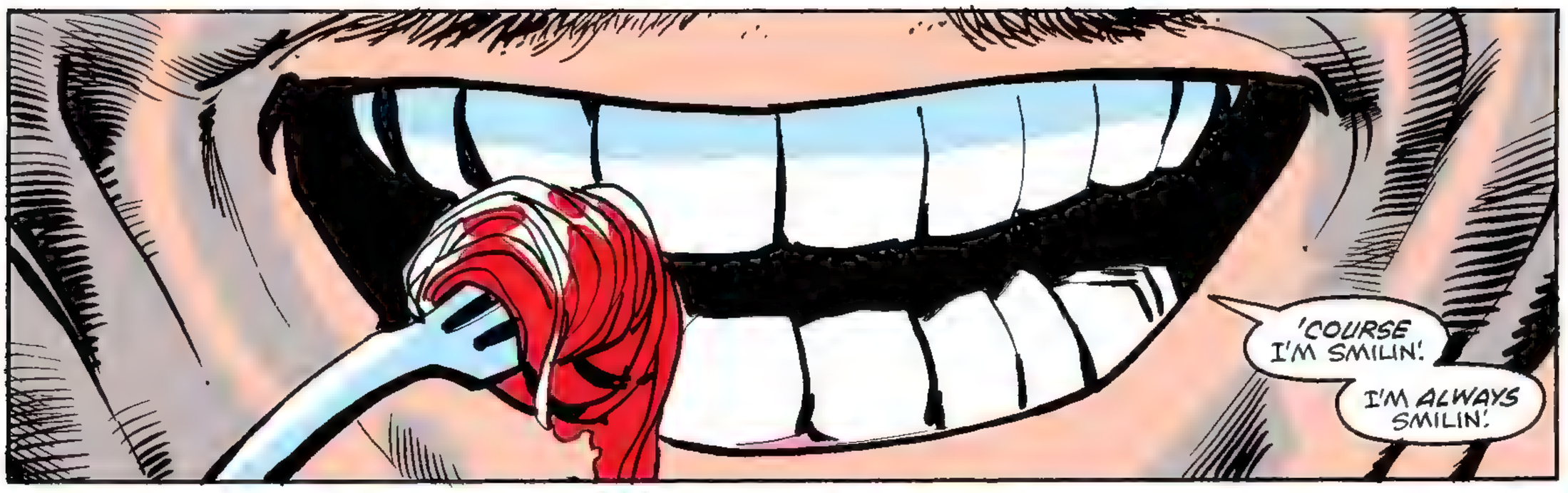
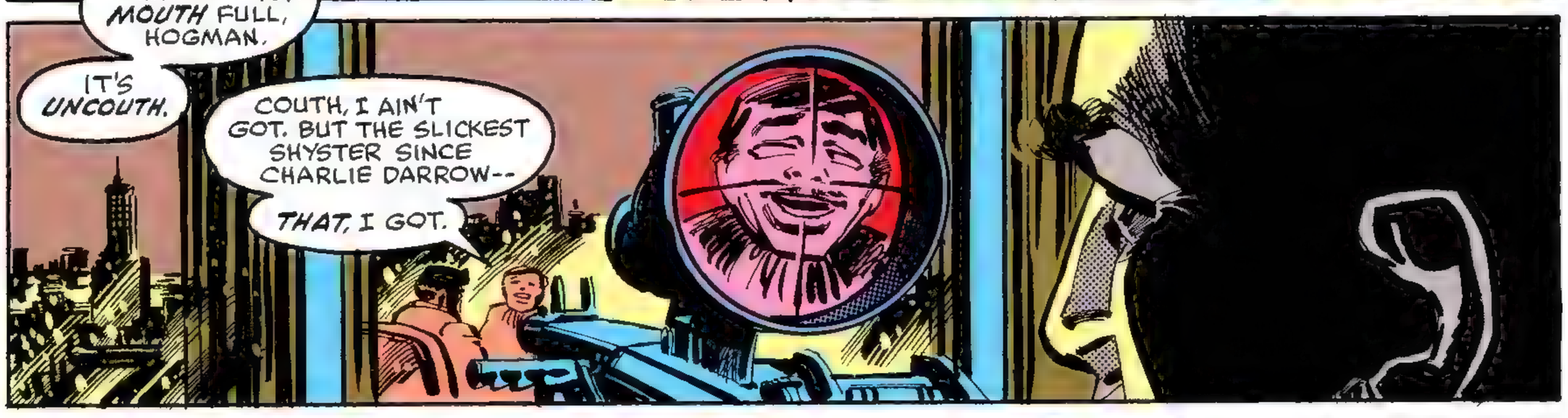
DAREDEVIL®

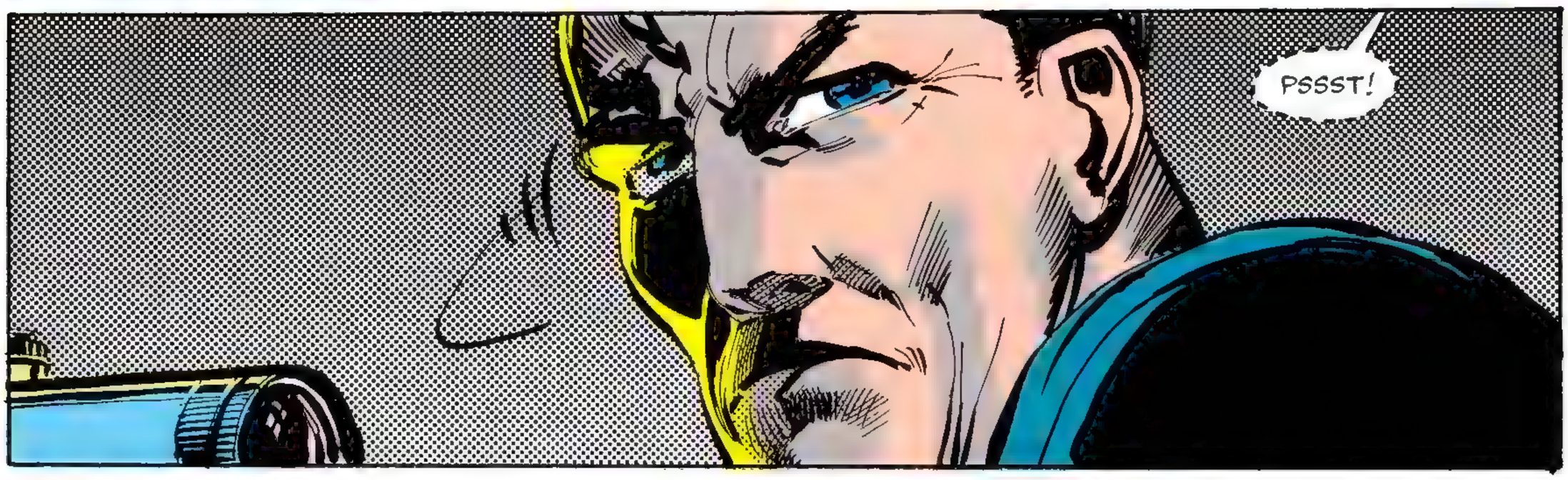
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

NO MORE MISTER NICE GUY


'COURSE I'M SMILIN'.
I'M ALWAYS SMILIN'.

YOU WANNA KNOW WHY I'M ALWAYS SMILIN', SMITTY?
IT'S CUZ I'M THE LUCKIEST SONNAVAGUN ON GOD'S GREEN EARTH.
SHOULDN'T TALK WITH YER MOUTH FULL, HOGMAN.
IT'S UNCOUTH.
COUTH, I AIN'T GOT. BUT THE SLICKEST SHYSTER SINCE CHARLIE DARROW--
THAT, I GOT.


THAT'S CLARENCE DARROW, HOGMAN.
SURE. WELL, THE ONE I GOT'S NAMED MURDOCK--
--AND HE'LL GET ME OFFA THAT MURDER RAP, NO SWEAT.


PSSST!

Stan Lee presents

GOOD GUYS WEAR RED!

MILLER STORY & ART
JANSON FINISHED ART & COLOR
O'NEIL EDITOR
ROSEN LETTERS
SHOOTER SUPERVISOR

THWOKK

BLINDED BY A UNIQUE RADIOACTIVE ISOTOPE, HIS REMAINING SENSES AMPLIFIED TO SUPERHUMAN LEVELS, MATT MURDOCK LEADS A DOUBLE LIFE. BY DAY, HE IS A TALENTED ATTORNEY. BY NIGHT, HE IS DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

BACK OFF, PUNISHER. HOGMAN IS UNDER MY PROTECTION.

CHOW KCHOW SPAK SPAK SPAK

HOGMAN IS A PUSHER, AND A KILLER.

KILLING IS SOMETHING YOU KNOW ABOUT, ISN'T IT?

UH OH.

WHUMP!

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, DAREDEVIL.

BUT NOT GOOD ENOUGH.

GONE. HE GOT AWAY.

AT LEAST I UPSET HIS TIMETABLE-- AND FOR THE MOMENT SAVED HOGMAN--

-- FOR WHAT THAT'S WORTH.

NOT MUCH.

OKAY, SO HOGMAN ISN'T THE CLASSIEST CLIENT I'VE EVER DEFENDED IN COURT, BUT HIS HEARTBEAT DIDN'T JUMP WHEN HE TOLD ME HE WAS INNOCENT--

--WHICH MEANS HE TOLD THE TRUTH.

I HOPE.

THE MANHATTAN OFFICE OF GLENN INDUSTRIES...

SIGNING ORDERS IS BUT ONE OF THE TIRESOME DUTIES OF THE CHIEF ADMINISTRATOR--

--DUTIES OF WHICH, I ASSURE YOU, YOU COULD BE PAINLESSLY *RELIEVED.*

UH-UH, MR. SPINDLE. I'M HERE FOR THE *DURATION*--

--NO MATTER WHAT YOU, OR *MATT* SAY.

VERY GOOD, *MS. GLENN.*

SIGN HERE. AND HERE.

I THINK I HATE MY NAME.

MR. *MURDOCK* AGREES WITH ME--THAT YOU SHOULD STEP DOWN?

MR. MURDOCK THINKS I SHOULD *MARRY* HIM. COOK HIS FOOD. WASH HIS SOCKS. LIKE THAT.

HOW *WONDERFUL*, MY DEAR!

YOU'VE SET THE *DATE*...?

FIRST TUESDAY AFTER THE TURN OF THE CENTURY.

WHAT'S THIS? "*ATREUS PLASTICS*"? I'VE NEVER HEARD...

=AHEM=

ONE OF OUR MORE *OBSCURE* ACCOUNTS, TO BE SURE. SPECIALTY INSULATION, OR SOME SUCH. NOTHING IMPORTANT.

BUT, OF SMALL TREES ARE MIGHTY FORESTS MADE, EH?

JUST SIGN THERE.

GOOD GIRL. GOOD GIRL.

CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING...

WEEKS AGO, YOUNG *BILLY O'KOREN* WAS CHARGED WITH SLAYING JOHN "FLAPPER" PHILLIPS -- AND *ACQUITTED.*

AT THE TIME, THE PROSECUTION WAS DESPERATE TO FIND A *SCAPEGOAT* FOR THIS HIGHLY-PUBLICIZED CRIME. THEY ARE *STILL* DESPERATE --

-- AND, ONCE AGAIN, AN *INNOCENT* STANDS ACCUSED.

PETER "HOGMAN" GRUNTER HAS COMMITTED MANY QUESTIONABLE, EVEN *CRIMINAL* ACTS --

-- BUT THE ONLY CONCERN OF THIS COURT AT THIS TIME IS THE CHARGE OF SECOND-DEGREE *MURDER.*

MY CLIENT IS NOT A KILLER.

WITHIN THE NEXT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, I WILL RECEIVE EVIDENCE THAT THE TRUE KILLER IS A MAN WHO MASQUERADES AS A SOLID, RESPECTABLE CITIZEN --

-- AND USES HIS POSITION TO ADMINISTER NARCOTICS TO YOUNG CHILDREN.

COACH DONAHUE -- WHAT'S *WRONG?*

NOTHING, BILLY. NOTHING AT ALL.

HOURS LATER, AT THE OFFICE OF NELSON AND MURDOCK, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW...

SURE YOU CAN'T MAKE IT, MATT?

IT'S THE BEST LITTLE OPEN PIT BARBECUE IN TOWN.

KLIK

THAT'S OKAY, FOGGY.

PROBABLY TOO SPICY FOR ME, ANYWAY.

BESIDES, I'M WAITING ON A CALL. I RAN A *BLUFF* IN COURT TODAY--THE *GRUNTER* CASE. PRETENDED I HAD EVIDENCE, WHEN ALL I'VE GOT IS A *TIP*.

IF I'M LUCKY, I'VE PUT A *SCARE* IN THE REAL KILLER-- AND HE'LL...

AH! FINALLY!

UH, MATT... THE PHONE ISN'T...

RRRR

NO, NO, I DIDN'T MEAN...

HOW ARE YOU?

GREAT, MATT. JUST GREAT.

I'VE BEEN THINKING. A LOT.

ABOUT *US*.

SO HAVE I, HEATHER.

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW MADLY IN LOVE WITH YOU I AM?

THAT'S WHY I THINK WE SHOULD...

BZZZT!

I KNOW, MATT. I KNOW. AND MAYBE WE SHOULD.

IT'S JUST THAT I'VE GOT SO MUCH TO FIGURE OUT.

CAN I COME OVER? I KNOW YOU'RE BUSY, BUT...

JUST A SECOND,

GOT A CALL COMING IN ON THE OTHER LINE.

KLIK

MATT?

HELLO?

HELLO, MR. DONAHUE.

YES, I HAVE BEEN EXPECTING YOUR CALL.

PUT ME ON *HOLD*, WILL YOU?

YES, I KNOW *EXACTLY* WHAT YOU'VE BEEN DOING, MR. DONAHUE.

PUSHING *ANGEL DUST* IS HARDLY ACCEPTABLE PRACTICE FOR A GRADE SCHOOL ATHLETIC COACH.

IMAGINE HOW *BILLY O'KOREN* WOULD FEEL, IF HE KNEW, HE'S *DEVOTED* TO YOU, AND WITH HIS SISTER ONLY RECENTLY *KILLED* BY AN OVERDOSE.

IF YOU MURDERED PHILLIPS, YOU'LL FACE . . . NO, SIR, I'M NOT SAYING THAT YOU *DID*.

BUT YOU CERTAINLY HAD A *MOTIVE*.

YOU WANT TO TALK? PRIVATELY?

YES. ALL RIGHT.

YES, I KNOW THE SCHOOL. THE GYMNASIUM?

ONE HOUR, THEN?

HELLO HEATHER? SORRY ABOUT THAT, BUT IT'S A VERY IMPORTANT...

HEATHER?

HEATHER?

ONE HOUR LATER...

COACH DONAHUE?

DON'T CARE TO ANSWER? OKAY. I'LL DO THE TALKING.

A BAG MAN BY THE NAME OF *SMITTY* TOLD ME YOU'RE HOGMAN'S CONNECTION-- HIS *DEALER*-- HERE AT THE SCHOOL.

SMITTY ALSO TOLD ME THAT YOU WERE DISSATISFIED WITH YOUR CUT OF THE ACTION.

WERE YOU UNHAPPY ENOUGH TO SHOOT FLAPPER-- AND PIN THE RAP ON HIS PARTNER?

THAT WOULD LEAVE THE OPERATION OPEN FOR *YOU*...

SPEAK UP ANY TIME, DONAHUE. LIFE IS SHORT.

THAT *SOUND!*

SOME SORT OF *ANIMAL*...

GGRAAARRRRRR

NO.

NOT AN ANIMAL.

AARRR

RR

GGRRAAH

THE COACH.

WHUKKK

HIS HEART IS *RACING*-- HIS BREATHING, *FURIOUS*--

HE DOESN'T JUST *SELL* DRUGS--

--HE *TAKES* THEM!

PROBABLY HIGH ON *ANGEL DUST*-- HAVING A *"WHACK ATTACK!"* HE'S *VIOLENT*--

--NOT TO MENTION *RECKLESS*. HE'LL *KILL* HIMSELF--

--UNLESS I *STOP* HIM.

NGGGG

FULL NELSON SHOULD DO THE TRICK.

UFF!

MAKE THAT "VIOLENT," RECKLESS... AND *STRONG!*

STRONGER THAN *ME*.

MUCH.

GRAAAAA

SOMETHING'S *WRONG* HERE. I DON'T FIGURE THE COACH FOR A *USER*--

--AND EVEN IF HE *IS*, WHY DO *THIS* TO HIMSELF, JUST WHEN HE *NEEDS* HIS WITS?

ANSWER: HE *WOULDN'T*. WHICH MEANS SOMEONE *ELSE* DID IT *TO* HIM.

WHICH MAKES HIM A *VICTIM*.

I HAVE TO SAVE HIM-- *SUBDUE* HIM...

AAAA

A TENEMENT...

I'M *DYIN,'* HOGMAN!

THE STREET'S BEEN *DRY*--USED UP THE LAST OF MY STASH THREE DAYS AGO.

THREE DAYS, MAN...

THAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH *HEROIN,* MARKIE.

MAKES YOU *NEED* GUYS LIKE *ME.*

THE *SMACK* IS WHAT I NEED, HOGMAN.

I'M *DYIN'.*

SHOULDN'T HAVE *FINGERED* ME, MARKIE. SHOULDN'T HAVE TOLD THE COPS YOU SAW ME SHOOT *FLAPPER.* *THAT'S* WHY YOU HAVEN'T *SCORED.*

NOW, IF YOU WAS TO TELL THE JUDGE YOU WAS *LYIN'*--OR *STONED,* WHEN YOU SAID YOU SAW ME...

SOLID, MAN. I'LL SAY *ANYTHING.* I'M--

I KNOW, I KNOW, YOU'RE *DYIN'.*

I WON'T *FORGET* THIS, HOGMAN.

AHH...

OH, YEAH...

YEAH...

LOOKS HAPPY.

DEAD, TOO.

GEE, DID I FERGET TO 'CUT' THE SMACK LIKE USUAL--AND FEED HIM THE *PURE* STUFF?

POOR MARKIE.

AND SO...

...LACKING OUR CHIEF WITNESS-- AND HAVING FOUND NO EVIDENCE OF FOUL PLAY IN HIS DEATH--

--THE PROSECUTION MUST *WITHDRAW* ITS CHARGE OF SECOND DEGREE MURDER AGAINST PETER GRUNTER...

MATT, IF HOGMAN DIDN'T KILL FLAPPER-- WHO *DID*?

I DON'T *KNOW*, BILLY. BUT THE *LAW* WILL FIND HIM-- AND *PUNISH* HIM.

IT ALWAYS DOES.

I'M OFF THE *HOOK* NOW, RIGHT, MURDOCK?

YES, HOGMAN.

NO CHANCE OF ANOTHER TRIAL?

NONE.

THEN I MIGHT AS WELL *TELL* YOU--

--THAT I'M *GUILTY* AS SIN.

HERE'S A LITTLE SOMETHING *EXTRA* FOR YOU, PAL.

JUST MY WAY OF SAYIN' *THANKS*.

LATER...

HOGMAN!

DON'T TRY TO *RUN*--

OOF!

WHO'S RUNNIN'?

LOOK, *DD*-- I DUNNO WHAT YOU *WANT*...

I WANT TO BEAT YOU *SENSELESS*.

YOU'RE A *PUSHER*-- A *MURDERER*. YOU'VE TRICKED AN *HONEST* MAN INTO HELPING YOU--DRIVEN A *WEAKER* MAN TO NEAR *SUICIDE*--

--CONVINCED AN INNOCENT *CHILD* THAT THERE'S NO LAW, NO *HOPE*--

YOU'LL DO *NOTHIN'* TO ME, HORNHEAD.

I BEEN *READIN'* ABOUT YOU. YOU'RE A *NICE GUY*-- A REGULAR *BLEEDIN' HEART*.

YOU WOULDN'T PUNCH OUT A GUY JUST CUZ YOU FEEL LIKE. SPECIALLY A GUY WITH SUCH A DELICATE *HEART CONDITION*--

--THAT HE NEEDS A *PACEMAKER!*

A *PACEMAKER!* SO *THAT'S* IT!

THAT WOULD *REGULATE* HIS HEARTBEAT-- KEEP IT FROM *JUMPING* WHEN HE LIED TO ME.

I'VE *BLOWN* IT. HOGMAN'S *FREE*. IT'S ALL MY FAULT.

GOT TO FIND *BILLY*-- *STOP* HIM BEFORE HE DOES SOME-THING *CRAZY*...

RING RING

HELLO?

YEAH, THIS IS *HOGMAN*. WHO'S ASKIN'?

WHAT? *WHAT!?!*

GAS IT UP, SMITTY. HEAD FOR THE *SCHOOL*.

LITTLE *BILLY O'KOREN* SAYS HE SAW US OFF *MARKIE*.

WHAT'S HE *WANT*?

MONEY.

WHAT HE'S *GETTIN'*-- IS *DEAD*.

IT'S ALL *YOUR* FAULT! IF YOU'D *WATCHED* HIM BETTER--

IF YOU ACTED MORE LIKE A *FATHER* AND LESS LIKE A *BUM*--

MR. O'KOREN --WHAT'S *HAPPENED*?

IT'S *BILLY*! HE'S RUN OFF WITH MY *GUN*!

I THINK HE'S GONNA *KILL* SOMEBODY!

HE'S AFTER *HOGMAN*.

HE'LL HEAD FOR HOGMAN'S APARTMENT-- OR *MEET* HIM SOMEWHERE.

THE *SCHOOL*...

SOON...

MAYBE YOU GOT OFF IN *COURT*--

--BUT IT WAS *YOUR* DUST THAT KILLED MY *SISTER*.

I'M GONNA MAKE YOU *PAY*, HOGMAN!

DON'T *TRY* IT, KID.

I BROUGHT *HELP*.

SMITTY?

SMITTY-- *BEHIND* YOU--

KBLAM

THE *PUNISHER*-- *HERE*?!

GIMME THAT *PIECE*.

BUT...

TAKE A *WALK*, PUNISHER--

--OR I *WASTE* THE BRAT!

KBLAM BLAM

AAAAAAAAG

GO HOME, CHILD.

I'LL FINISH THIS.

NO!

KBLAM BLAM BLAMM

SPAK

SPAK

SPAK

KBLAM BLAM

BLAM BLAMM

SPAK

SPAK

SPAK

SPAK

YOU DON'T *SCARE* ME, PUNISHER. I'VE DONE MY *HOMEWORK*--

--AND I KNOW YOU'RE MISSING ME ON *PURPOSE*.

YOU'VE KILLED *DOZENS* OF CRIMINALS IN YOUR TIME. BUT YOU'VE NEVER HARMED AN *INNOCENT.*

YOU WON'T KILL ME.

I SHOT YOU ONCE *BEFORE--*

SURE. BUT THAT WAS A *TRANQUILIZER.*

YOU'RE USING *REAL* BULLETS NOW.

A *TRUCE,* THEN.

I'LL SETTLE WITH HOGMAN LATER.

NO *TRUCE.*

YOU'RE GOING TO *JAIL.*

YOU WOULDN'T *DARE--*

KBBLAMMM

DON'T *DO* IT, BILLY!
DON'T THROW YOUR *LIFE* AWAY!
WE'LL *GET* HIM FOR KILLING MARKIE--
--AND POISONING COACH DONAHUE.
I *PROMISE.*
BILLY...

DAYS LATER...

WITH EVIDENCE SUPPLIED US BY *DAREDEVIL*-- AND THE TESTIMONY OF *WILLIAM O'KOREN*--

--THE PROSECUTION MOVES FOR AN INDICTMENT AGAINST PETER "HOGMAN" GRUNTER ON THE CHARGE OF SECOND DEGREE MURDER...

YOU DID THE RIGHT THING, BILLY.

DID I, MATT?

CAN YOU PROMISE ME HOGMAN WILL GO TO JAIL--AND *STAY* THERE?

WE'RE ONLY *HUMAN*, BILLY. WE CAN BE WEAK. WE CAN BE EVIL.

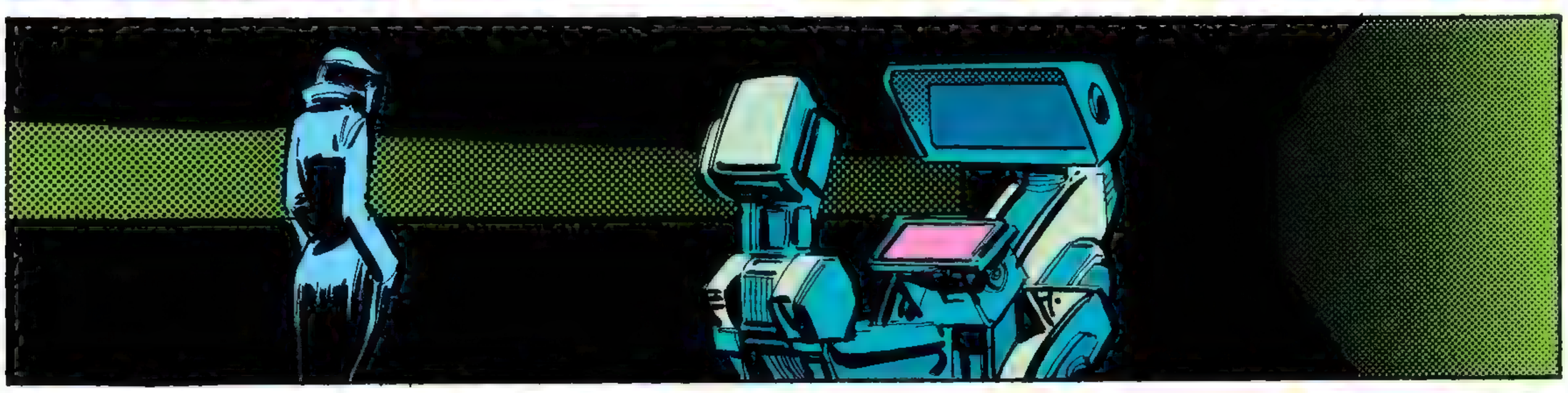
THE ONLY WAY TO STOP US FROM KILLING EACH OTHER IS TO MAKE *RULES*. LAWS. AND STICK TO THEM.

THEY DON'T ALWAYS WORK. BUT MOSTLY, THEY DO.

AND THEY'RE ALL WE'VE GOT.

YEAH, I GUESS.

LOOK, I'LL SEE YOU AROUND, OKAY?



ANSWER: ATREUS PLASTIC
A.K.A. GABRIEL PLASTIC
MANUFACTURER, PLASTIC SPECIALIZED

QUESTION: WHAT IS THEIR BUSINESS WITH GLENN INDUSTRIES?

ANSWER: MANUFACTURE, PLASTIQUE
HIGH INTENSITY EXPLOSIVE
PURPOSE UNDETERMINED

NEXT ISSUE: GUTS

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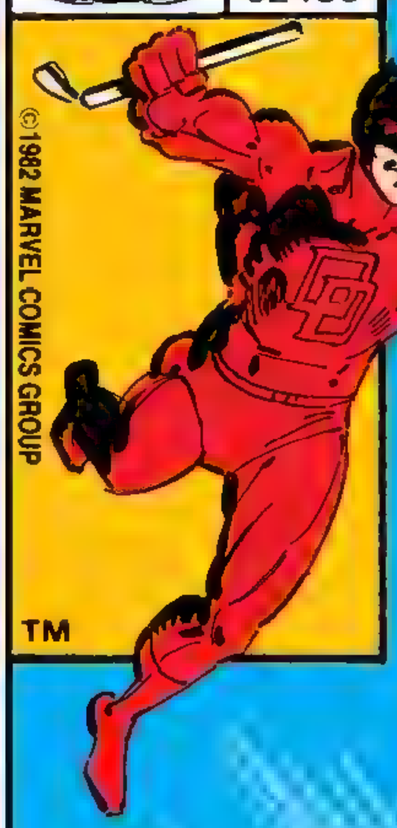

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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

DO YOU KNOW ME?

I'M *DAREDEVIL*. A *CRIMEFIGHTER*. PRETTY GOOD ONE, IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF.

WHEN I WAS A YOUNG BOY, I WAS STRUCK ACROSS THE EYES AND *BLINDED* BY A RADIOACTIVE ISOTOPE.

THE RADIATION *MUTATED* MY NERVE CENTERS, AMPLIFYING MY REMAINING SENSES TO *SUPER-HUMAN* LEVELS.

IN OTHER WORDS, I CAN *SMELL, HEAR,* AND *TASTE* BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE IN THE WHOLE WORLD. EVEN THOUGH I *CAN'T* SEE.

I EVEN HAVE A BUILT-IN *RADAR* THAT LETS ME KNOW WHERE THINGS ARE AROUND ME WHEN MY OTHER SENSES DON'T.

OF COURSE, I'M NOT *DD* ALL THE TIME. CRIMEFIGHTING ALONE WON'T PAY THE BILLS.

LAWYERING WILL, THOUGH.

SO, BY DAY, I'M *MATT MURDOCK*, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

BET YOU'RE WONDERING WHY I'M TELLING YOU ALL THIS.

WELL, IT'S BECAUSE THE *NARRATOR* OF THIS MONTH'S ADVENTURE IS *FOGGY NELSON*--MATT MURDOCK'S *PARTNER*...

...AND HE DOESN'T *KNOW* I'M DAREDEVIL.

SO PLEASE-- *PLEASE*--

--DON'T TELL HIM.

I'M WORKING LATE ON A STACK OF RED-HOT DEPOSITIONS WHEN THE SCENT OF TWO-HUNDRED-DOLLARS-AN-OUNCE *PERFUME* SNEAKS INTO MY NOSTRILS. I LOOK UP...

...AND THERE SHE IS STANDING IN THE DOORWAY LIKE A DEER CAUGHT IN THE HEADLIGHTS OF AN ONRUSHING U-HAUL.

SHE'S *HEATHER GLENN*-- MY BEST FRIEND'S *GIRL*.

FOGGY?

"FOGGY"--THAT'S ME. *FRANKLIN NELSON*, ATTORNEY.

WHAT'S *WRONG*, HEATHER?

YOU AND MATT ON THE *OUTS* AGAIN?

NOT SINCE WEDNESDAY.

NO, I WAS JUST IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, AND THOUGHT I'D...

OH, WHAT'S THE *USE*...

I'M IN TROUBLE, FOGGY. *DEEP* TROUBLE.

AND YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN ON EARTH WHO CAN *HELP* ME.

Stan Lee PRESENTS

GUTS

MILLER SCRIPTER + STORYTELLER
JANSON PENCILER + INKER + COLORIST
ROSEN LETTERS
O'NEIL EDITOR
SHOOTER SUPERVISOR

EASY, HEATHER. IT CAN'T BE *THAT* BAD.

BUT IT *IS*, FOGGY! IT'S SO *AWFUL* I COULD *DIE*.

IT'S *GLENN INDUSTRIES*.

EVER SINCE *DADDY* DIED, I'VE BEEN TRYING TO RUN THE BUSINESS THE WAY *HE* WOULD'VE...

...BUT THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS IS TRYING TO TAKE IT *AWAY* FROM ME.

AND LAST NIGHT, I FOUND OUT THEY'RE INVOLVED IN SOMETHING THAT MIGHT BE *CRIMINAL*.

EXPLOSIVES, FOGGY. THEY'RE MAKING *BOMBS*.

AND THE COMPUTER WON'T SAY WHAT *FOR*.

HAVE YOU TOLD *MATT*?

I-- I *CAN'T*.

HE'D--

HEATHER?

IS THAT *YOU*, HEATHER?

IT'S *MATT MURDOCK*-- MY *PARTNER* AND BEST BUDDY. A GREAT GUY. BUT A LITTLE *STRANGE* SOMETIMES.

LIKE RIGHT NOW. SOMETHING ABOUT THE WAY HE STANDS THERE MAKES ME THINK HE *KNOWS* EVERYTHING HEATHER JUST TOLD ME, EVEN THOUGH HE COULDN'T HAVE.

NOBODY'S GOT EARS LIKE *THAT*.

HOW *SWEET* OF YOU TO DROP BY.

GIVEN ANY MORE THOUGHT TO WHAT WE TALKED ABOUT YESTERDAY? READY TO SETTLE DOWN AND *MARRY* ME--

--AND STOP PLAYING *EXECUTIVE*?

HEATHER-- YOU'VE BEEN *CRYING*--

UM...

...*SNEEZING'S* MORE LIKE IT, MATT. HEATHER'S CAUGHT HERSELF A DOSE OF *HAY FEVER.*

UM...

HEY, OL' PAL, I WISH I'D KNOWN YOU WERE COMING BY. WOULD'VE MADE THE DINNER RESERVATIONS FOR *THREE.*

HEATHER AND I THOUGHT WE'D *CHAT* A BIT. BEEN *MONTHS.*

UM...

SAY, WE'RE RUNNING *LATE!*

SEE YA *AROUND*, MATT.

I DECIDE NOT TO TELL MATT WHAT'S GOING ON. IT'D ONLY *WORRY* HIM.

BESIDES, I'M NOT SURE WHAT I'M GETTING INTO.

THINGS COULD GET *ROUGH.*

IT TAKES TWENTY MINUTES LONGER THAN USUAL TO CAB IT ACROSS TOWN.

BUT *GRIDLOCK* IS NOTHING COMPARED TO THE STALL WE GET AT *GLENN INDUSTRIES*...

...THE PROPER MAINTENANCE OF SO MANY ACCOUNTS REQUIRES UTMOST CARE AND DELICACY-- AND EVEN A CERTAIN DEGREE OF SECRECY...

...SOME OF OUR MORE PROFITABLE CLIENTS MAY JUSTIFIABLY REQUIRE ANONYMITY, SO THAT THEY MAY INSURE--

JUST TELL ME WHY WE'RE MAKING *BOMBS*, MR. SPINDLE.

AND WHO *FOR*.

MAY I SUGGEST, MY DEAR SWEET LITTLE GIRL, THAT THE APPROPRIATE TIME TO EXPRESS DOUBTS OR OBJECTIONS TO THIS EXCHANGE--

--WAS *BEFORE* YOU SIGNED THIS PURCHASE ORDER?

IF GLENN INDUSTRIES IS INVOLVED IN ANY QUESTIONABLE ENTERPRISE-- AND YOUR ATTORNEY MAY NOTE THAT I AM NOT SAYING THAT SUCH IS THE *CASE*--

--THEN, YOU ARE INVOLVED IN THAT HYPOTHETICAL ENTERPRISE AS DEEPLY AS *WE* ARE.

SPINDLE IS UP TO SOMETHING *ROTTEN*, FOGGY. HE AS MUCH AS *SAID* SO!

WHAT CAN WE *DO*?

HEATHER, I'M HERE AS YOUR LEGAL REPRESENTATIVE, AT LEAST, I *THINK* I AM.

IT'S MY DUTY TO INSTRUCT YOU TO CALL THE *POLICE*.

NO!

MY FATHER PUT HIS WHOLE *LIFE* INTO THE BUSINESS. I'VE *GOT* TO MAKE ALL THIS COME OUT *OKAY*. I *WON'T* GO TO THE POLICE--

--AND I CAN'T GO TO *MATT*, EITHER. HE'D JUST TELL ME TO GIVE IT UP. HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW MUCH THIS *MEANS* TO ME.

I-- I GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO INVESTIGATE THIS *MYSELF*.

SORRY, HEATHER, THAT WON'T WORK, EITHER.

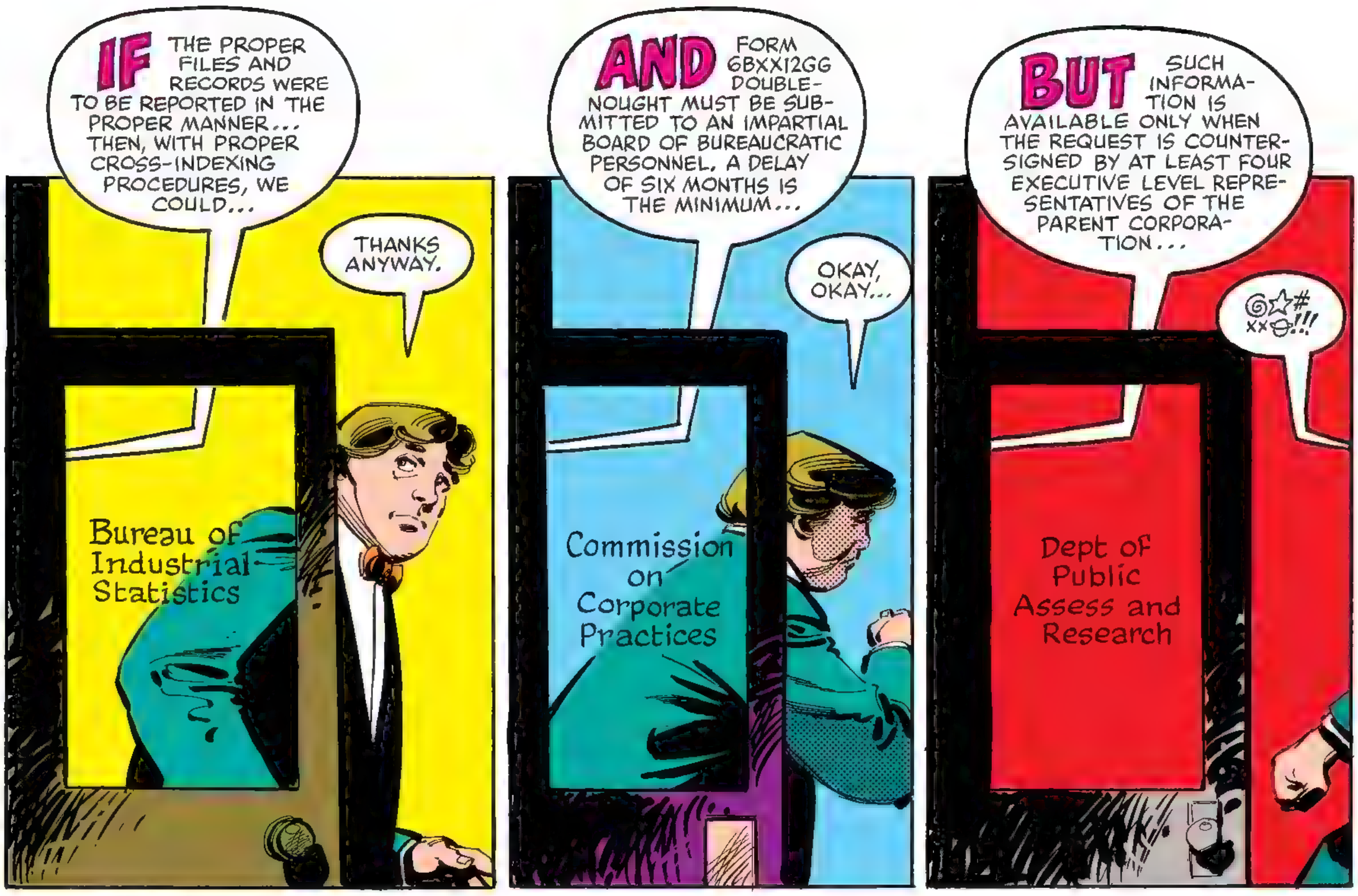
SPINDLE IS PROBABLY HAVING YOU *FOLLOWED*.

NO. YOU GO STRAIGHT *HOME*.

THERE ARE GOVERNMENT AGENCIES, COMMISSIONS, THAT CAN TELL US WHAT WE NEED TO KNOW. I'LL GO TO THEM.

AND I MAY RUN INTO A FOOT OR TWO OF *RED TAPE*, BUT I'LL GET TO THE *BOTTOM* OF THIS--

--NO *IF*S *AND*S, OR *BUT*S!



DID I SAY A *FOOT* OF RED TAPE? MAKE THAT A *MILE.*

redmile

A LONG, *TWISTED* MILE THAT LEADS ME *NOWHERE.*

SO THE STRAIGHT-AND-NARROW APPROACH GETS ME *ZIP.*

I'M NOT FINISHED.

NOT NEARLY.

I HIT THE *BARS*. I HIT THE *DOCKS*. I SCOUR EVERY *FLOP HOUSE* AND *POOL HALL*. I POP THE HEAD OFF EVERY FESTERING PIMPLE ON THE SPOTTED UNDERBELLY OF THE LOWER EAST SIDE.

I HANG *TOUGH*.

NUNNA YER BIZNISS.

OKAY.

SOONER OR LATER, I KNOW I'LL GET *LUCKY*. OF COURSE, IT TAKES MORE THAN *LUCK* TO GET YOUR WAY IN THE BIG TOWN.

IT TAKES *BRAINS*. IT TAKES *GUTS*. IT TAKES *SAVVY*...

GIDDADDAHEAH.

OKAY.

LIKE I SAID, IT'S A *JUNGLE*-- AND IT'S GOT *ANIMALS* ALL ITS OWN. AND TO DEAL WITH ANIMALS, YOU GOTTA *BE* AN ANIMAL.

YOU GOTTA BARE YOUR FANGS AND GROWL AND LET THEM KNOW THAT THEY'RE JUST JACKALS AND YOU'RE A *TIGER*...

SURE, I'LL TALK. BUT IT'LL COST YA *FIFTY*.

OKAY.

NAH-- A *HUNNERT*.

OKAY.

BUT MOSTLY, YOU GOTTA KEEP YOUR EYES AND EARS WIDE OPEN FOR THE SMALLEST CLUE--OR THE FIRST HINT OF *DANGER*...

THEM THERE *BOMBS* IS GONNA BE YOOSED IN A BIG HEIST, *REAL* BIG--

--HEY--YER SHOE'S UNTIED.

BUT I'M WEARING *LOAF*--

WOPPP

--FFERSSS

SUCKERED!

I FLOAT IN A SILENCE QUIETER THAN AN EMPTY ASTRODOME... A DARKNESS BLACKER THAN A HERSHEY BAR.

THEN MY HEAD IS POUNDING WITH DULL PAIN AND I'M AWAKE...

I'M WAIST DEEP IN **HOT CHICKEN SOUP** THESE GUYS *HAVE* TO BE HOODS.

GOTTA THINK *FAST.*

UM...

THE NAME'S *NELSON.* *"GUTS"* NELSON.

UM...

I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE INTO *BOMBS.* I WANT *IN,* SEE?

AW, C'MON, MISTER SLAUGHTER-- LEMME JOIN THE GANG AGAIN. I'LL DO *GOOD* THIS TIME.

QUIET, TURK.

OUR GUEST IS COMING AROUND.

KILL HIM.

MISTER SLAUGHTER-- ABOUT THAT *JOB--*

SHUT UP, TURK.

NUTS. BRUNG HIM ALLA WAYS CROSS TOWN, JUST TA SNUFF HIM HERE.

AND SKINNY DIS GUY *AIN'T.*

HEY-- WHAT'S WID DA *LIGHTS?*

A LUCKY BREAK. SOMETIMES, THAT'S ALL YOU NEED.

POIT

THEN I'M EVERYWHERE AT ONCE, CUTTING THROUGH THEM LIKE THEY'RE A *BLIMPIE'S* LUNCH LINE, STRIKING QUICKLY, MERCILESSLY-- JUST LIKE THE OLD DAYS...

YEAH...THE OLD DAYS...

...WHEN IT WAS GUTS NELSON UP AGAINST PORKCHOP PETERSEN IN THE LAST SET OF THE LAST GAME OF THE AKRON, OHIO INTER-DIVISIONAL BOWLING TOURNAMENT. I WAS ON FIRE THEN, AND I'M ON FIRE NOW...

FAPP

THE BLOOD POUNDS A *SYMPHONY* IN MY VEINS. THE KILLER INSTINCT THAT IS A PART OF ALL MEN SURGES THROUGH ME LIKE *SELTZER*--

-- AND I'M UNBEATABLE, UNSTOPPABLE...

CHOK

CHAKK

THE LIGHTS!

I *GOT* 'EM, MISTER SLAUGHTER! I--

KLIK

HE-- HE MUSTA TAKEN THEM ALL OUT... JUST LIKE THAT...

TURK--SHOOT HIM.

CAN I HAVE MY OLD JOB BACK IF I DO?

IT'S YOURS. SHOOT HIM.

NAH.

GUTS HERE IS MY KINDA GUY. HE'S GOT BRAINS. AND MUSCLE. PROB'LY GOT MONEY, TOO.

ALL HE NEEDS NOW IS *VISION.*

VISION I GOT.

SO I'M WORKIN' FER *HIM.*

FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES I THINK EVERYTHING'S OKAY. THEN TURK TAKES ME TO A MIDTOWN SKY-SCRAPER AND A LOOK AT THE PLACE MAKES ME SMELL THAT CHICKEN SOUP AGAIN. ONLY THIS THIS TIME IT'S UP PAST MY WAIST AND AT MY ELBOWS.

AND CLIMBING.

GOT SOME-BODY HERE TO SEE THE BIG MAN, FLINT.

HE'S *BUSY*, TURK.

FOR YOU, HE'S *ALWAYS* BUSY.

SMARTEN UP, FLINT.

THIS HERE'S *GUTS NELSON*. I JUST SEEN HIM FLATTEN SLAUGHTER'S BOYS-- SIX OF 'EM-- IN ONE MINNIT FLAT.

YOU WANT THE *KINGPIN* TO HEAR YOU TURNED THIS KINDA TALENT AWAY?

SO I'LL TELL HIM YOU'RE HERE.

BUT NO PROMISES.

LOOK, TURK. ALL I WANT IS THE DOPE ON THOSE *BOMBS*, SEE?

SURE, GUTS. SURE. WE'LL GET RIGHT TO THAT.

BUT I FIGGER MOVES LIKE *YERS* SHOULDN'T OUGHTTA BE *WASTED*.

BESIDES, THIS HERE'S THE *KINGPIN*'S JOINT. HE RUNS ALL THE MOBS IN *TOWN*.

AND HE'S THE ONE WHO'S USIN' THEM *BOMBS*. FER A BIG *KNOCKOVER* ON PIER 47.

FLINT COMES BACK AND USHERS US INTO A BIG, DARK OFFICE. I SEE THE MAN THEY CALL THE *KINGPIN*--

--AND ALL OF A SUDDEN I'M *BREATHING* CHICKEN SOUP.

...GUARDS WERE NO TROUBLE, BOSS.

LOUIE'S SETTING THE CHARGES NOW.

SHIP'S ALL SET TO *BLOW.*

STATE YOUR BUSINESS.

I'VE NO TIME TO WASTE.

UM...

WHOOOMM

BEEYOOTEEFUL, BOSS! SHE WENT UP LIKE *FIREWORKS!*

NO SIGN OF *DAREDEVIL?*

NOPE.

PROCEED AS PLANNED.

I'LL KEEP IT SHORT, KINGPIN.

THAT WOULD BE WISE.

YOU BEEN TAPPED FER A TOP *HIT MAN* EVER SINCE *BULLSEYE* SNUFFED THAT LADY ASSASSIN YOU WAS USIN'--THEN GOT BUSTED UP *HISSELF.*

I FIGGER YER LOOKIN' FER A *NEW* MAN.

UM...

NO PROBLEMS HERE, BOSS.

WE'RE ON THE DECK. SHIV AND LOUIE GOT THE BOX.

CRIMINY. SURE FEELS NICE TA PULL A HEIST AND NOT HAVE TA MESS WITH *HORNHEAD*...

INDEED.

MAINTAIN CONTACT.

A MASTER ASSASSIN, EH? YOU HARDLY *LOOK* THE PART.

WHERE DID YOU *STUDY?*

UM...

AND WHY HAVE I NEVER *HEARD* OF YOU?

UM...

GET OUT OF HERE.

OKAY.

JUST A *MINNIT*, BOSS.

THIS HERE'S *GUTS NELSON.* I SEEN HIM TAKE OUT *TWELVE* OF SLAUGHTER'S BOYS--IN THIRTY SECONDS FLAT!

HMM. IF THIS IS TRUE, THEN PERHAPS I SHOULD HIRE YOU, GUTS.

OR PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE YOU KILLED.

UH OH.

BOSS, I THINK WE GOT A PROBLEM, AFTER ALL...

WHAT IS IT, FILCH? QUICKLY.

IT'S O--

URRGH!!

CHOK

THWAK

FILCH?

FILCH?

CONSIDER IT A *WARNING*, KINGSY.

I GOT *CONNECTIONS*-- POWERFUL ENOUGH TO BRING YOU *DOWN*, SEE?

YOU'RE BLUFFING, GUTS. YOU HAD NO PART IN THIS.
WE ARE MERELY SUFFERING A COMMUNICATIONS FAILURE OF SOME SORT.
THERE IS NO CAUSE FOR CONCERN.
NONE.
FILCH?...

DANGER
RADIOACTIVE
MATERIALS

WE...UH... HAD OURSELVES A LITTLE *SETBACK...*

BOSS, THIS IS *GREASER.*

BETTER CHECK IN WITH THE *BOSS.*

WHAT HAPPENED?

DAREDEVIL HAPPENED. GOT THAT *ISOTOPE* WE WAS AFTER.

THEY'RE *BOTH* IN THE DRINK NOW.

SO. IT WAS DAREDEVIL.

HE STAYED OUT OF SIGHT -- TRICKED ME INTO MAKING MY MOVE. HE IS A SHREWD OPPONENT. IN TIME I SHALL BE REQUIRED TO ELIMINATE HIM.

BUT HIS DEATH MUST WAIT.

YOURS, HOWEVER, IS AT HAND.

BZZT

FLINT, COME IN HERE.

BRING YOUR GUN.

BOSS! IT'S--

THWAKK

CHOKK

KKR

AKKK

GREASER?

GREASER...

FIVE WORDS, KINGPIN. AND I'LL ONLY SAY THEM ONCE.

DON'T MESS WITH GUTS NELSON.

YOU WANT THEM DEAD, BOSS?

IT'LL BE FUN WASTING TURK...

NOT... QUITE YET.

GUTS... WE MUST DISCUSS YOUR EMPLOY-MENT.

SURE.

HOW 'BOUT MONDAY?

NOW.

I SAID *MONDAY*, KINGSY.

NOW.

SEEMS TO ME YOU'RE *FORGET-TING* SOMETHING, CHUBBS,

I GOT ME *DAREDEVIL*, RIGHT IN MY POCKET.

AND LIKE THE MAN *SAID*--

--DON'T MESS WITH ME.

MONDAY, THEN.

GUTS, YOU AND ME ARE GONNA GO PLACES...

...STILL CAN'T FIGGER WHY WE'RE GOIN' TO *CHICAGO*, GUTS.

I GOT CONNECTIONS TO MAKE, TURK.

YOU WANT TO BE MY MAIN MAN OR *NOT*?

SURE, SURE I DO! YOU KIDDIN'?

I NEVER SAW NOBODY SPOOK THE *KINGPIN* BEFORE!

YOU GOT WHAT IT *TAKES*, GUTS.

I FIGGER YOU NEED *VISION*, IS ALL.

VISION I-- HEY, WHERE YOU GOIN'?

LITTLE BOY'S ROOM.

BETTER MAKE IT QUICK, WE'RE TAKIN' OFF SOON.

HEY-- THE JOHN'S *THAT* WAY...

WHAT THE...

AW, NO...

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DAREDEVIL®

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TM

KEEP YOUR EYES WIDE **OPEN** WHEN YOU WALK THE **MEAN STREETS** OF MANHATTAN. CHECK OUT EVERY DOORWAY, EVERY ALLEY, EVERY SHADOWED STAIRWELL.

DON'T TALK TO ANYBODY. AND DON'T LOOK **UP**, NO MATTER HOW PRETTY THE BUILDINGS ARE. THE **ROTTEN** ONES, THEY'LL THINK YOU'RE A **TOURIST**. AND MAYBE THEY'LL KILL YOU.

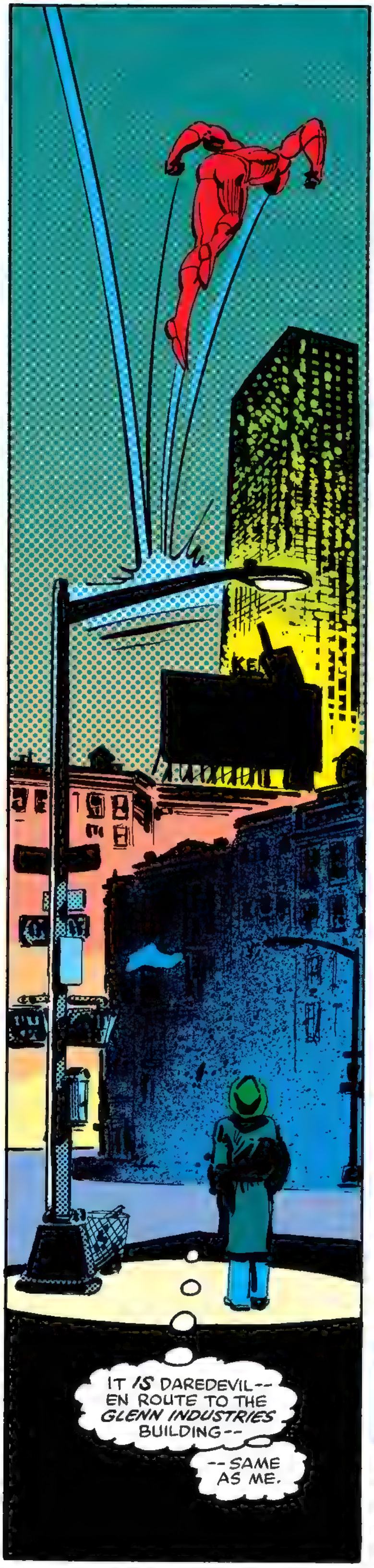
BUT IF YOU **DO** LOOK UP, AND IF YOU'RE VERY, VERY **LUCKY**, YOU JUST MIGHT SPOT A PATCH OF **SCARLET** AS IT DANCES FROM ROOFTOP TO ROOFTOP. MAYBE, FOR JUST A SECOND, YOU'LL SEE THE CITY'S **CHAMPION**...

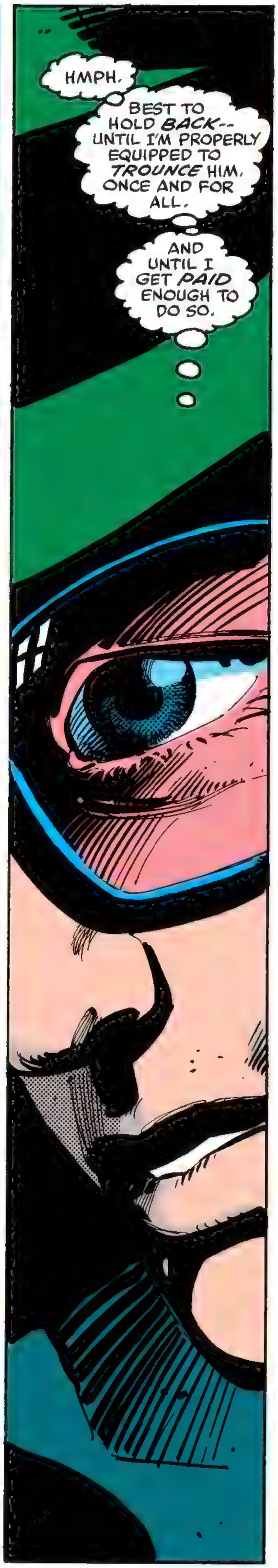
DAREDEVIL!

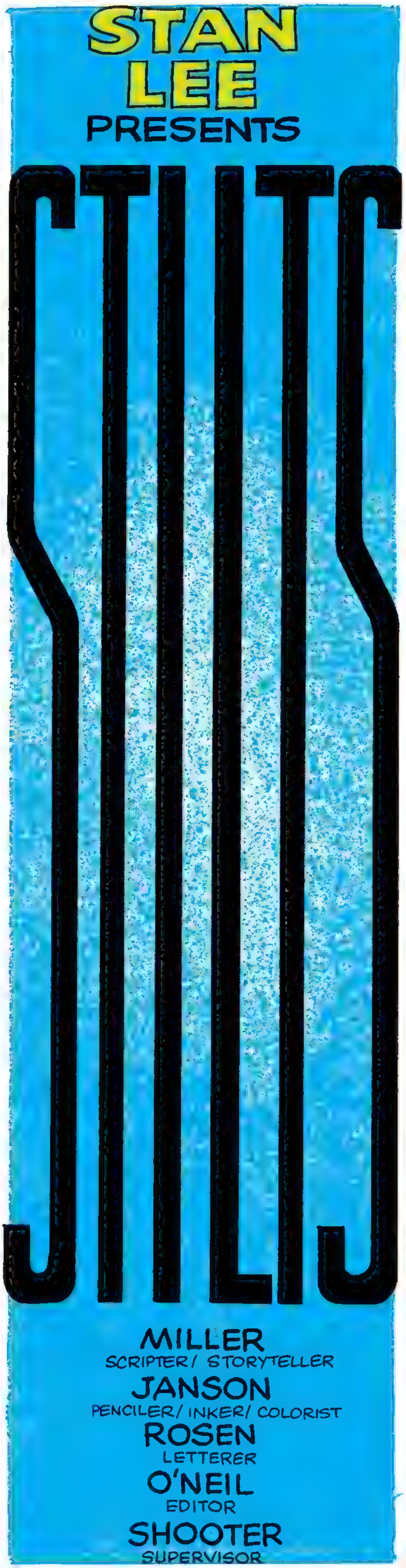
KEEP YOUR EYES WIDE **OPEN**-- AND BE GRATEFUL THAT YOU **CAN** SEE AT ALL.

BECAUSE, EVEN THOUGH HE CAN **SMELL, HEAR** AND **TASTE** BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE IN TOWN, DAREDEVIL DOESN'T **SHARE** YOUR GIFT.

HE'S **BLIND.**


IT IS DAREDEVIL-- EN ROUTE TO THE GLENN INDUSTRIES BUILDING--
--SAME AS ME.


HMPH.
BEST TO HOLD BACK-- UNTIL I'M PROPERLY EQUIPPED TO TROUNCE HIM, ONCE AND FOR ALL.
AND UNTIL I GET PAID ENOUGH TO DO SO.


STAN LEE PRESENTS
CLIC
MILLER
SCRIPTER/ STORYTELLER
JANSON
PENCILER/ INKER/ COLORIST
ROSEN
LETTERER
O'NEIL
EDITOR
SHOOTER
SUPERVISOR

GLENN INDUSTRIES
ADMINISTRATIVE CONFERENCE

DON'T *PRESS* ME, MS. GLENN.

IT WOULD NOT SERVE YOUR BEST INTERESTS FOR ME TO *DIVULGE*--

I AM *PRESIDENT* AND CHIEF STOCK-HOLDER IN GLENN INDUSTRIES, MR. SPINDLE.

IT'S MY *JOB* TO--

YOU ARE A SWEET, NAIVE *CHILD* WHO IS OVER HER PRETTY LITTLE *HEAD* IN AN ENTERPRISE THAT CANNOT *CATER* TO--

GLENN INDUSTRIES IS INVOLVED IN *CRIMINAL* ACTIVITIES.

MY FATHER WOULD *NEVER* HAVE--

YOUR FATHER IS *DEAD*. AS DEAD AS HIS SIMPLISTIC ATTI-TUDE TOWARD THE *REALITIES* OF BUSINESS.

WE HAVE DONE WHAT WE *MUST*--TO SURVIVE.

I WON'T SEE MY FATHER'S DREAM GO WRONG. I *WON'T*.

THAT, MY DEAR, IS *HISTORY*.

AND YOU ARE AS MUCH A PART OF THIS TURN OF EVENTS AS I--

NOT TRUE.

YOU HAVE BEEN *TRICKED*, MISS GLENN. YOUR FATHER'S BUSINESS HAS BEEN HANDLED POORLY BY THIS MAN, AND IT WILL GO *UNDER* --EVIDENCE THAT IS ON ITS WAY TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY WILL MAKE *SURE* OF THAT--

BUT *YOU* WILL NOT SUFFER.

I PROMISE.

DON'T *COUNT* ON THAT, DAREDEVIL. MS. GLENN IS *FAR* FROM--

DAREDEVIL?

MS. GLENN, I WOULD NOT TAKE OVERMUCH *COMFORT* IN--

MS. GLENN?

LOOKS BAD.

YES, YES...

...BUT NOT HOPELESS.

I HAVE MADE CERTAIN *ARRANGEMENTS*--

YOU CERTAINLY *HAVE.*

BUT THOSE ARRANGEMENTS HAVE JUST BECOME MORE *EXPENSIVE.*

STILT MAN!

NONE OTHER.

MY PRICE HAS *DOUBLED.*

--BUT YOU SAID NOTHING ABOUT *DAREDEVIL.*

YOU WANT ME TO REMOVE SOME EVIDENCE FROM A CERTAIN *ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY* --AND TO *PERSUADE* HER TO *SABOTAGE* THE CASE AGAINST GLENN INDUSTRIES--

DOUBLED?! YOU CAN'T--

NOT ONE WORD.

I'VE BATTLED DAREDEVIL *BEFORE*-- THAT'S HOW I CAME TO SERVE MY TERM IN *PRISON.*

I WON'T RISK ANOTHER SUCH EPISODE-- WITHOUT DUE *COMPENSATION.*

ACCEPT THE ORIGI-NAL FEE, THEN, AS AN *ADVANCE*--

--AGAINST THE *RE-MAINDER,* TO BE DE-LIVERED WHEN YOUR TASK IS *FINISHED.*

AGREED.

BUT FIRST, I'LL CHECK THE *AMOUNT.*

NO OFFENSE.

PRICKLY LATCH...

AH!

KSNIK

FIVE HUNDRED, SIX, SEVEN... YES, IT'S ALL HERE...

WHA'?

MY *GLOVE!* IT SLIPPED *OFF!*

OH, DEAR.

I'LL *NEVER* FIND IT NOW...

NICE *FRONT* YA GOT HERE, GLAD.

IT'S NO *FRONT*, TURK.

AND I'M NOT THE *GLADIATOR* ANYMORE.

COSTUMES

MELVIN POTTER PROPRIETOR

MY NAME'S *MELVIN POTTER*, AND I'VE GONE *STRAIGHT*.

SURE, SURE...WE *ALL* GONE STRAIGHT.

HOWSABOUT GOIN' OUT FER *BEERS* WITH ME--JUST FER *OLD TIMES* SAKE?

I'VE GOT NO OLD TIMES.

JUST MY SHOP, AND MY SANITY.

DO YOU SELL GLOVES HERE?

GLOVES, BOOTS, HATS... YOU NAME IT.

WE'D MAKE A GREAT TEAM, GLAD-- UH... MELV.

WITH YER MUSCLE-- AND MY *VISION*...

HAVE YOU A RIGHT-HANDED GLOVE TO MATCH THIS ONE?

THINK SO. LEMME CHECK OUT BACK.

Y'KNOW, THE *KINGPIN'S* LOOKIN' FER A NEW *HIT MAN*--AND HE'S GOT *BIG BUCKS* TA SPEND, MELV...

MELV?

HEY-- ARE *YOU*--?

NOBODY YOU KNOW.

HONEST.

YEAH... I SEEN YER *PITCHER*. YER ONE OF THEM *SUPER-CROOKS*... LIKE... LIKE...

YEAH...

LEAP FROG! YER LEAP FROG!

DON'T BE SILLY.

HERE'S YOUR GLOVE.

MAKE IT FOUR-FIFTY.

KEEP THE CHANGE.

HE'S *SOMEBODY*

HE'S *GOTTA* BE.

I'LL JUST *FOLLOW* HIM-- AND FIND OUT *WHO*.

NELSON AND MURDOCK ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

EVENING, BECKY. SAW THE LIGHT ON IN HERE...

...AND I NEED SOME COPIES, SO I THOUGHT...

OH, GOLLY.

BECKY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

MAKING COPIES--

BEEN THIS WAY ALL DAY. MATT'S GOT ME DUPLICATING *FINANCIAL STATEMENTS* OF *GLENN INDUSTRIES.*

--AND COPIES OF COPIES.

BUT... WE DON'T REPRESENT *THEM*...

I'D BETTER TALK TO *MATT.*

WHATCHA *DOIN'*, BUDDY?

NOTHING SPECIAL, FOGGY.

JUST PUTTING TOGETHER SOME FACTS FOR THE D.A. ...AND THE LOCAL POLICE.

GOT NEGLIGENCE, FRAUD... CONNECTIONS TO THE MANUFACTURE OF EXPLOSIVES USED IN A RECENT *ROBBERY* ATTEMPT--

--AND THAT'S JUST SO *FAR.*

WE'RE GOING TO NAIL GLENN INDUSTRIES TO THE *WALL.*

WHAT?

YOU WHAT?

NO NEED TO *SHOUT*, FOGGY.

MATT, YOU AND I ARE *DEFENSE* ATTORNEYS -- WHICH MEANS WE *DEFEND*.

WE *AREN'T* A BRANCH OF THE *PROSECUTOR'S* OFFICE.

I'M ONLY INTERESTED IN *JUSTICE*, FOGGY. AND I'LL SERVE IT ANY WAY I *CAN*.

IF YOU'D ONLY LOWER YOUR *VOICE*...

I CAN'T HELP BUT DOUBT YOU, MATT.

HAS THIS GOT SOMETHING TO DO WITH HEATHER--AND THE FACT YOU WANT HER TO MARRY YOU?

FOGGY-- PLEASE-- STOP *YELLING*--

WHAT WAS THAT, MATT? YOU'VE GOT TO SPEAK

MATT?

MATT? IS SOMETHING WRONG?

IT'S MY *HYPERSENSES* --THAT LET ME FUNCTION AS *DAREDEVIL*--

MATT

THEY'VE GONE *HAYWIRE*--OUT OF *CONTROL!*

BUT HOW-- *WHY?*

GOT...GOT TO *CONCENTRATE...*

DRIVE THE SOUND *BACK...*

...CONCENTRATE...

YOU OKAY

MATT?

JUST A... HEADACHE, FOGGY.

NOW...IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...I'VE GOT *WORK* TO DO...

301
MAXINE LAVENDER
ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY
MANHATTAN

...WORK TO DO, JERYN, I CAN'T--

HAVE TO GO, WE'LL TALK LATER.

TAP TAP TAP

YOU'RE LATE.

BRING THE EVIDENCE?

YEP.

HMMM... YES, THIS LOOKS GOOD ENOUGH.

ANY-THING ELSE?

WELL, DON'T BUST OPEN WITH *GRATITUDE*...

OKAY. I WON'T. I'LL JUST ASSUME YOU HAVE YOUR OWN REASONS FOR HELPING TO BRING *GLENN INDUSTRIES* DOWN.

OR AM I SUPPOSED TO *ACCEPT* THE NOTION THAT YOU'RE JUST A TIRELESS CRUSADER FOR TRUTH, JUSTICE, AND THE AMERICAN WAY?

DAREDEVIL?

SHOWOFF.

HMPH.

THIS WILL NOT DO. THIS WILL NOT DO AT ALL.

I'D BE A MENTAL MIDGET, TO THINK THAT THIS TIRED OLD UNIFORM WILL DEFEAT *DAREDEVIL.*

IT HAS FAILED ME TIME AND AGAIN.

I MUST RESTRUCTURE IT. REVAMP IT.

MAKE IT FLAWLESS.

MAKE ME FLAWLESS.

AND *TALL.* OH. YES.

TO WORK. THEN.

BY THE TIME I KIDNAP THAT PROSECUTOR --WHAT WAS HER NAME... LAVENDER?--

--I SHALL BE STRONG.

INVINCIBLE.

AND *TALL.* OH, *YAARGGH!!*

...THE DEATH OF ELEKTRA, AND THE SUBSEQUENT INCAPACITATION OF BULLSEYE, HAVE LEFT OUR ORGANIZATION LACKING A CHIEF ASSASSIN.

I RULE THE MOBS BY *FEAR.* WITHOUT A SYMBOL TO *INSTILL* THAT FEAR, MY CONTROL OVER THE EAST COAST IS *SHAKEN,* HOWEVER SLIGHTLY.

ALREADY, I HEAR THE SLIGHTEST RUMBLINGS OF UNREST...THE FIRST FAINT HINT OF *MUTINY* IN THE RANKS.

A NEW MAN MUST BE FOUND. AND QUICKLY.

I NEED--

ME.

YOU NEED *ME,* KINGPIN.

YOU NEED *TURK*-- YOUR NEW *ASSASSIN*--

THE NEW *STILT MAN!*

IT DOES NOT MATTER WHAT ARMOR OR WEAPONS YOU MAY HAVE ACQUIRED, TURK.

I DO NOT EMPLOY IDIOTS.

YOU ARE AN IDIOT.

HE THINKS I'M *STOOPID*. I'LL HAVE TO SHOW HIM *DIFF'RENT*.

BUT HOW DO I... *YEAH*... I'LL JUST GO AND *KIDNAP* THAT LADY D.A. THAT STILTS WAS S'POSED TO. *THAT'LL* SHOW HIM.

GET ME A NICE PIECE OF CHANGE, TOO...

WOTTA JERK.

INDEED.

HOLD ALL CALLS, FLINT. I AM GOING DOWN TO LEVEL SIXTY.

AGAIN? BUT, BOSS-- YOU GOT *APPOINT-MENTS*.

CANCEL THEM.

FOURTH TIME TODAY.

HE'S *ALWAYS* GOIN' DOWN TO LEVEL SIXTY-- THAT PRIVATE *HOSPITAL* HE BUILT, JEST FER HIS WIFE...

...ALWAYS HOPIN' THE DOCS WILL MAKE SOME PROGRESS IN PUTTIN' HER *BRAIN* BACK TOGETHER...

...ALWAYS FINDIN' OUT-- THEY *CAN'T*.

LIEUTENANT NICHOLAS MANOLIS

6th PRECINCT N.Y.P.D.

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND A THING.

I'VE BEEN ROBBED. *AND* DEALT A VICIOUS BRUISE.

SO FILL OUT A *REPORT*, SHORT STUFF.

DON'T BE ABUSIVE.

THE *STILT MAN* ARMOR REPRESENTS MY *LIFE'S WORK*-- NOT TO MENTION A THREAT TO THE ENTIRE *CITY*...

...NOT THAT I WOULD HAVE AGAIN USED IT FOR *CRIMINAL* PURPOSES...

YOU MUST SUMMON *DAREDEVIL*.

HOW?

THOUGHT YOU'D HAVE A HOT LINE...OR A BEACON...OR SOMETHING...

NAH. DON'T EVEN KNOW HIM.

OR LIKE HIM.

OR YOU.

ALL YOU SUPER-TYPES GIMME A PAIN.

HEY--

SOME *EVIDENCE* FOR YOU, NICK.

AND WILBUR-- ANY TIME YOU WANT TO START TALKING, GO RIGHT AHEAD.

I'M ALL EARS.

YOU DYED YOUR *HAIR*, HEATHER. LOOKS GREAT.

NOT SO *LOUD*, FOGGY.

GLAD YOU COULD MEET ME. ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE AND ALL.

YOU SOUNDED SO *URGENT*. WHAT'S UP?

I'M NOT SURE. JUST A FEELING, REALLY.

MATT'S BEEN ACTING SO *STRANGELY*...

I'LL SAY.

FIRST HE ASKS ME TO *MARRY* HIM, RIGHT OUT OF THE BLUE--

--THEN HE STARTS TEARING MY *LIFE* APART!

I'M SORRY. I SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID THAT.

MATT MAY BE RIGHT TO HELP INCRIMINATE MY FATHER'S BUSINESS.

I JUST DON'T KNOW.

I-- I CAN'T *HATE* HIM, FOGGY. I JUST *CAN'T*.

IF I REALLY DO *LOSE* THE BUSINESS--

--MATT'S ALL I'VE GOT *LEFT*.

YOU DON'T THINK HE'S *COUNTING* ON THAT...

NO, FOGGY... OF COURSE NOT...

301
MAXINE LAVENDER
ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY MANHATTAN

I'M *SORRY*, JERYN. BUT I JUST CAN'T SPARE THE *TIME*.

I'VE GOT *REAMS* OF EVIDENCE TO--

TAP TAP TAP

JUST A MINUTE.

WHAT DO YOU WANT *NOW*, DARE...

WAIT--

YOU *AREN'T*--

I'M HERE TA *WARN* YA, BABE.

Y'BETTER NOT PROSECUTE *GLENN INDUSTRIES*, OR I'LL--

OWW!

THAT *HURTS!*

YA LOUSY *BIM!*

AW, JEEZ.

NOW I DONE IT...

DAREDEVIL?!

DON'T *MATTER!* GOT MY *ROD*--

BLAM BLAM BLAM

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

KLIK
KLIK
KLIK

AW, NO...

GOTTA GET *OUT* TA HERE!

WH... WHAT'RE YOU *DOIN'*?

TEACHING YOU A *LESSON*, TURK.

SHOULDN'T STEAL.

MAKES PEOPLE ANGRY.

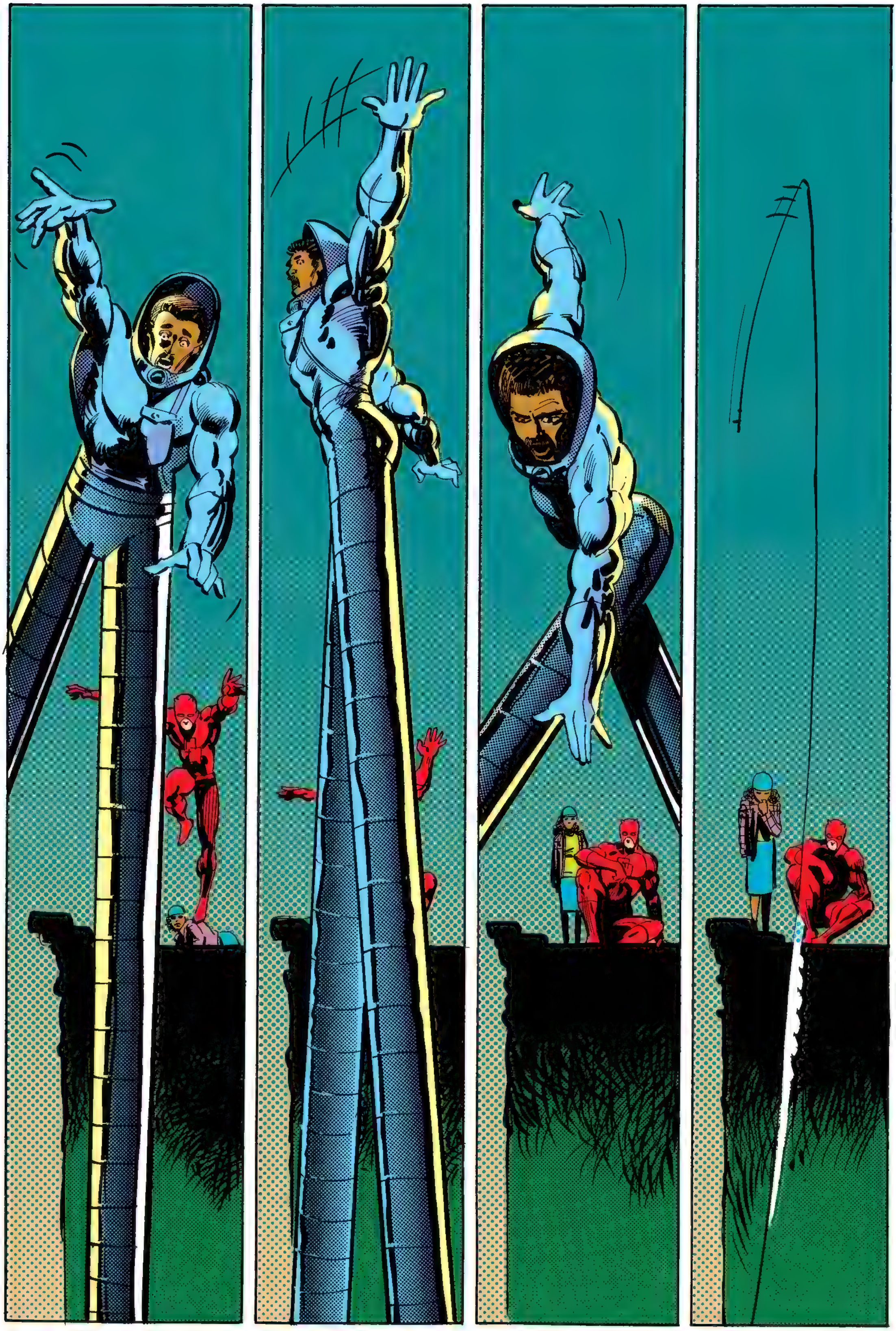
TAKE WILBUR DAY-- THE *ORIGINAL* STILT MAN. HE'S *REAL* ANGRY AT YOU.

SO ANGRY HE TOLD HIS WORST ENEMY IN THE WHOLE WORLD-- THAT'S ME--ALL ABOUT THE *WEAK SPOT* IN HIS ARMOR.

THE *GYRO*, TURK. THE DOOHICKY THAT KEEPS YOU *BALANCED*. IT'S *EXPOSED*-- RIGHT HERE ON YOUR *BACK*.

AND SO, USING A TOOL THAT WILBUR GAVE ME--

POP



OWW.

DAREDEVIL?

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

YEAH. I'M OKAY.

MY *HEARING* AGAIN. THAT CRASH...SEEMED SO *LOUD*...

WHAT'S *HAPPENING* TO ME?

SHOWOFF.

MATTHEW MURDOCK ATTORNEY

...DISTRICT ATTORNEY HAS MOVED FOR A FOURTEEN POINT INDICTMENT AGAINST GLENN INDUSTRIES.

THE EVIDENCE IN THEIR HANDS IS ENOUGH TO INSURE A CONVICTION.

IT'S ALL OVER, HEATHER. GLENN INDUSTRIES IS FINISHED.

WE MUST NOW PREPARE *YOUR* DEFENSE.

I'VE WORKED OUT THE DETAILS.

WE WILL DEMONSTRATE TO THE COURT THAT YOU WERE IGNORANT OF ANY WRONG-DOING.

WE WILL SHOW THAT SPINDLE TOOK ADVANTAGE OF YOUR INEXPERI-ENCE--

--AND *INCOMPETENCE* AS AN EXECUTIVE.

ALL RIGHT, MATT. ALL RIGHT.

I'LL MARRY YOU.

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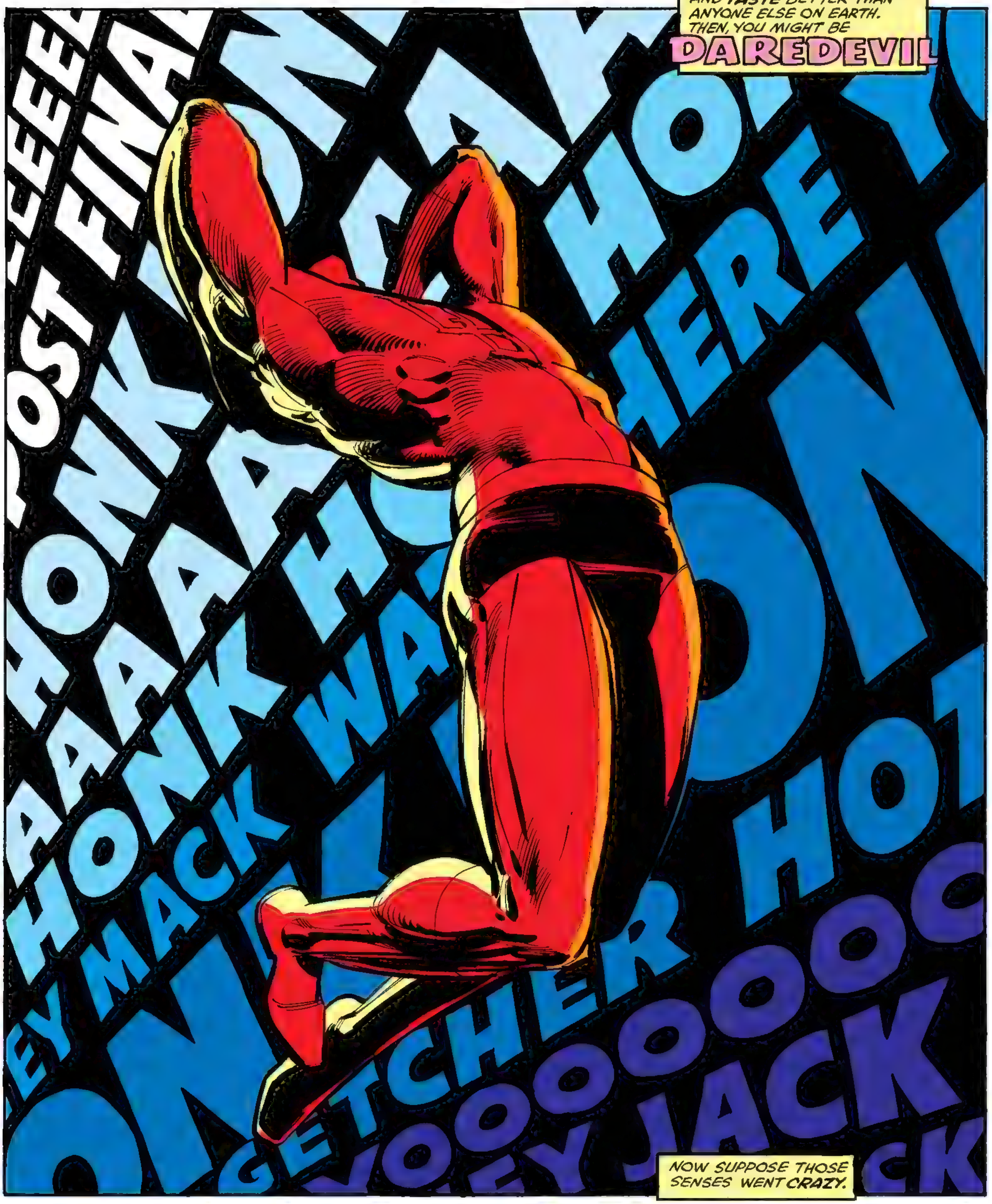
DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

SUPPOSE YOU WERE **BLIND.** SUPPOSE YOUR REMAINING SENSES WERE **AMPLIFIED,** SO YOU COULD **HEAR, SMELL,** AND **TASTE** BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE ON EARTH. THEN, YOU MIGHT BE **DAREDEVIL**


HONK
AAAH
HONK
AAAH
HONK
AAAH

STAN LEE PRESENTS

OVERKILL

FRANK MILLER
WRITER / STORYTELLER

DENNY O'NEIL
EDITOR

KLAUS JANSON
PENCILLER / INKER / COLORIST

JOE ROSEN
LETTERER

JIM SHOOTER
SUPERVISOR

SO LOUD...

FALLING...

I'M *FALLING!*

GET IT *TOGETHER*, MURDOCK-- UNLESS YOU WANT TO BE A *PAINTING* ON THE *SIDEWALK*--

THAT *CLOTHES-LINE!*

AHHH...

...THOSE LIGHTNING REFLEXES, SAVE ME EVERY T...

UH OH.

I REALLY HOPE NOBODY'S WATCHING THIS...

BETTER GET *SERIOUS*. I COULD'VE *DIED* UP THERE. HEARING WENT *HAYWIRE*--

--FOR THE THIRD TIME THIS *WEEK*.

AND HERE COMES THAT *HEADACHE* AGAIN... *WORSE* THIS TIME...

WHAT'S *HAPPENING* TO ME?

IS IT THAT *RADIATION* I ABSORBED A WEEK AGO?

MAYBE IT WAS THE SAME TYPE OF ISOTOPE THAT GAVE ME MY *HYPERSENSES* IN THE FIRST PLACE. *THAT* WOULD EXPLAIN IT.

EXPLAIN IT, SURE. BUT KNOWING DOESN'T *HELP*. AND *HELP* IS WHAT I *NEED*.

A DOCTOR? NO, TOO *RISKY*. MIGHT ENDANGER MY *SECRET IDENTITY*.

NO. THERE'S ONLY *ONE MAN* WHO CAN HELP ME...

THAT IS *HE.*

GET HIM OUT. QUICKLY.

CITY MORGUE
ROOM 202

HE IS *HEAVY,* EVEN NOW. HE--

SILENCE!

WE ARE *OBSERVED.*

THERE, ABOVE US.

CLINGING TO THE WALL, LIKE SOME HUMAN *SPIDER...*

GOOD GUESS.

BUT NOT JUST *ANY* SPIDER...

THUNK THUNK THUNK

...A BLACK WIDOW.

AND YOU GENTS ARE *NINJA*.

I'VE BEEN ON YOUR TRAIL EVER SINCE YOU LEFT *SOUTH AMERICA*.

OOF!

MY *EMPLOYER*--A CERTAIN UNITED NATIONS INTELLIGENCE AGENCY--IS *DISTRESSED* BY RECENT NINJA ACTIVITY IN *SEVERAL* COUNTRIES.

I'VE BEEN ASKED TO FIND YOU--AND FOLLOW YOU UNTIL YOU MAKE YOUR *MOVE*.

GUESS THIS IS IT.

STEALING *CORPSES*.

NASTY BUSINESS.

OUR *BROTHERS--*

LEAVE THEM. WE HAVE *KIRIGI.*

BUT--SHE *FOLLOWS!*

NOT FOR LONG.

OWW!

OOF!

NICK, THIS IS *NATASHA*. I *BLEW* IT.

THE NINJA USED *FOOT SPIKES* ON ME-- GOT AWAY WITH A *BODY* FROM THE MORGUE.

A *BODY*?

WHY?

BEATS ME. BUT I'VE KNOCKED OUT *THREE* OF THEM, WHO COULD BE PERSUADED TO *TALK*--

SCRATCH THAT LAST REMARK, NICK.

THEY... THEY SEEM TO BE *DISSOLVING*.

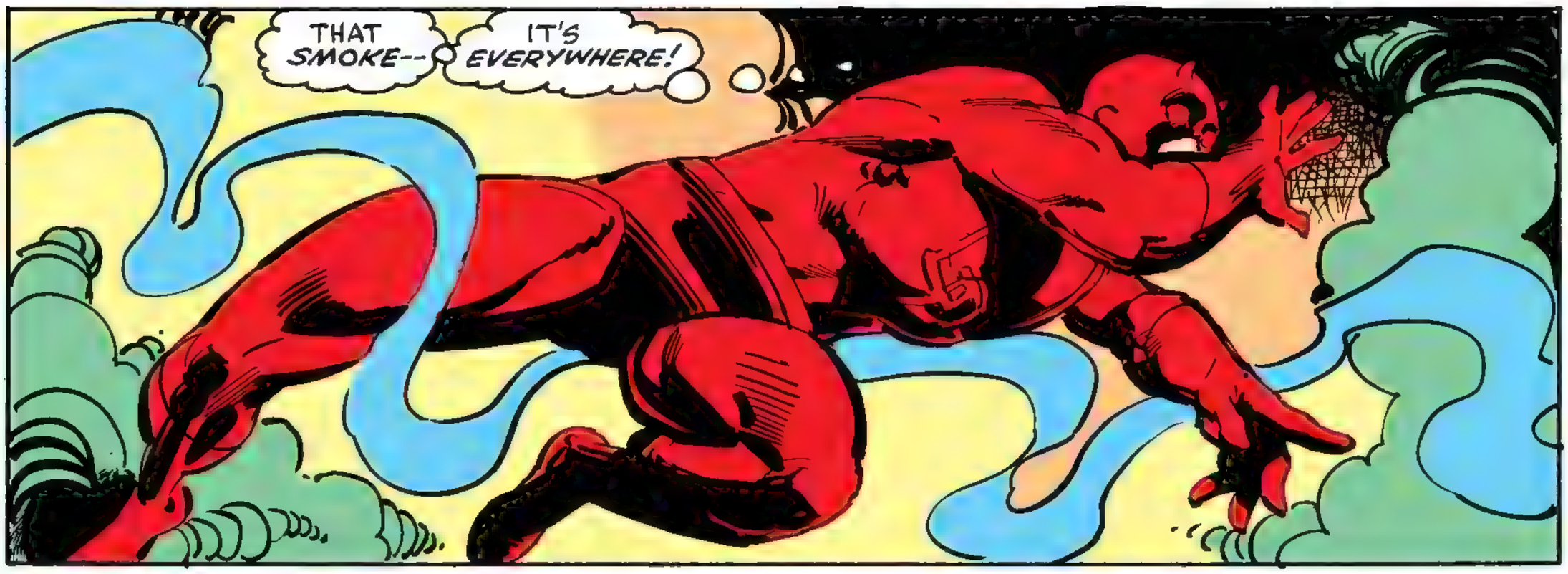
ONE *OTHER* THING, NICK.

I THINK... I MAY HAVE BEEN... *POISONED*

NATASHA?

NATASHA?

DUKES
POOL HALL
I'M TELLIN' YA *NOTHIN'*, YA LOUSY--
KRESSHH
I'M LOOKING FOR *STICK.*
WHO FEELS *TALKATIVE?*
SHOAH! SHOAH!
HOW ABOUT *YOU*, TEX? YOU WANT TO TELL ME WHERE *STICK* IS?
THAT OLD VARMINT MOVED HIS POOL-HUSTLIN' CARCASS *OUTTA* THIS JOINT.
AIN'T NOBODY WAS FOOLED BY THET *BLIND* ACT OF HIS NO MOAH.
JUST TELL ME... *KOFF*... WHERE HE *IS*...
AH HEAH HE'S WORKIN' *JOSIE'S* SALOON...
HEY--YOU *FEELIN'* PROPER, HORN-HEAD?
KOFF KOFF
NO.
NOT HERE. NOT *NOW*...


THAT SMOKE--
IT'S EVERYWHERE!

HE'S HURTIN', BOYS.
IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN!
GOT TO FIGHT IT BACK!

LET'S HAVE US SOME FUN

WHOK
THIS HURTS ME... A LOT MORE THAN YOU, TEX...

HE'S GETTIN' AWAY!
WON'T GET FAR...

OUR BROTHERS *SUCCEEDED*. KIRIGI HAS BEEN *FOUND*.

THEN ONLY *ONE* TASK REMAINS.

TO ELIMINATE ...*THAT* ONE.

Josie's

YES. THE ONE CALLED *STICK*.

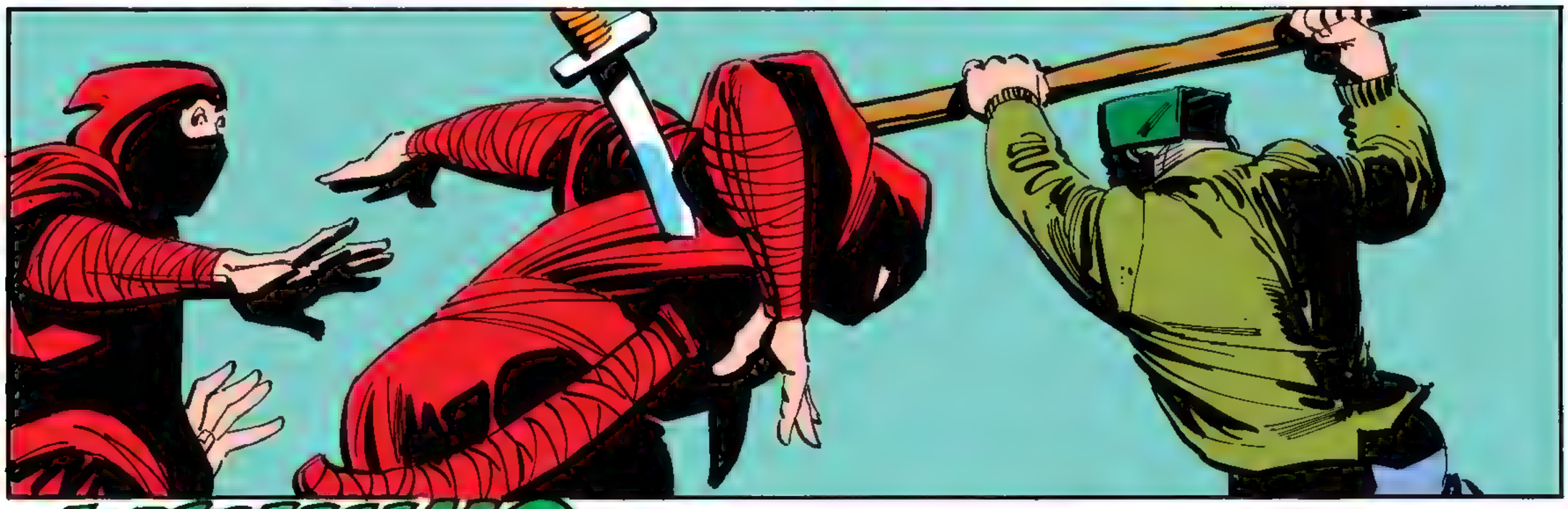
SILENTLY, NOW.

Josie's

THUNK

THUNK

WHLIKK



WHUNNG

I WAS LIKE THIS--*JUST* LIKE THIS-- WHEN I FIRST MET HIM.

EVERYTHING WAS SO *LOUD*-- EVERY SMELL, EVERY TASTE, SO *PAINFUL.*

I COULD NEVER FIGURE OUT WHO HE *IS*--BUT SOMEHOW, HE TAUGHT ME TO *CONTROL* MY HYPERSENSES.

HE'LL TEACH ME AGAIN. HE WILL.

STICK!

GOT TO REACH *STICK!*

OKAY, DD. YOU'RE A ROUGH, TOUGH *SUPERHERO.*

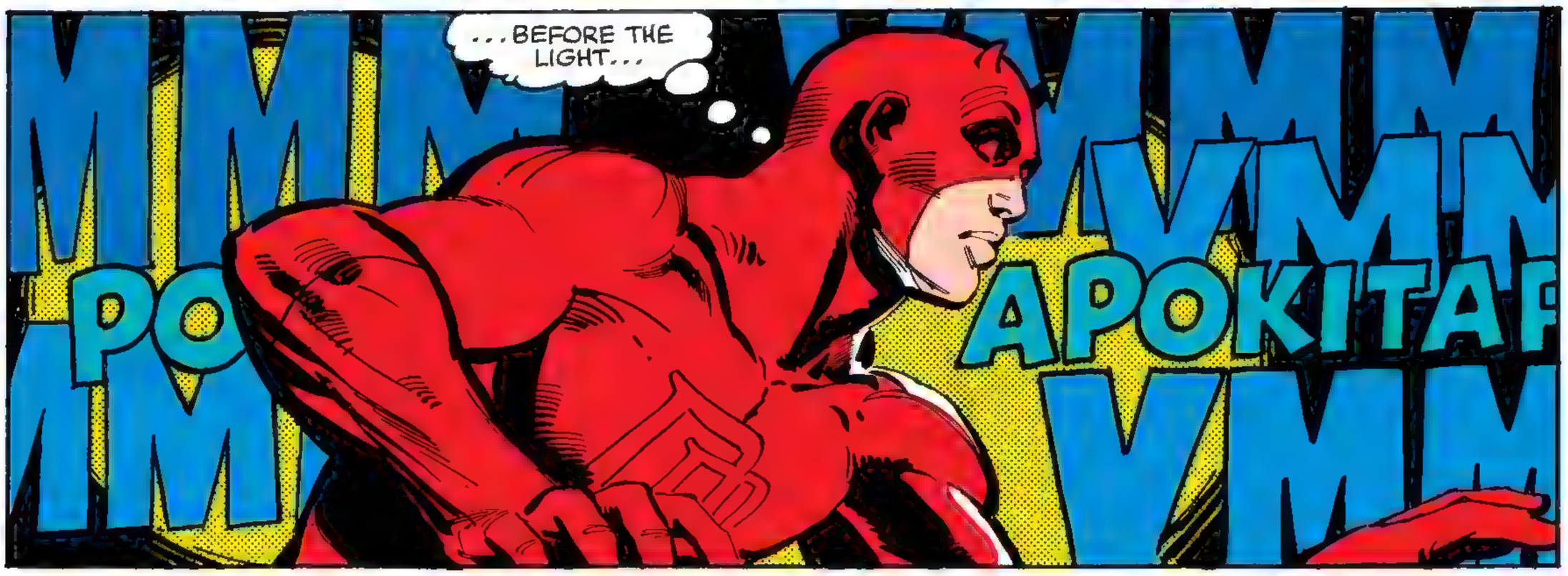
YOU'VE FOUGHT CROOKS, *HULKS*, AND *KINGPINS.*

NOW DO SOMETHING *REALLY* HEROIC.

CROSS THE STREET.

GOOD... GOOD... THEY'VE STOPPED.
LIGHT MUST BE RED.
ACH!
POKITA
VRMMMMM
VVRMMM
POKITAPOKITA
VRMMM
VRMMMMMM
VM

JUST... HOPE I CAN GET ACROSS...
MM
VRMMM
VMM
VRMMMM
POKITAPOKITAPO
VMMN


...BEFORE THE LIGHT...
MMM
PO
MM
VMN
APOKITAP
VMM

...CHANGES...
HONK

HEY-- IZZAT *DAREDEVIL*?

NAH.

SOME KINDA' *FAKE*.

GUESS YER RIGHT.

OLD *HORNHEAD*, HE WOULDN'T HAVE NO PROBLEMS TAKIN' OUT A COUPLA' *HOODS*...

...LESSEN HE WAS *SHOT* ...OR *SICK*, OR SOMETHING...

LOOK, CABBIE, JUST DRIVE *AROUND* THEM, OKAY?

IT'S NOT *OUR* PROBLEM...

...AN' *THIS* IS FER BREAKIN' MY *JAW* LAST MONTH.

HOK

...AN' *THIS* IS FER FOULIN' THAT *BANK JOB* TWO YEARS AGO.

AN' *THIS*...

UH, LOUIE...

GOT 'IM, HORNHEAD!

NOW, YOU CAN...

KLNG

G

ULP!

YORE *DEAD*, AMIGO.

CHOK

THAT WAS *BRAVE* OF YOU, FRIEND. THANKS A LOT.

FORGET IT.

HEY--YOU DON'T LOOK SO HOT. ANYTHING I CAN DO?

ACTUALLY, I COULD USE A *RIDE*...

HEY--*CABBIE!* LET'S *MOVE* IT, HUH?

I GOT *APPOINTMENTS!*

JUST HOP IN THE *BACK*, DD.

YOU'RE *SURE* OF THAT, DOC?

I'VE CHECKED AND *DOUBLE-* CHECKED, COLONEL.

THERE'S NO ROOM FOR DOUBT.

WHEN AGENT *ROMANOVA* STEPPED ON THOSE FOOT SPIKES, *SOMETHING* ENTERED HER SYSTEM-- *WHAT*, I'M NOT SURE--

--BUT IT *ATTACKED* HER CELLULAR STRUCTURE, GIVING HER WHAT I CAN ONLY CLASSIFY AS AN ADVANCED, ACCELERATED FORM OF *CANCER.*

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY, COLONEL.

I'LL DO WHAT I *CAN*--BUT I CAN'T SEE HER LASTING MORE THAN A *WEEK*, AT HER PRESENT RATE OF DETERIORATION.

LOOK, I'LL *TELL* HER, IF YOU LIKE...

NO. I'LL DO IT.

SO WHAT ARE WE GONNA *DO* ABOUT THAT, DOC? SHE'S THE BEST AGENT I'VE *GOT.*

CRIMINY. SHE'S BEEN A *SPY*, AN *AVENGER*-- EVEN HOOKED UP WITH *DAREDEVIL* FOR A WHILE...

NATASHA.

LET'S TALK.

YOU WANNA GO IN *THERE*? LOOKS LIKE A PRETTY ROUGH JOINT.

I'LL BE OKAY. THANKS FOR THE RIDE.

WANT ME TO GO IN WITH YOU? WE MAKE A GREAT TEAM.

YOU'VE DONE *PLENTY*, FRIEND. THANKS AGAIN.

Josie's

EASY ON THE *FURNITURE* THIS TIME, HUH, DAREDEVIL?

AND THE *WINDOW*... PLEASE...?

I MEAN, I'VE GONE THROUGH *THREE* THIS MONTH...

HI, PIKE.

DAREDEVIL?! AW, *NO!*

I *NEVER* SHOULDA' MOVED BACK FROM JERSEY...

FIRST, I GET *STOOD UP* BY THAT OLD WEEZIL *STICK*...

...NOW I GOTTA MESS WITH *YOU*...

STOOD... UP?

YEAH. THE BUM WAS SPOSED TA MEET ME FER *POOL* AN HOUR AGO.

NEVER SHOWED.

HAVE A NICE EVENING, JOSIE.

YEAH,

NICE

QUIET

EVENING

NO...

NO...

OOOOOH! HE'S SUFFERIN'!

...NO...

YEAH.

LET'S KILL HIM.

...AN' *THIS* IS FER PUTTIN' ME IN THE *SLAMMER* LAST MONTH...

KRESSHH

YOU CALLED. WE CAME.

BUT WHY MUST WE MEET *HERE*, STICK?

THIS PLACE BELONGS TO *MATT MURDOCK*--ALSO KNOWN AS *DAREDEVIL*--

--AND WE NEED HIS *HELP*.

WE NEED *NO ONE*. WE ARE--

WE'RE IN *TROUBLE*.

I CALLED A MEETING OF THE *SEVEN*. ONLY WE *FOUR* MADE IT HERE.

WE GOTTA FIGURE THE REST OF US ARE *DEAD*.

WHICH MEANS THE *HAND* IS FINALLY TRYING TO *DESTROY* US.

AGREED. RECENTLY, I WAS ATTACKED BY FOUR OF THEIR *GENIN*.

SAME HERE.

BUT THIS *DAREDEVIL*. I HAVE *STUDIED* HIM-- AND FOUND HIM *ANGRY*... *UNDISCIPLINED*...

YEAH, BUT HE'S *SMART*. AND *QUICK*. AND *BRAVE*.

HE IS NOT ONE OF US.

NO, HE *AIN'T*. BUT HE *COULD* BE-- IN *TIME*.

TIME WE AIN'T *GOT*.

EH?

SOMEONE'S COMING.

IT'S *HIM*.

BUT-- HE'S *HURT*--

STICK...

HELP ME...

BRING FORTH *KIRIGI.*

THE OINTMENTS ARE *APPLIED.* THE WOUNDS, *CLOSED.*

MY BROTHERS, IT IS *TIME.*

YES...

LET YOUR LIFE'S BLOOD *FLOW* TO HIM...

HE WAS OUR *GREATEST* WARRIOR. AND HE SHALL SERVE THE HAND *AGAIN*-- IN THIS, OUR MOST *HOLY* BATTLE.

MY BROTHERS, LET YOUR VERY *SOULS* BE HIS...

WELCOME *BACK*, KIRIGI.

THERE ARE *MANY* YOU MUST KILL.

NEXT: THE WIDOW'S BITE

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DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

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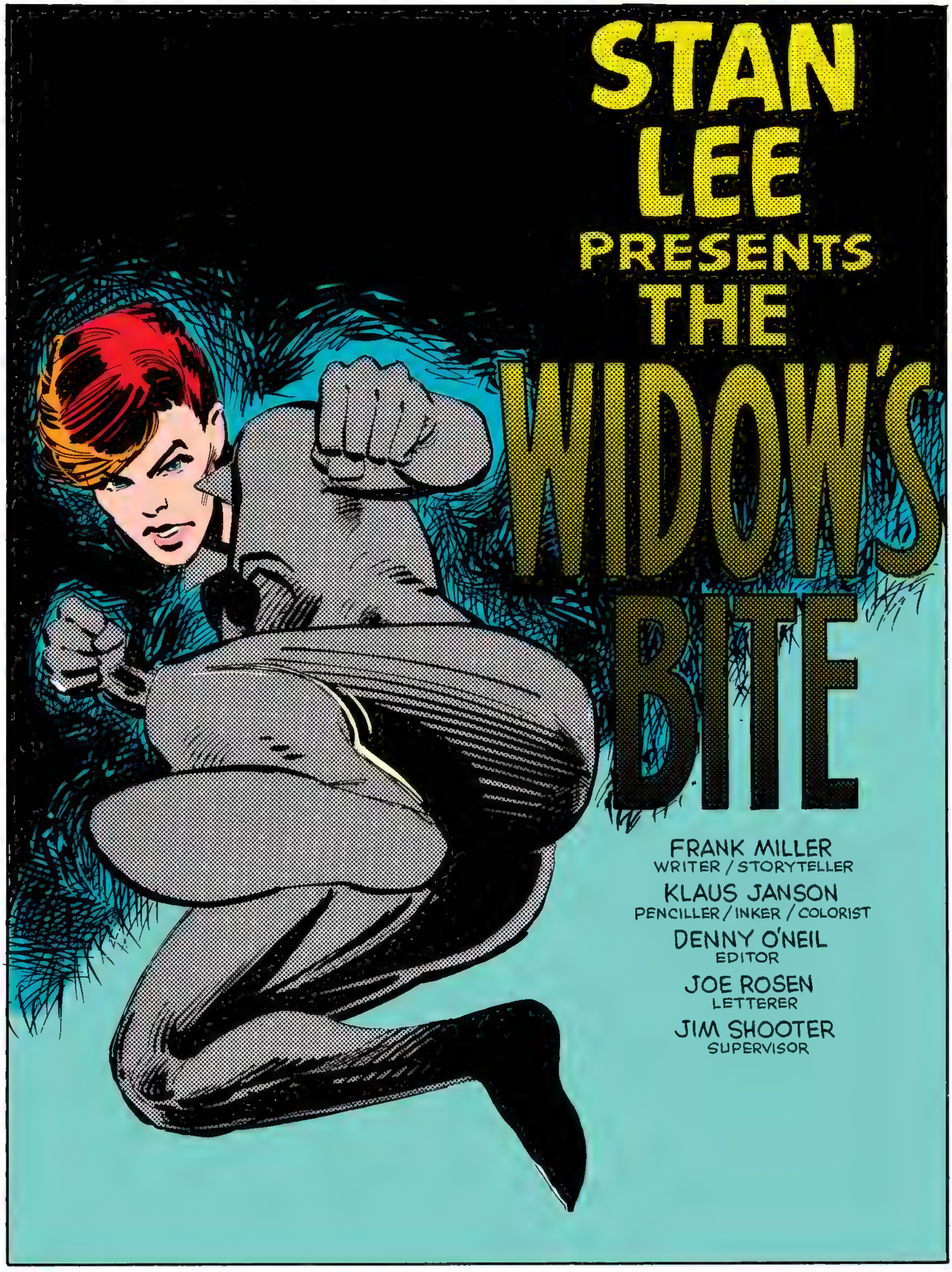
STAN
LEE
PRESENTS
THE
WIDOW'S
BITE
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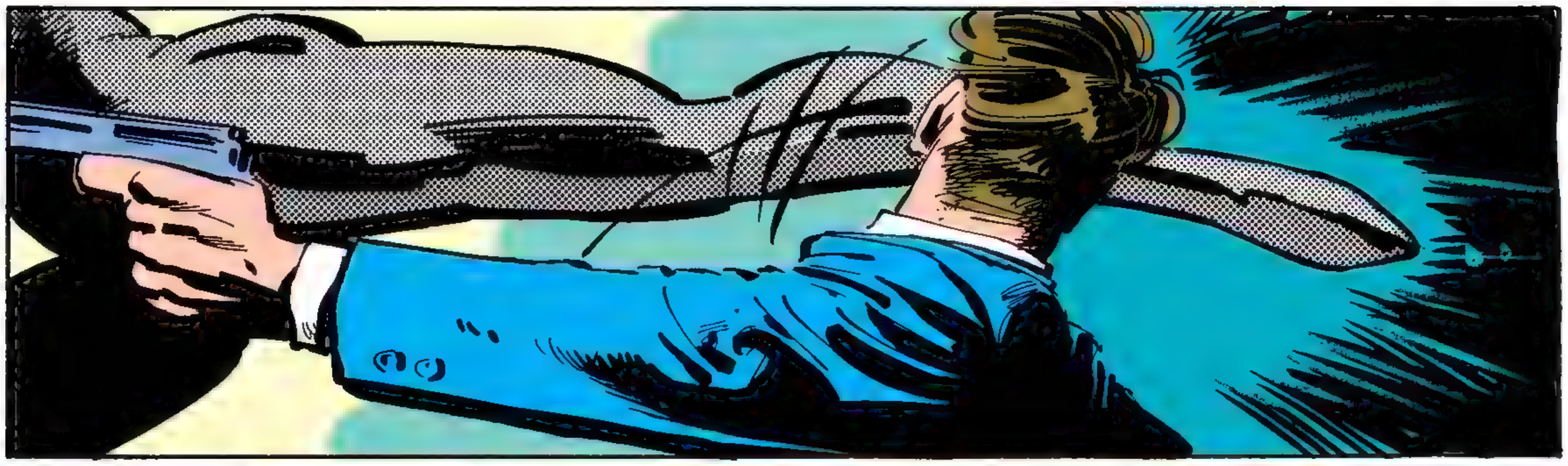
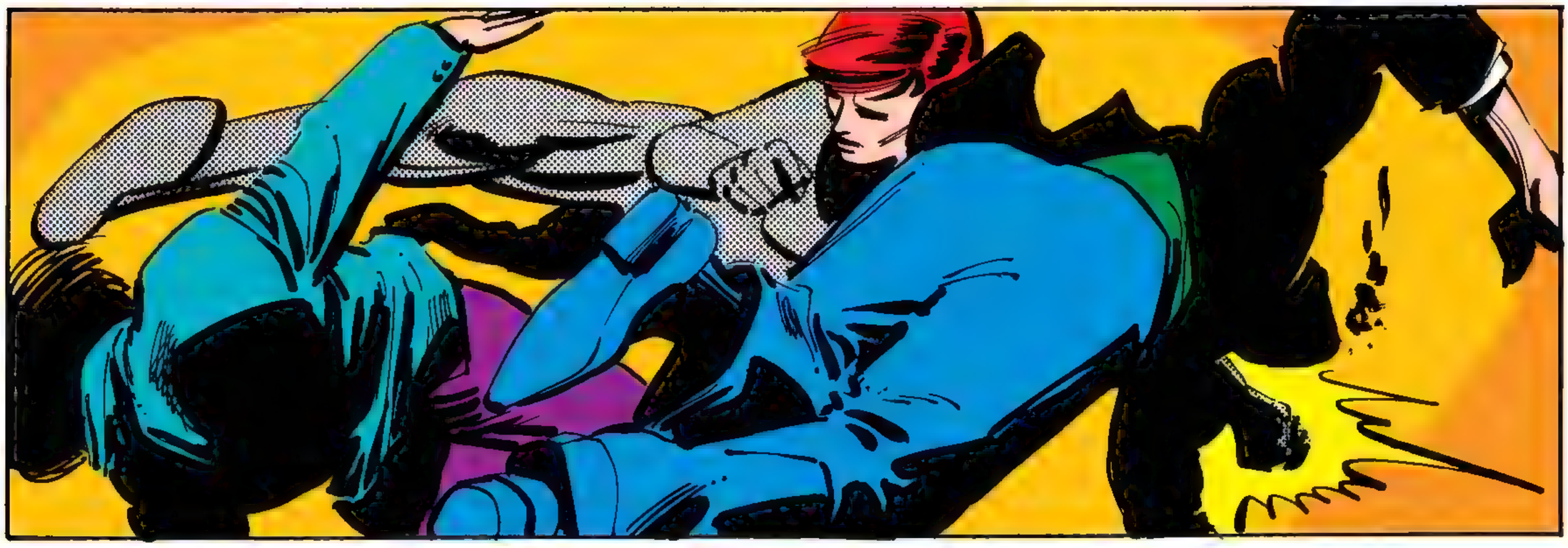


DON'T MAKE IT HARD ON YOURSELF, NATASHA.
WE'RE TRYING TO *HELP.*
DON'T DO ME ANY *FAVORS.*



NATASHA-- YOU'RE ONE OF *US.*
YOU'VE BEEN *POISONED.*
YES. THE COLONEL TELLS ME IT'S *HOPELESS.*
WANTS ME TO LIE DOWN AND QUIETLY *DIE.*

I'M *NOT* THE QUIET TYPE.

I'M *NATASHA ROMANOVA*-- THE *BLACK WIDOW*-- SUPERSPY *EXTRA-ORDINAIRE*--

I'LL FIND MY *OWN* WAY OUT OF THIS--

--THANK YOU VERY MUCH.

YOU'RE A *FOOL.*

...PROBLEMS OF THREE LITTLE PEOPLE DON'T AMOUNT TO A HILL OF BEANS IN THIS CRAZY WORLD...

YA DO IT TO ME EVERY TIME, BOGEY...

IVAN...

'TASHA!

WHA'?

OOF!

WHAT'S *WITH* YOU, KID? WE'VE BEEN SIDE BY SIDE SINCE *STALINGRAD*--

--AND I'VE *NEVER* SEEN YOU TAKE A SPILL!

I WASN'T *POISONED* IN STALINGRAD.

POISONED...?

RAN UP AGAINST SOME *NINJA* A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO-- STEPPED ON *FOOT SPIKES* THAT WERE COATED WITH SOME-THING THE DOCTORS CAN'T IDENTIFY.

ALL THEY KNOW FOR SURE IS THAT I'M GOING TO *DIE*--IN LESS THAN A *WEEK*.

I'M ON THE *RUN*, IVAN. FROM THE *AGENCY*.

THE COLONEL'S ORDERED ME TO SIT TIGHT, AND LET HIS BOYS INVESTIGATE THE SITUATION.

MAYBE YOU SHOULD.

YOU KNOW ME BETTER THAN THAT, IVAN.

IT'S A BIG AGENCY. THERE'S NO PLACE YOU CAN...

I'VE BEEN AN OUTLAW A TIME OR TWO, I CAN HANDLE IT.

YOU'RE ACTIN' *CRAZY*, 'TASHA--

--BUT YOU'RE THE BOSS. WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?

'TASHA?

I...THERE'S NOTHING FOR YOU TO DO, IVAN.

I LOVE YOU LIKE A *FATHER*--BUT THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO.

LOOK--THE AGENTS WILL CHECK HERE FOR ME NEXT. I HAVE TO GO.

YOU CAN'T DO IT *ALONE*, KID.

I DON'T INTEND TO.

'BYE.

WOULDN'T BE *FAIR* TO INVOLVE IVAN. HE'S BEEN THROUGH A *LOT* LATELY. HE...

MIGHT AS WELL *FACE UP* TO IT, NATASHA. IVAN'S GETTING *OLD.*

AND YOU'RE AFRAID THAT HE'S GOING TO *FOLD* SOMETIME WHEN YOU *NEED* HIM.

OR GET HIMSELF *KILLED.*

BUT HELP I DO *REQUIRE*-- BECAUSE THIS LADY IS *NOT* GIVING UP.

MATT NEVER DOES.

MAYBE THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS COME TO HIM-- WHEN EVERYTHING ELSE FAILS.

MATT.

DAREDEVIL.

...

...

SKYLIGHT ENTRANCE WORKS, JUST LIKE I REMEMBER IT.

HMPH. THIS MAKES A PRETTY PICTURE. THE RED-HOT *FEMME FATALE* OF THE INTERNATIONAL SET, CRAWLING ON HER HANDS AND KNEES AND BEGGING FOR *HELP*--

--FROM A *BLIND* MAN.

BUT MATT'S MORE THAN JUST ANOTHER BLIND MAN. SO MUCH MORE.

NOBODY HOME.

MAYBE I'LL CHECK THE BASEMENT...

NO...HE NEVER GOES DOWN THERE...

SHE *LEAVES.*

THEN-- SHE NEED NOT *DIE.*

WHAT OF *STICK?*

HE IS ENTRANCED-- WITH THAT *OTHER* ONE.

DAREDEVIL.

ALTHOUGH I CANNOT UNDERSTAND WHY HE INVOLVES AN AMATEUR-- AN *ADVENTURER*...

IT IS *HIS* DECISION.

HE IS OUR *LEADER.*

HEAR ME, PUNK?

TEACHER!

BUT *HOW*--

NO *QUESTIONS.*

JUST TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU *THIS* TIME.

BUT--

JUST *THINK* IT. I'LL HEAR YOU.

O...OKAY.

I CAUGHT A SECOND DOSE OF THE RADIATION THAT ORIGINALLY *BLINDED* ME AND AMPLIFIED MY REMAINING SENSES. A *STRONG* DOSE, STICK.

AND MY *HYPERSENSES* --THEY'VE GONE *CRAZY!*

I'M ONLY SAFE *HERE*... FLOATING IN THIS *ISOLATION TANK*...

...WHERE ALL THOSE SOUNDS AND SMELLS CAN'T REACH ME...

AND...

WHOOF!

OH, YOU'RE IN *GREAT* SHAPE, NATASHA.

POISON'S ACTING *FASTER* THAN THE DOCTOR SAID IT WOULD. MUST BE MY INCREASED *ACTIVITY*...

GLAD THE *SUCTION CUPS* STILL WORK.

OF *COURSE* THEY STILL WORK, STUPID. THEY'RE PART OF THE *COSTUME*--NOT THE *BODY*...

CAN'T LET MY MIND WANDER. I'M LOOKING FOR *MATT*. IF HE ISN'T AT HIS *HOME*, MAYBE HE'S AT HIS *GIRLFRIEND'S* PLACE.

WHAT WAS HER NAME? HEATHER SOMETHING...

HERE'S LOOKING AT *YOU*, MATT.

MY HUSBAND-TO-BE. SOON TO JOIN ME...IN HOLY WEDLOCK...

...GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU, MATT. YOU'VE SURE GOT A WAY OF *COURTING* A LADY...YES, SIR...

...YOU DESTROY MY DEAD FATHER'S BUSINESS...RIP MY LIFE INTO EENSIE WEENSIE LITTLE PIECES...

LEAVING ME *NOTHING*...

...NOTHING BUT YOU...

MEANWHILE...

YOUR NAME HAS BEEN A WHISPERED *LEGEND* SINCE THE DARK DAYS OF FEUDAL JAPAN. AS THE SAMURAI FEARED THE *NINJA*, SO THE NINJA FEARED *YOU*, KIRIGI.

IT IS SAID THAT YOU HAVE SERVED A *SCORE* OF JONIN SUCH AS MYSELF-- ACROSS A SPAN OF *CENTURIES*. IT IS SAID THAT NO MORTAL FORCE CAN *STOP* YOU, FOR LONG...

IT IS SAID. AND IT IS *SO*.

YOU WERE BROKEN-- *SEVERED*-- BUT THE SOULS OF FOUR *GENIN*, TRANSFERRED TO YOU, BROUGHT YOU BACK FROM THE LAND OF THE *DEAD*.

YOU *LIVE*, KIRIGI. YOU LIVE *AGAIN*-- TO *KILL* AGAIN.

FIRST AMONG YOUR VICTIMS SHALL BE *THIS* ONE.

THE ONE CALLED *STICK*.

YOU WILL FIND HIM AT ONE OF *SEVERAL* PLACES HE HAS BEEN SEEN. A GRIMY *SALOON* HE FREQUENTS-- OR THE BROWN-STONE QUARTERS OF HIS *STUDENT*...

HE IS OUR DEADLIEST, MOST CANNY *FOE*. HIS EXISTENCE IS AN *OBSTACLE* TO THE HOLY CAUSE OF THE *HAND*.

END IT.

SO, IF MATT ISN'T *HOME*... OR WITH HIS *GIRL*... HE'S AT *WORK*, RIGHT?

HOPE SO. I'M FEELING A LITTLE *DIZZY*...

...*YES*, MS. LAVENDER, I KNOW. BUT I'M *SURE* MATT WILL BE IN BY *MORNING*...

HELLO?

THAT'S *FIVE* APPOINTMENTS HE'S MISSED TODAY, BECKY!

SIX.

THINK MATT IS SICK?

OH, I DON'T KNOW, BECKY. I'M HIS *PARTNER*--YOU'RE HIS *SECRETARY*--IF THERE'S ANYBODY HE SHOULD KEEP IN TOUCH WITH, IT'S *US*--

--BUT HE *VANISHES*, FOR DAYS AT A TIME, THEN HE POPS UP LIKE NOTHING'S HAPPENED!

SOMETIMES I'M ANGRY. SOMETIMES I'M WORRIED.

SOMETIMES I'M SUSPICIOUS...

HOW LONG YOU PLANNIN' ON LYIN' IN THERE, PUNK?

FOREVER. I DON'T KNOW.

IT'S SO *LOUD* OUT THERE. YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW MUCH IT *HURTS.*

POOR BABY. YER GONNA MAKE ME *CRY.*

LISSEN, PUNK. WE GOT *TROUBLE.*

OF COURSE WE DO! I'M--

SHADDUP.

THERE'S A *NINJA* OUTFIT CALLED THE *HAND.* YOU'VE MESSED WITH THEM ONCE OR TWICE...

TWICE.

WHAT HAVE *YOU* GOT TO DO WITH THEM?

THEY WANNA KILL ME. ME AND SOME OTHER FOLKS.

STICK--YOU CAME TO ME WHEN I FIRST ACQUIRED MY HYPER-SENSES...YOU TAUGHT ME TO *CONTROL* THEM.

BUT YOU NEVER EXPLAINED WHO YOU *ARE...*

THERE'S NO TIME FOR THAT. YOU GOTTA LEAVE THE TANK.

NOW.

WHAT CAN I DO?

I'M *HELPLESS!*

NO!

YER *STUPID.*

STICK?

STICK--?

MEANWHILE...

...EASY, *KINGPIN.* TAKE IT EASY.

NO ONE'S TRYING TO *UNDERMINE* YOU.

YOU'RE THE UNDISPUTED LEADER OF THE EAST COAST UNDERWORLD.

YOU RECEIVE A PERCENTAGE OF EVERY DOLLAR MADE BY MYSELF AND MY ASSOCIATES.

AND WE AREN'T QUESTIONING THAT. NOT IN PRINCIPLE.

IT'S THE *AMOUNT* WE--

UUURRGGHH

IDIOT!

BEFORE I GATHERED YOUR SCATTERED, WARRING FORCES, AND TAUGHT YOU TO WORK AS A *CORPORATION,* THERE WAS NO MONEY TO *SPLIT.*

AND NOW YOU SEEK TO *DENY* MY--

EXCUSE ME.

I KEPT TABS ON DAREDEVIL WHILE I WAS OUT OF TOWN. HE'S BEEN A REAL THORN IN *YOUR* SIDE, HASN'T HE?

SO WHEN I NEEDED TO *FIND* HIM, AND HIS *FRIENDS* COULDN'T HELP...

WELL, I CAME HERE.

WH...WHERE'D THAT *BROAD* COME FROM?

I DUNNO. LET'S KILL HER.

I MUST SAY, KINGPIN, YOU'RE A SLICK OPERATOR. PARK AVENUE OFFICE, ABOUT WHICH NO SECRET IS MADE--

--BECAUSE YOU'RE ON THE BOOKS AS A LEGITIMATE *BUSINESSMAN*, AND NO MATTER HOW MUCH TO THE CONTRARY THE COPS MAY *KNOW*--

--THEY CAN'T PROVE A THING.

MUST BE *FRUSTRATING* FOR THEM.

BUT AT LEAST YOU'RE EASY TO *FIND*.

YOU ARE...?

NATASHA.

ABOUT *DAREDEVIL*...

I HAVE NO IDEA WHERE HE IS TO BE FOUND.

HOWEVER, IF YOU SEEK *EMPLOYMENT*...

AH--IS SOMETHING *WRONG*?

THERE'S *NOTHING*... WRONG WITH ME, KINGPIN. I'M...

I'M...

SHE'S *DISSOLVING.*

CURIOUS...

HOLD IT--

THE *POISON!* IT'S FINALLY...

MATT!

I *NEED* YOU, MATT...

ELSEWHERE...

WE HAVE *ELIMINATED* THE OTHER POSSIBILITIES.

YOUR TARGET IS *WITHIN*, KIRIGI.

SHALL I *ASSIST* YOU--

OOF!

I MEANT NO *INSULT*...

YOU CAN LEAVE THE TANK ANY TIME YOU WANT TO, PUNK.

IT'S UP TO YOU.

STICK, I *TOLD* YOU.

IT'S THE *RADIATION.* IT'S MADE EVERY SOUND SO *LOUD*-- EVERY SMELL, SO--

NAH.

THAT RADIATION'S WORE OFF BY NOW.

JUST LIKE IT DID BEFORE.

YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR *MIND,* STICK!

THE RADIATION THAT GAVE ME MY POWERS *NEVER* WORE OFF. THAT'S WHY I STILL *HAVE* MY HYPER-SENSES.

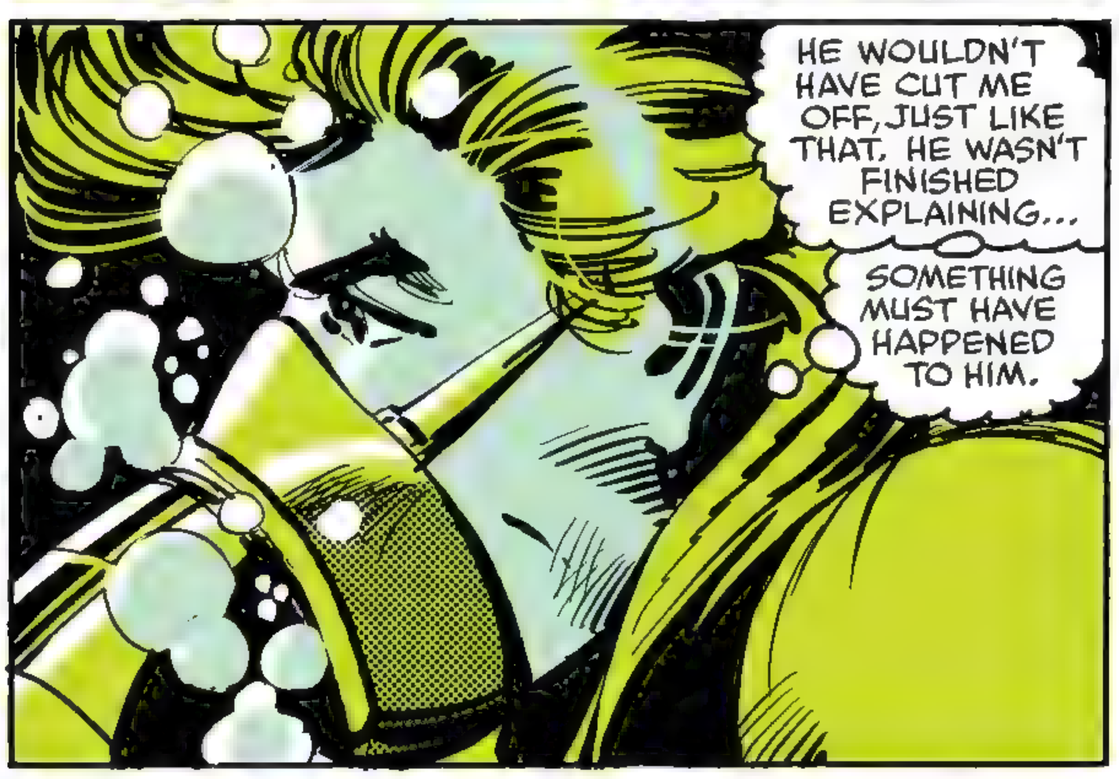
YOU DON'T KNOW FROM *NOTHIN',* PUNK.

WH...WHAT DO YOU *MEAN?*

ALL THAT HAPPENED TO YOU BACK THEN WAS THAT YOU GOT OPENED UP TO SENSES THAT *EVERYBODY'S* GOT, BUT DON'T USE. IT *AIN'T* THE RADIATION. NEVER WAS.

WHAT THE...

STICK!
WHERE'D YOU GO? STICK--?
HE'S GONE!


HE WOULDN'T HAVE CUT ME OFF, JUST LIKE THAT. HE WASN'T FINISHED EXPLAINING...
SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM.

I CAN'T GO OUT THERE. I WON'T.
IT HURTS OUT THERE. SO NOISY... I...
I...

I'M SCARED.

STICK WAS *RIGHT!*

THERE'S NO *PAIN.* I'M *OKAY.*

BUT... I CAN HEAR *TWO* HEART-BEATS...

STICK-- WHAT--

QUIET, PUNK.

JUST SIT BACK AND TAKE THIS IN. YA MIGHT *LEARN* SOMETHING.

SHAFT-- GET THE MAN'S *ATTENTION.*

THUNK

THUNK

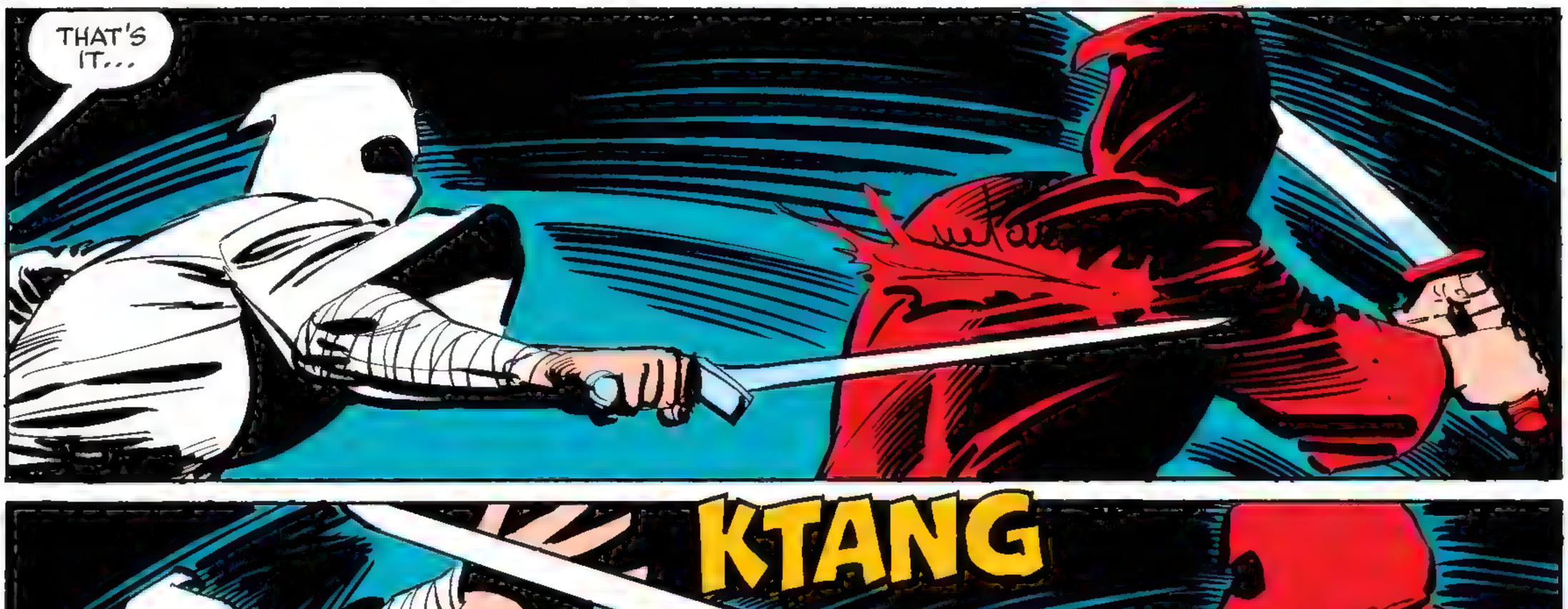
THUNK

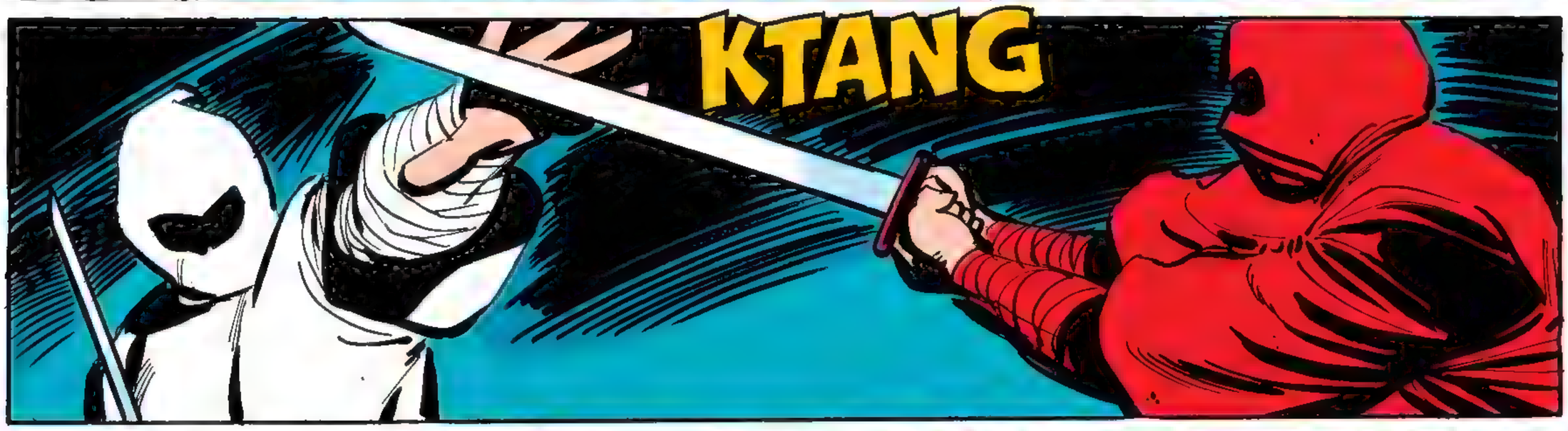
YOUR MOVE, *CLAW.*

WHOKK

OKAY, CLAW. BACK OFF NOW. HE'S A QUICK ONE.

STONE?


THAT'S IT...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YOU'LL HAVE TO DESTROY THE BODY...
STICK... WHO... WHAT... I MEAN...

GUESS I'D BETTER EXPLAIN...
MATT--!
NOW WHAT?

NEXT: SIEGE

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MARVEL® COMICS GROUP

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DAREDEVIL®

STAN LEE PRESENTS

SIEGE

KIRIGI HAS *FAILED.*

THOSE WITHIN-- STILL *LIVE.*

IT WAS WISE OF YOU TO SUMMON US. WHEN ENOUGH OF OUR NUMBER ARRIVE--

THEY ARE *SILENT.*

--WE SHALL *ELIMINATE* OUR ENEMY.

MILLER
WRITER
STORYTELLER
JANSON
PENCILLER
INKER
COLORIST

O'NEIL
EDITOR
ROSEN
LETTERER
SHOOTER
SUPERVISOR

NO, ONE *SPEAKS*...

WHAT ARE YOU *DOING*, STICK?

SHE'S *DEAD*--

IT IS *MATTHEW MURDOCK*--THE *ATTORNEY* WHO OWNS THIS BROWNSTONE.

--HER HEARTBEAT'S *STOPPED!*

SHADDUP.

STONE--BE CAREFUL.

SHE'S *SMALL*--AND CAN'T CONTAIN *TOO MUCH* ENERGY.

BESIDES--YER GONNA *NEED* YER STRENGTH.

MATT!...

I'M *ALIVE* ...HOW...?

MATT--HOW--

I'M NOT *SURE*, NATASHA. BUT I DO KNOW I'M NOT THE ONE TO THANK.

SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME HOW YOU GOT YOURSELF *KILLED*.

...ALL RIGHT.

AS YOU KNOW, I'VE BEEN OPERATING AS THE *BLACK WIDOW* FOR A CERTAIN UNITED NATIONS *ESPIONAGE* AGENCY.

I CAUGHT UP WITH SOME *NINJA*, STEALING A BODY FROM THE CITY MORGUE. THEY GOT AWAY FROM ME BY TOSSING *FOOT SPIKES* IN MY WAY.

THE SPIKES WERE COATED WITH WHAT THE DOCTOR DESCRIBED AS *MOLECULAR POISON*. IT MADE ME *DISSOLVE*.

SO WHAT AM I DOING *ALIVE?*

UMM...

MAYBE YOU SHOULD MEET SOME *FRIENDS* OF MINE.

THIS IS *STICK*--MY TEACHER, MY MENTOR. HE FOUND ME AFTER THE ACCIDENT THAT *BLINDED* ME AND HEIGHTENED MY REMAINING SENSES. HE TAUGHT ME HOW TO *CONTROL* MY NEWFOUND ABILITIES.

HE TAUGHT ME *MANY* THINGS.

HI.

APPARENTLY, I WASN'T HIS ONLY STUDENT. AND HIS TEACHINGS SEEM TO GO FAR BEYOND WHAT HE TAUGHT ME.

RESUR-RECTIONS...

YEAH.

TRICKY STUFF.

MASTER --I *OBJECT!*

INVOLVING ONE OUTSIDER IS HAZARD-OUS. BUT *TWO*--

WE NEED ALL THE HELP WE CAN *GET*, STONE. THE *HAND* IS AFTER US.

THAT'S THOSE *NINJA* YOU RAN UP AGAINST, TOOTS. THEY'RE CALLED THE *HAND*. THEY'RE A *BIG* OUTFIT--MERCENARIES, ASSASSINS, LIKE THAT.

OVER THE YEARS, ME AND MY BOYS BEEN THE ONLY THING SLOWIN' THEM DOWN. AND NOW THEY'RE AFTER US.

DON'T CALL ME 'TOOTS'.

MASTER!

WE ARE *OBSERVED.*

YEAH. THERE'S *DOZENS* OF THEM. DIDN'T EXPECT THEM BACK SO SOON.

BUT *I* CAN'T HEAR A THING! AND I'M *DAREDEVIL!*

HMPH. AMATEUR.

PREPARE, BROTHERS. THEY COME THROUGH THE *ROOF.*

BUT HOW CAN YOU--

WOAH! EASY WITH THAT THING.

SILENCE!

SHAFT-- THREE ON THE STAIRS.

DONE.

THUNK THUNK THUNK

FORM A CIRCLE...

SIX MORE--IN THE DOORWAY. TWO IN THE HALL.

BE ON GUARD.

WATCH IT, TOOTS.

DON'T CALL ME--

THAK THAK THAK

THUNK THUNK THUNK

YOU'RE HIT!

THAK

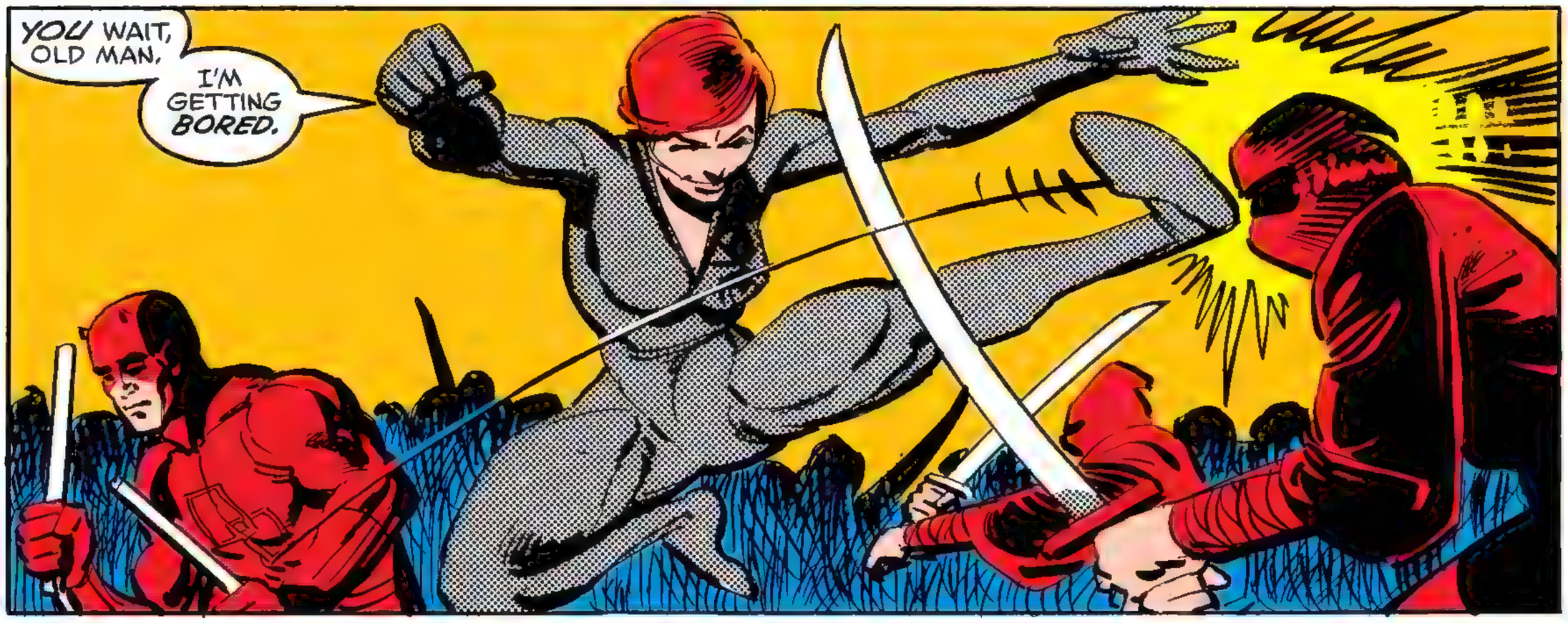
I AM *STONE.* I KNOW NO HARM.

LOOK AFTER *YOURSELF,* AMATEUR. THE *WINDOWS.*

YES. I HEAR.

HMPH.

KRESSH
KRESSH
EASY, NOW.
LET THEM COME TO YOU...

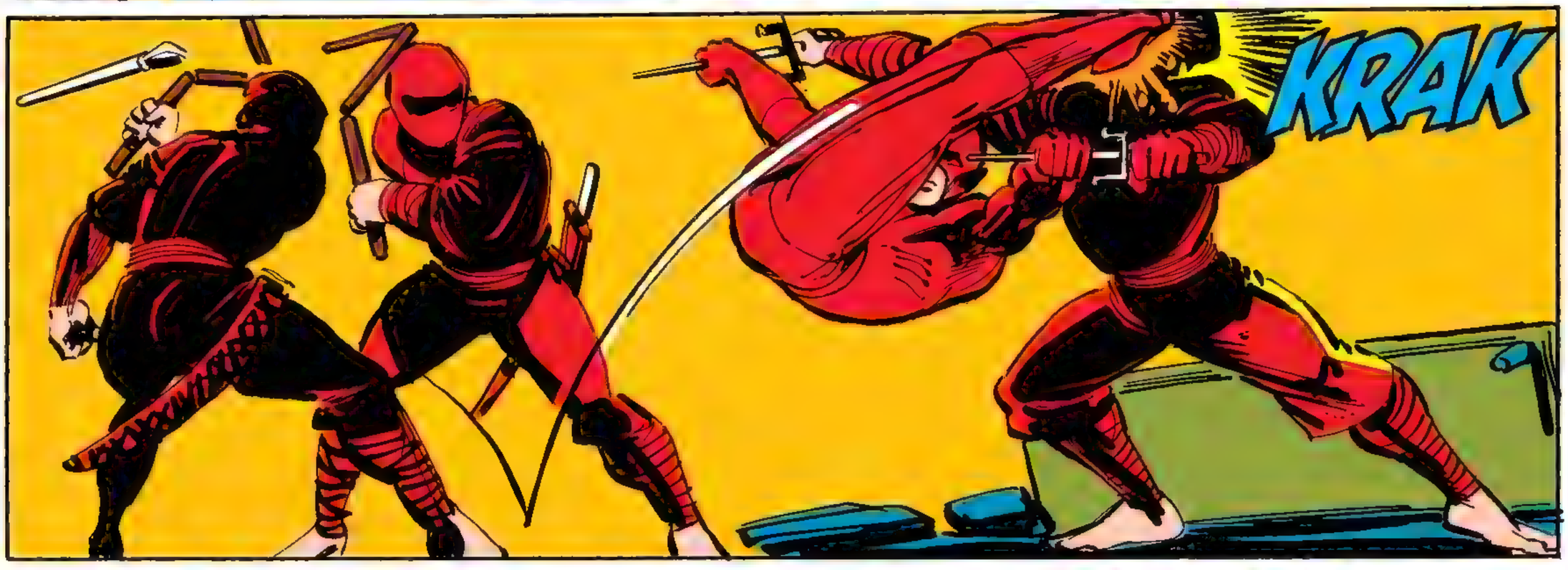

YOU WAIT, OLD MAN.
I'M GETTING BORED.

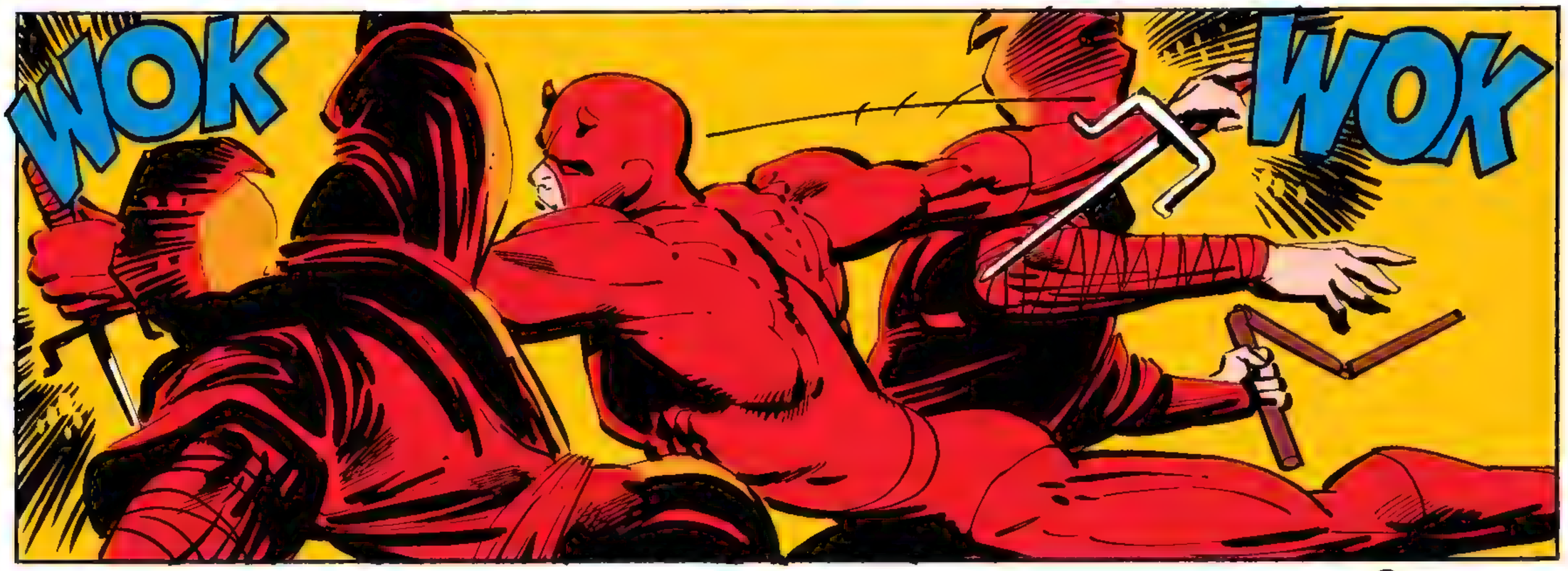
CHOK

SHCHAKK

WHOK

FAKK
FAKK


KRAK


WOK
WOK

CHUKK

KTANGG

WHUDD

NICE USE OF THE *SAI*, DD.

WHERE'D YOU LEARN IT?

HAD TO FIGHT SOMEONE WHO USED THEM, A WAYS BACK. TAUGHT MYSELF.

CLAW!

STICK-- CLAW HAS *FALLEN.*

YEAH... ONLY A MATTER OF TIME...

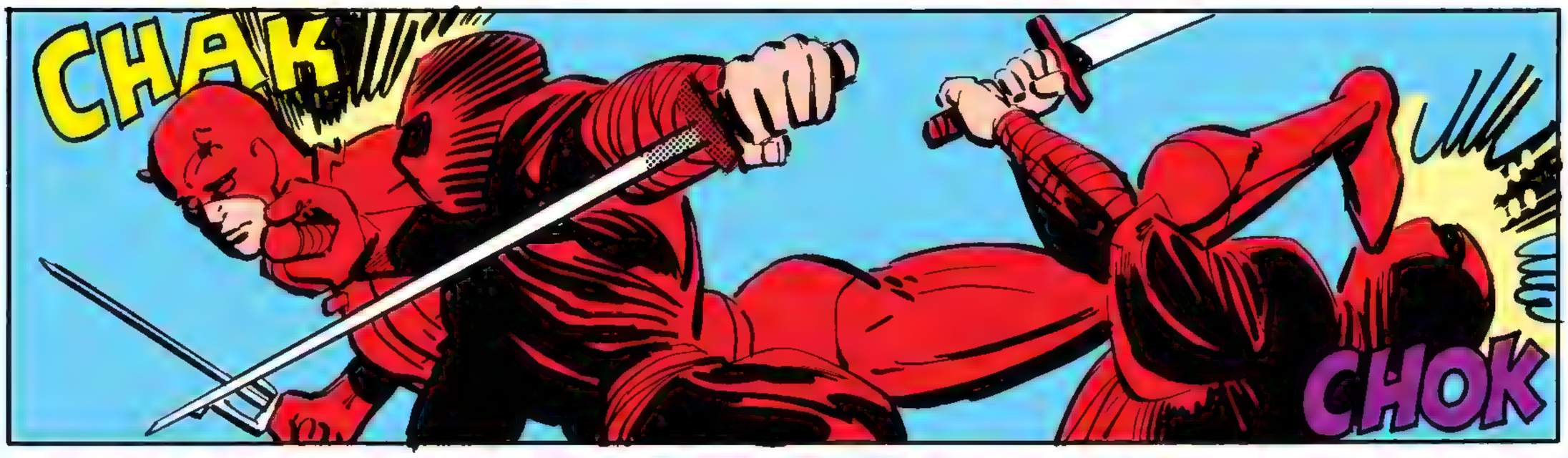
WHUK

THEY'RE WEARIN' US DOWN, SHAFT. WE'RE AS GOOD AS DEAD.

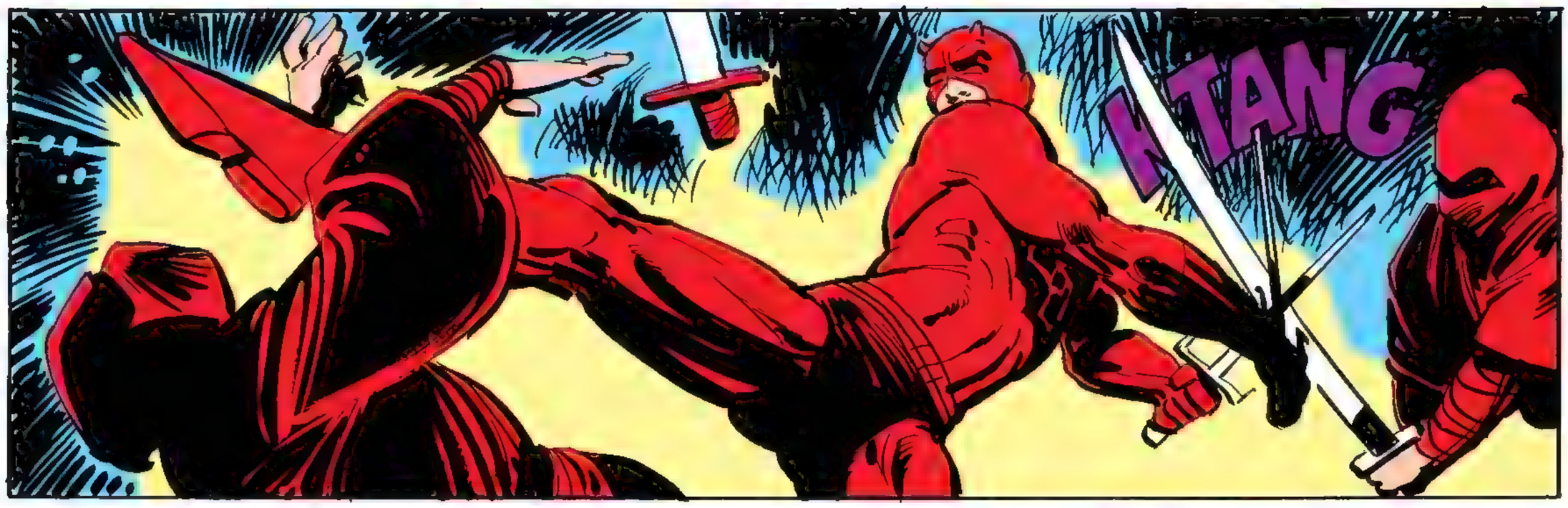
ONLY ONE THING WE CAN DO.

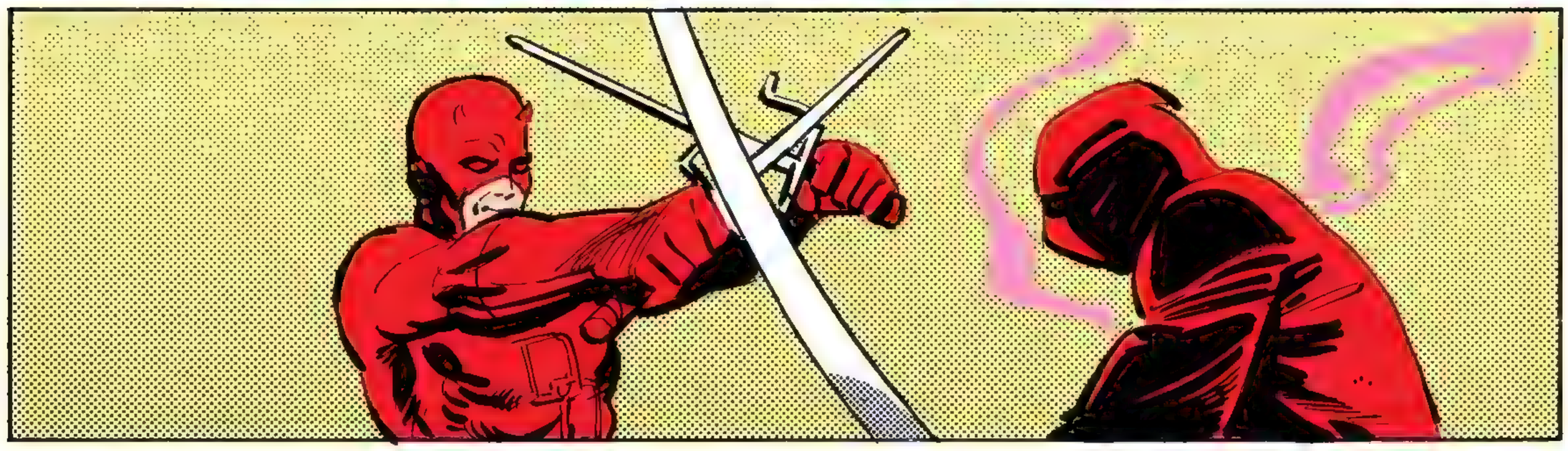
YOU *MEAN...?*

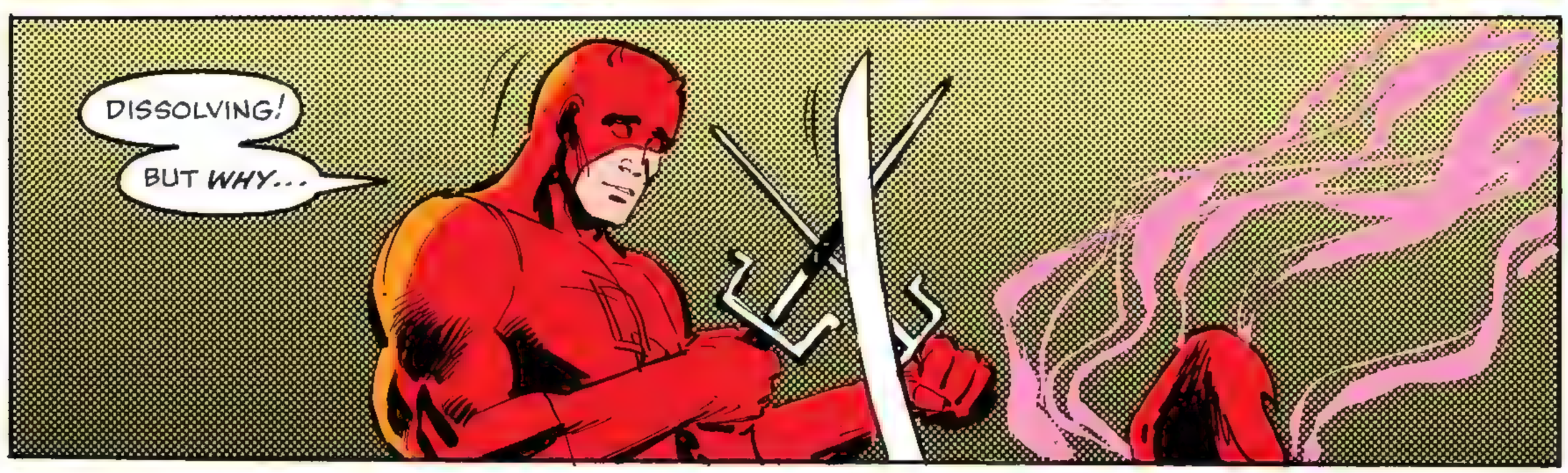
NO OTHER WAY.


CHAK
CHOK

KTANNG
KLUDD


KTANG




DISSOLVING!
BUT WHY...

TEACHER-- WHAT ARE YOU *DOING?*

THERE'S A *FLIP SIDE* TO GIVIN' LIFE, PUNK...

...AND THAT'S *TAKIN'* IT...

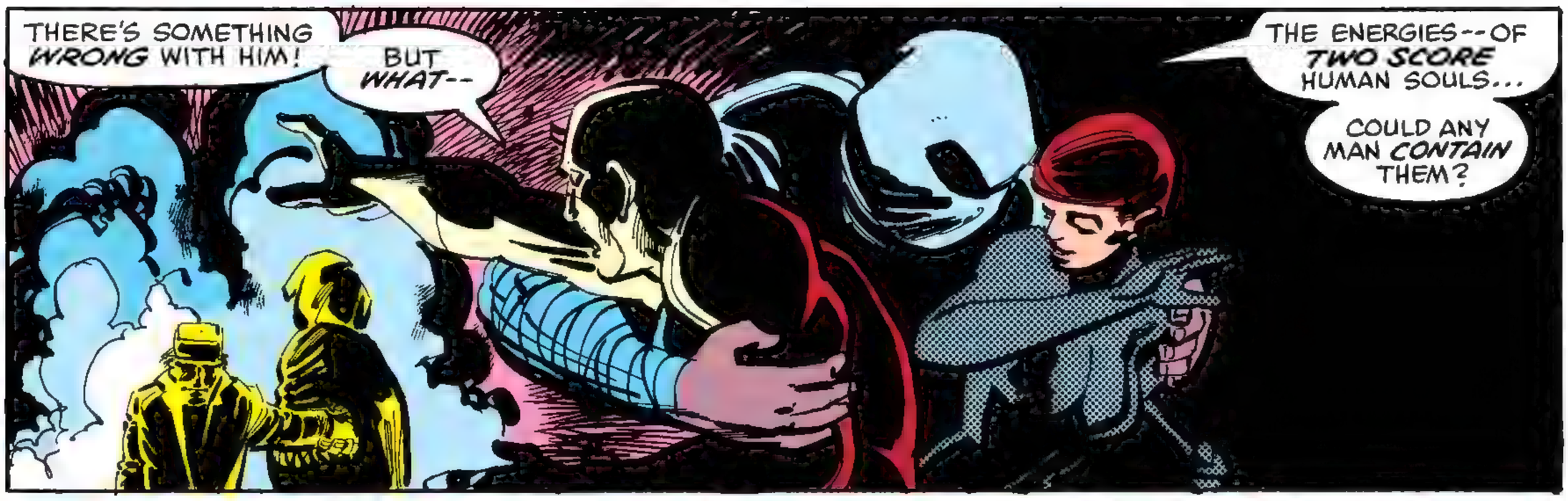
IT'S JUST A MATTER OF... MOVIN' ENERGY AROUND...

MASTER --LET ME *JOIN* YOU IN THIS!

NO.

THE PUNK... THE GIRL ...*SHIELD* THEM, STONE...

TEACH THEM... WHAT YOU CAN...


THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH HIM!
BUT WHAT--
THE ENERGIES--OF TWO SCORE HUMAN SOULS...
COULD ANY MAN CONTAIN THEM?

BRING HIM BACK, STONE. LIKE YOU DID NATASHA.

BRING HIM *BACK!*

I SHARE YOUR GRIEF. BUT THERE IS *NOTHING* LEFT OF HIM.

NOR CAN WE AFFORD TO SQUANDER, EVEN IN *MOURNING*, THIS RESPITE HE HAS BOUGHT US.

THERE WILL BE *MORE* OF THE *HAND*.

BUT IT WILL TAKE THEM *TIME* TO GATHER, TO PLAN ANEW.

WE MUST USE THIS TIME TO BEST ADVANTAGE.

I SHALL MEDITATE, TO REGAIN MY STRENGTH--

--AND, PERHAPS TO DIVINE WHAT PLAN THEY WILL MAKE.

IN FIVE HOURS, WE WILL SPEAK AGAIN.

STONE?

I DON'T THINK HE'S GOING TO ANSWER YOU, MATT.

I FEEL ALL SWEATY. MIND IF I USE YOUR SHOWER?

AHHH...I FEEL BETTER ALREADY.

HOW ABOUT YOU?

LIKE THE MAN SAID--THERE'S NO TIME FOR *MOURNING*.

NATASHA, YOU KNOW YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE INVOLVED IN THIS.

SURE I DO. WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS SINCE WAY BACK.

MORE THAN FRIENDS...

FRIENDS.

I'M GETTING *MARRIED*, NATASHA. NEXT WEEK.

YOU'VE MET *HEATHER*?

ONCE OR TWICE.

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, MATT?

I MEAN, UNTIL *STONE* WAKES UP.

WE TRY TO FIND THE *HAND*--EH?

A KEY, TURNING IN THE FRONT DOOR LOCK. SOMEONE'S COMING IN.

THAT'S HEATHER'S PERFUME... BUT I SMELL SOMETHING *ELSE*...

WHISKEY?

HI, HONEY.

LOOK AT THOSE WINDOWS, ALL SMASHED IN. MUST'VE BEEN SOME PARTY. AND YOU DIDN'T EVEN INVITE ME...

YOU'RE... NATASHA?

HEATHER ...YOU'VE BEEN *DRINKING.*

CELEBRATING. BEEN DOING A *LOT* OF CELEBRATING LATELY... GOT PLENTY TO CELEBRATE...

...FIRST TIME I EVER GOT *MARRIED*...

YOU'D BETTER SIT DOWN.

OOOH! YOU'RE SO *MASTERFUL*, MATT.

LOVE IT WHEN YOU TELL ME WHAT TO DO. JUST LOVE IT...

MY LIFE'S IN YOUR HANDS, MATT...

I LOVE YOU TOO, DARLING.

IT'S *YOUR* TOWN, MATT.

WHERE DO WE LOOK FIRST?

GOT ME.

CROOKS I CAN FIND. BUT *NINJA*--?

YOU HAVE, MATT. YOU'VE CHANGED. A LOT.

ABOUT *HEATHER*-- I DON'T MEAN TO *PRY*, BUT...

YOU GO AHEAD.

I'LL CHECK UPTOWN.

I ALMOST FEEL LIKE DROP-PING IN ON THE *KINGPIN*-- HE'S THE TOP *MOBSTER* AROUND THESE PARTS-- AND ASKING FOR HIS *HELP*.

BUT HE AND I AREN'T EXACTLY *FRIENDLY*.

GOOD TO HAVE YOU AROUND AGAIN, NATASHA. YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A BIT.

THEN DON'T.

LET'S TRY THE *DOCKS*.

OKAY.

BETTER LAY OFF THE *SNACKS*, FOGGY.

YOU'LL RUIN YOUR *APPETITE*.

NATASHA!

HEY-- YOU LOOK *GREAT!*

THANKS.

STILL STICKING TO CEILINGS, I SEE...

IF ANYBODY CAN, IT'S *US!*

I'VE BEEN HIS PARTNER AND BEST BUDDY SINCE *COLLEGE* -- AND YOU AND MATT...WELL, YOU TWO GO BACK TO WHEN YOU FIRST TEAMED UP WITH *DAREDEVIL!*

NEW COSTUME, SAME OLD TRICKS.

CAN WE TALK? ABOUT *MATT?*

SAY, WHATEVER HAPPENED TO *THAT* PARTNERSHIP?

I MEAN WITH *DAREDEVIL* -- NOT *MATT*...

COULDN'T LAST, FOGGY. DAREDEVIL JUST WASN'T *INTERNATIONAL* ENOUGH FOR ME.

ABOUT *MATT*...

NOT MUCH TO TELL, BABE, THESE DAYS I DON'T SEE HIM OFTEN.

BUT EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE...

AW, HECK, NATASHA.

I'M WORRIED SICK.

I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM ACT THE WAY HE'S BEEN LATELY. ALWAYS SNAPPING, MISSING APPOINTMENTS, WORKING UNGODLY HOURS...

MAYBE IT'S THAT *ELEKTRA* BUSINESS. I DON'T KNOW.

ELEKTRA?

WHO'S THAT?

MATT'S FIRST GIRLFRIEND. SHE WALKED OUT ON HIM, A LONG TIME AGO. GUESS HE NEVER REALLY GOT OVER IT.

ANYWAY, SHE SHOWED UP AGAIN. ONLY SHE'D TURNED INTO SOME KIND OF *ASSASSIN.*

GOLLY, THAT SOUNDS CRAZY WHEN I SAY IT. BUT IT'S TRUE. SHE ALMOST KILLED *ME.*

SHE WAS *MURDERED*, NATASHA. DIED IN MATT'S ARMS. SINCE THEN, HE'S BEEN...WELL, *SCARY!*

HE LET HIS JOB GO TO PIECES-- WHICH IS BAD NEWS FOR THE MOST EXPENSIVE LEGAL TEAM IN TOWN-- BUT THAT'S NOT THE WORST OF IT.

IT'S WHAT HE'S DOING TO *HEATHER.*

DO YOU KNOW HE *RUINED* HER, PROFESSIONALLY, JUST TO CONVINCE HER TO *MARRY* HIM?

MUST'VE FELT HER CAREER WAS SOME KIND OF *COMPETITION.*

THAT'S NOT LIKE HIM.

HE'S NOT LIKE *HIMSELF.*

HE'S HURT AND ANGRY AND LONELY-- AND IT'S MAKING HIM *MEAN.*

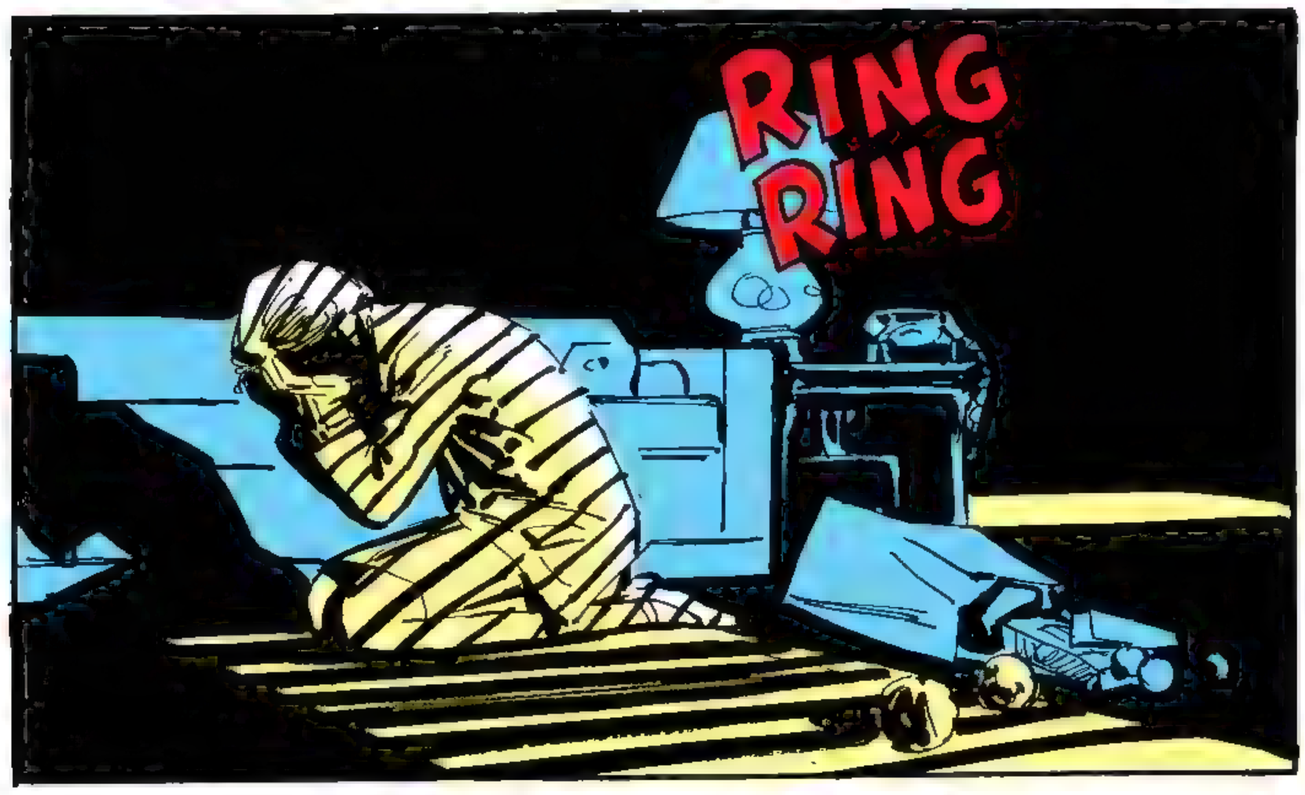
YOU'RE STILL HIS *FRIEND*, FOGGY ...AND I STILL *LOVE* HIM.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

YOU'RE A *SPY*, RIGHT?

HOW ARE YOU AT *FORGERY?*

HEATHER -
I CAN'T DO IT.
I'M SORRY. I
DON'T LOVE
YOU AND I
CAN'T MARRY
YOU. MATT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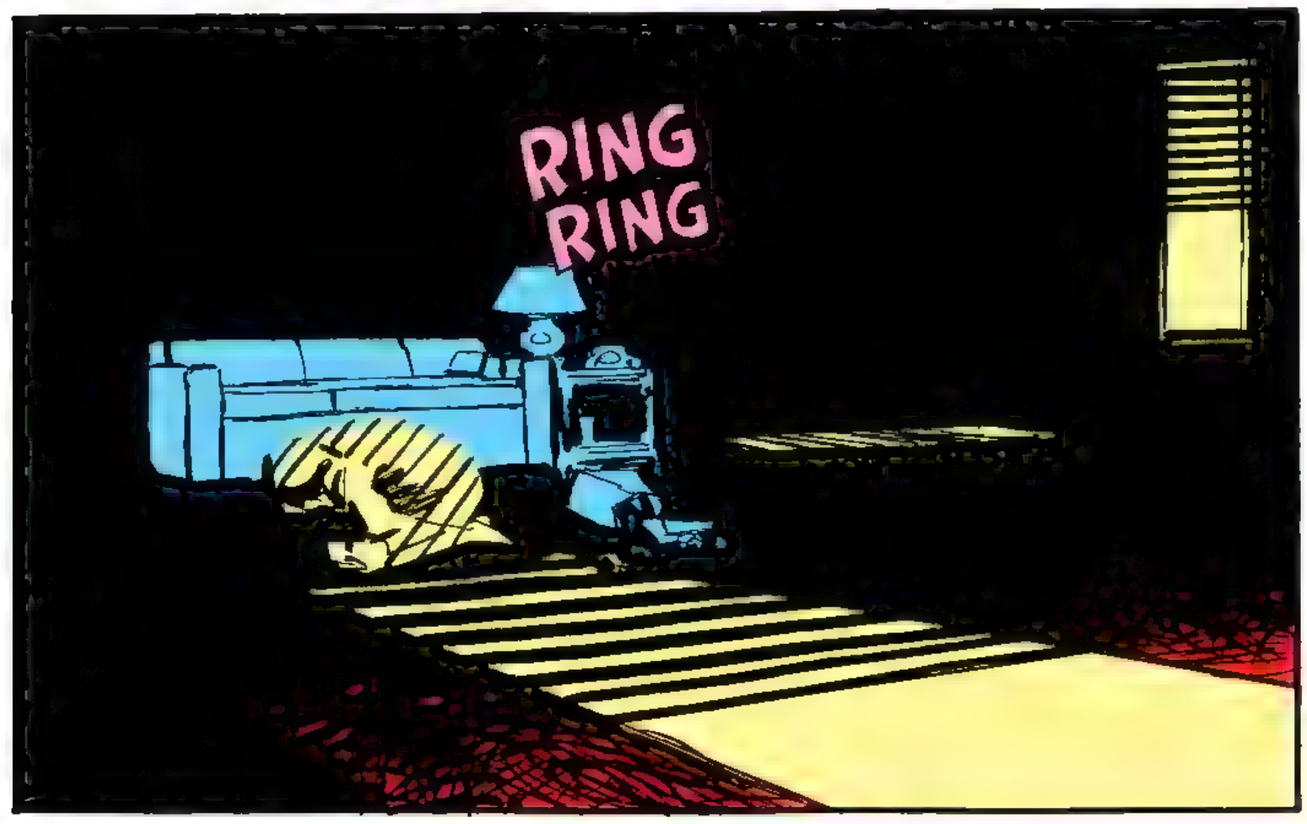
RING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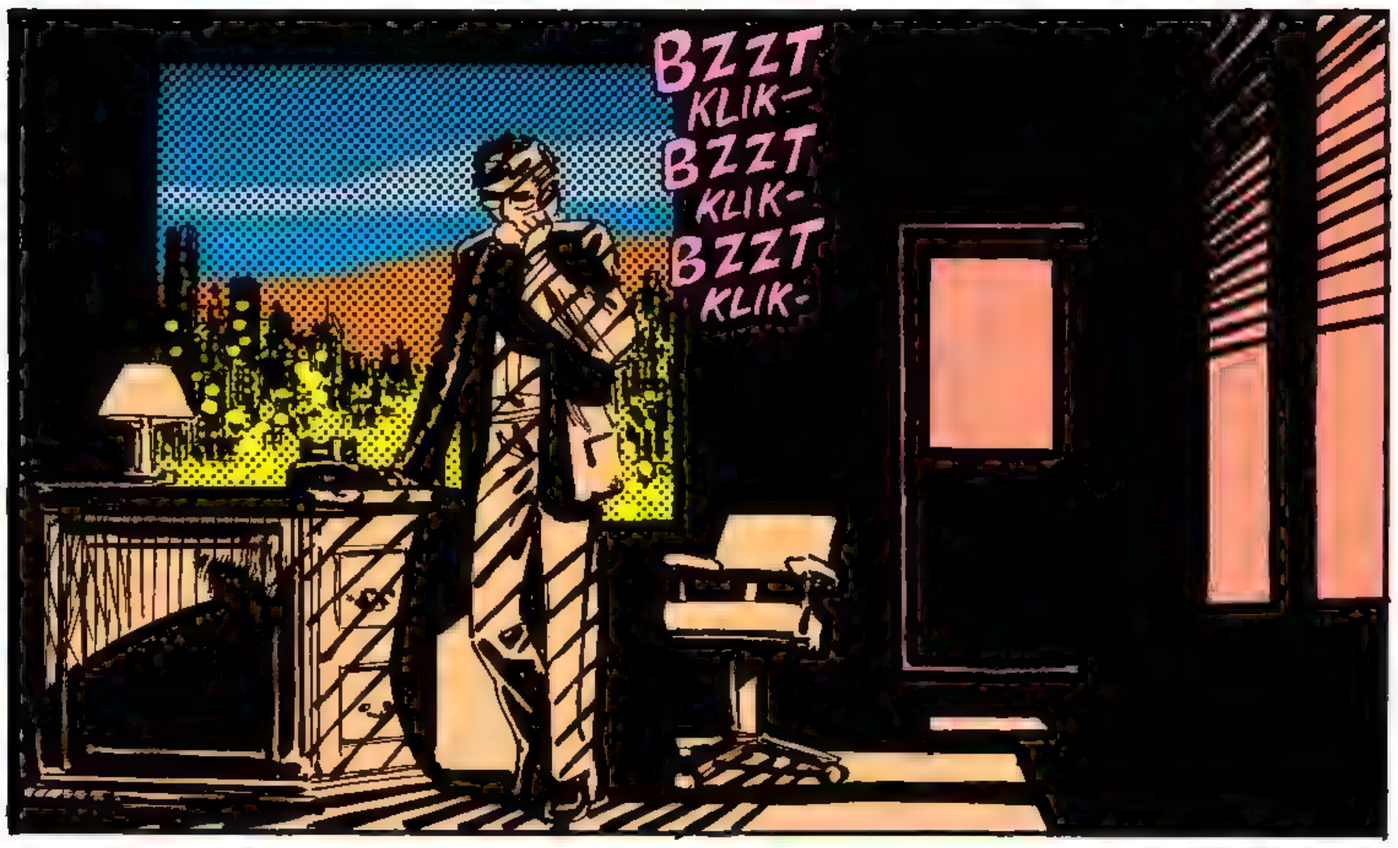
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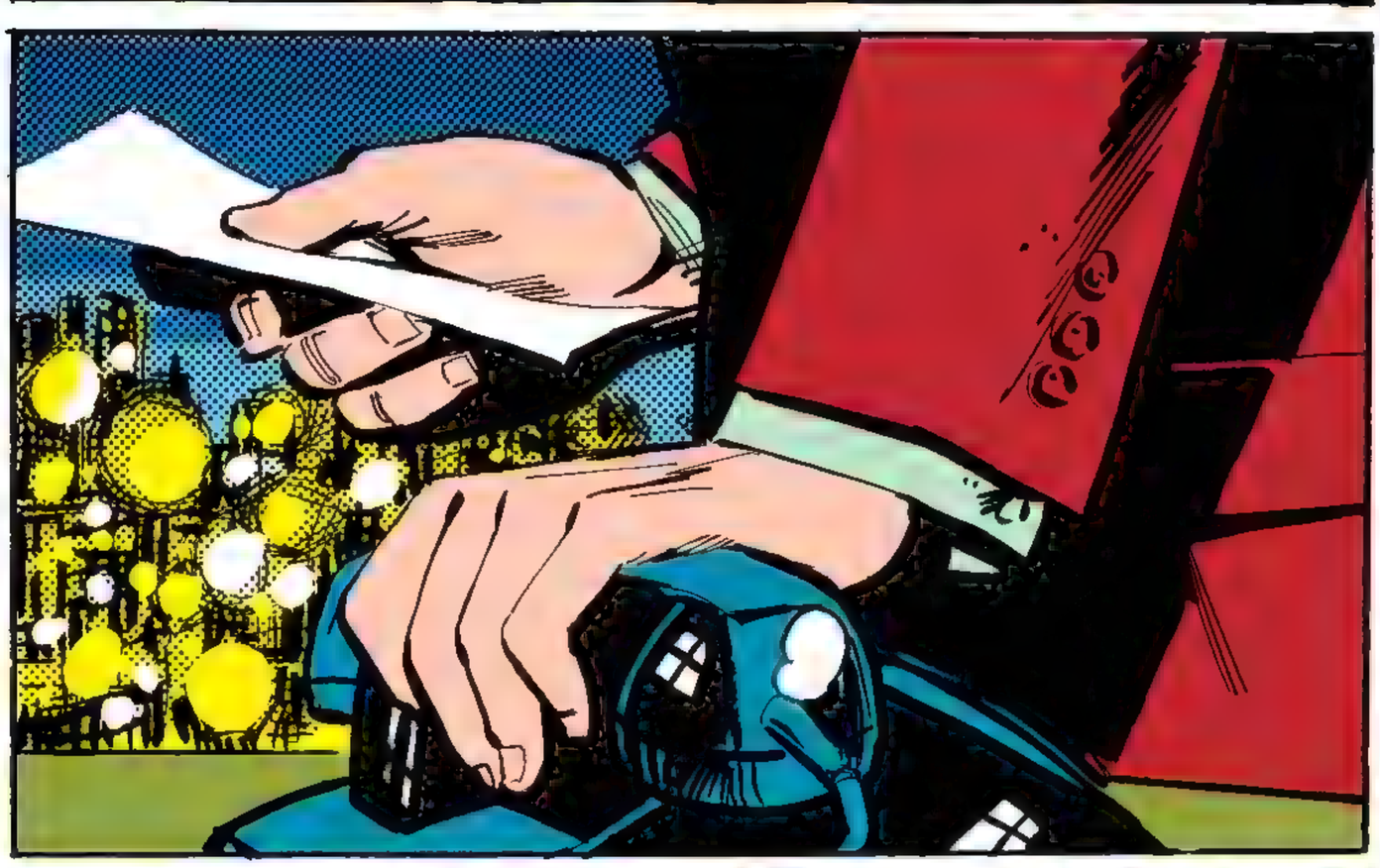

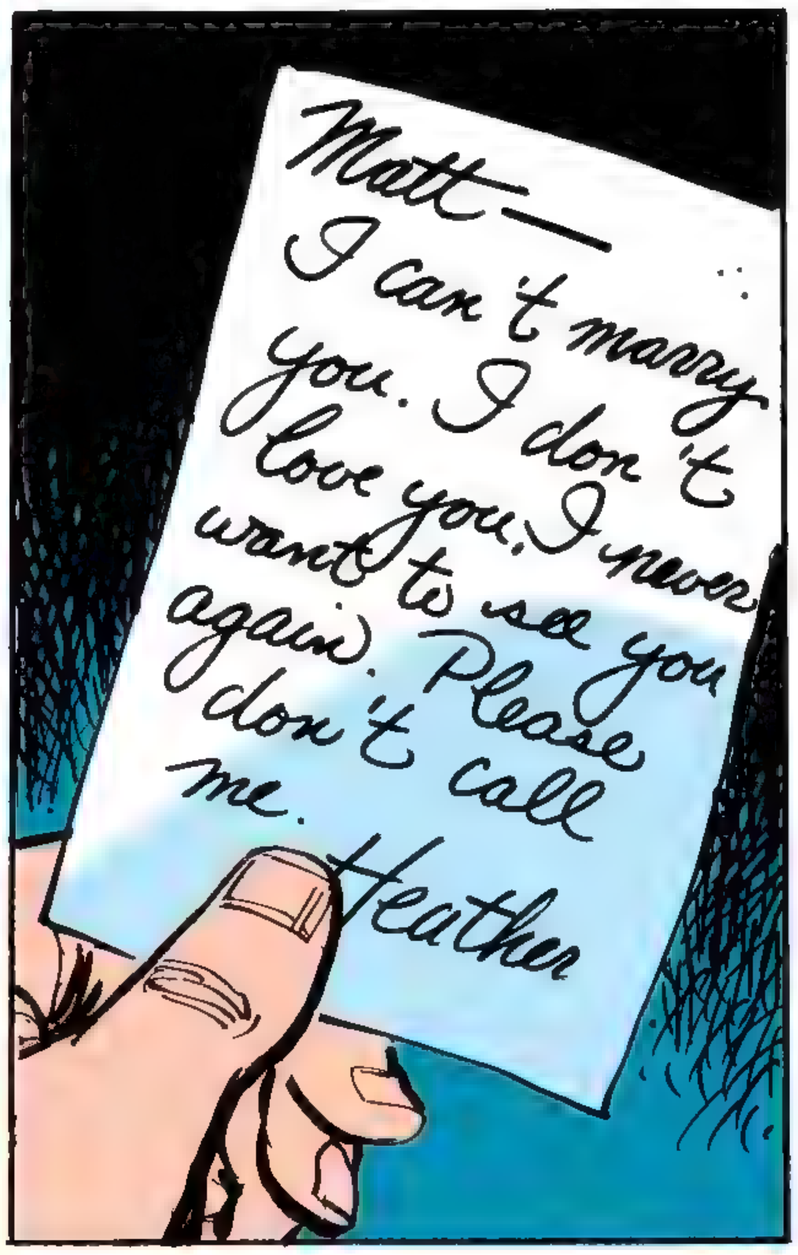
Matt—
I can't marry you. I don't love you. I never want to see you again. Please don't call me.
Heather

IT IS NO SURPRISE THAT YOU COULD NOT FIND THE *HAND.*

THEY ARE HIDDEN WELL-- HIDDEN, AND *PLOTTING.*

I HAVE DIVINED WHAT THEIR PLAN SHALL BE.

THEY SEEK A *SINGLE* CHAMPION, SKILLED AND MIGHTY, TO AUGMENT THEIR NUMBERS.

MY BROTHERS AND I SLEW THE REVIVIFIED *KIRIGI.* WE *DESTROYED* HIS BODY.

AND THERE IS NONE AMONG THE *LIVING* TO SUIT THEIR NEEDS.

THEY MUST RAISE *ANOTHER* FROM THE DEAD.

AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT, THERE IS A FALLEN MEMBER OF THE *HAND* WHOSE BODY RESTS IN THIS VERY CITY.

A MIGHTY WARRIOR INDEED. A WOMAN.

ELEKTRA.

NEXT ISSUE:

RESURRECTION

MARVEL® COMICS GROUP

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DOUBLE SIZED ISSUE!

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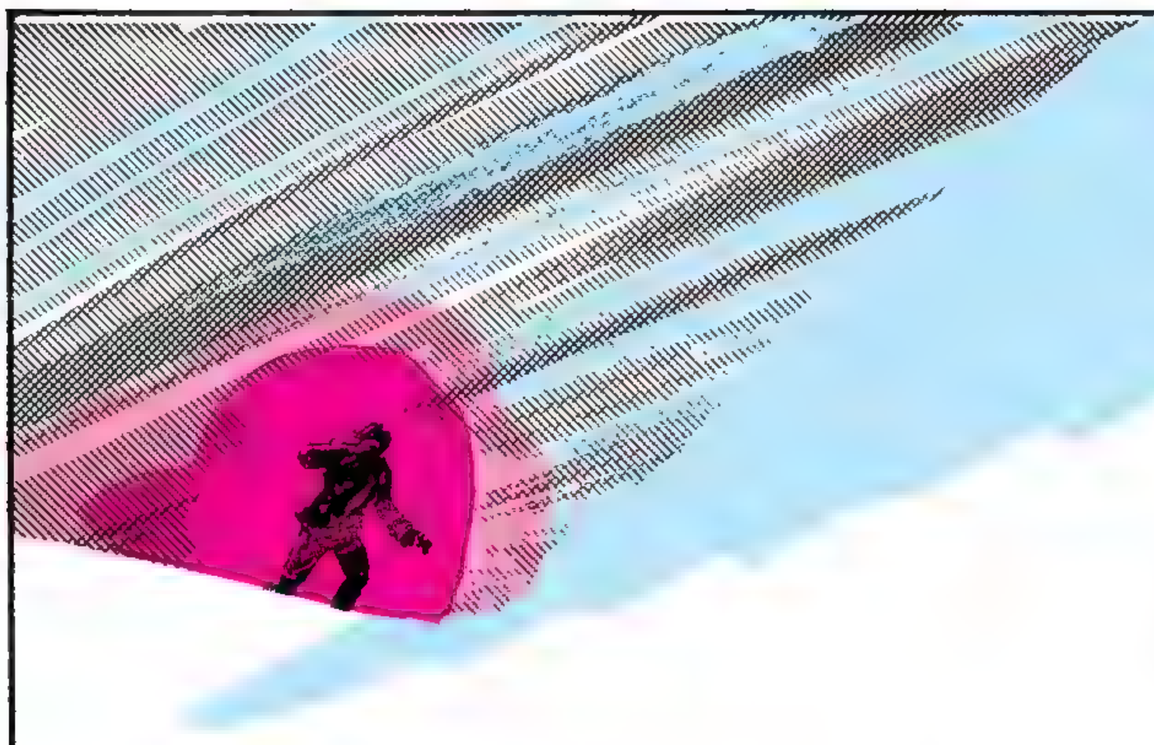
DAREDEVIL®

MILLER
JANSON

prologue



UNBIDDEN, HER THOUGHTS RETURN TO **MATT** --AND WHAT SHE HAS DONE TO HIM.

HE IS SUFFERING, SHE KNOWS. BUT HE IS STRONG, AND HIS LOVE FOR HIS WORLD IS EVEN GREATER THAN HIS LOVE FOR HER.

FOR THE THOUSANDTH TIME, SHE WONDERS WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN--HAD NOT THE DREAM THEY SHARED BEEN **MURDERED**, AN ETERNITY AGO.

BUT THAT IS BEHIND HER, NOW.

ALL SHE HAS LEFT IS A NAKED **PURPOSE**--MORE DRIVING AND RUTHLESS THAN EVEN THE GALE FORCE **WIND** THAT THREATENS TO TOPPLE HER BACKWARD INTO THE SNOW.

THE WIND CANNOT STOP HER. NOR CAN THE KNOT IN HER STOMACH THAT HAD BEEN **HUNGER**-- NOR THE LANCING **PAIN** IN HER THIGHS --NOR THE MORE FRIGHTENING **NUMBNESS** IN HER FEET.

SHE IS **ELEKTRA**-- AND SHE WILL NOT DIE TODAY.

THEN, IT IS BEFORE HER.

THE **WALL.**

SHE HEARS HER SENSEI'S WORDS:

YOU HAVE MASTERED THE ARTS OF COMBAT, ELEKTRA. YET YOU KNOW NO PEACE...

THERE IS A PLACE WHERE MEN WHO ARE MORE THAN MEN REST, AND TRAIN, AND STUDY --WHERE WARRIORS OF A NOBLE ORDER HAVE ACHIEVED A TRUE AND TOTAL PEACE OF SPIRIT.

BUT IT CANNOT BE FOUND UNLESS YOU WANDER WITHOUT DIRECTION, WITHOUT HOPE...UNTIL, SEARCHING WITHOUT SEEKING, YOU FIND IT...

...AND SCALE A WALL THAT CANNOT BE SCALED...

KNOW, ELEKTRA, THAT ALL YOUR RAGE AND WILL-FULNESS ARE AS NOTHING AGAINST THE HAMMERING WIND AND THE UNFORGIVING WALL...

KNOW THAT YOU ARE NOTHING...

...FAILED THE *CLIMB*, STICK. WE SHOULD NOT HAVE BROUGHT HER HERE.

SHE DOESN'T *BELONG*--

SHADDUP. SHE'S COMING AROUND.

DO YOU KNOW WHO WE ARE, TOOTS? *WHAT* WE ARE?

NO.

BUT I WANT TO BE ONE OF YOU.

...SHE HAS BEEN WITH US BUT A *YEAR*, STICK, AND ALREADY, SHE IS A *MIGHTY* WARRIOR.

I WAS *WRONG* TO URGE HER REJECTION.

WHOK

WHUKK

NO. YOU WERE RIGHT.

THIS IS *WONDERFUL*, STICK!

THIS *PLACE*-- SOMEHOW, IT GIVES ME *STRENGTH*-- *POWER*...

YOU GOTTA *LEAVE*, ELEKTRA.

A *MISSION?* I KNEW THAT THIS ORDER SERVED SOME *PURPOSE* IN THE WORLD--

--BUT I NEVER *DREAMED* THAT I WOULD BE READY SO *SOON*...

TEACHER?

NO MISSION.

JUST LEAVE, YOU DON'T BELONG WITH US.

BUT-- I HAVE GIVEN YOU MY *ALL*. I AM AS SKILLED AS *ANY* OF YOU!

YOU AIN'T *CLEAN*.

YER FULL OF *PAIN*-- AND *HATE*.

ALL YOU'VE LEARNED IS HOW TO *USE* THE PAIN.

THERE'S NO PLACE FOR YOU HERE.

SO GO.

STICK-- PERHAPS WITH *TIME*, SHE...

HER WOUNDS ARE JUST TOO *DEEP*, STONE.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO HER DOWN THERE-- SHE CAN'T *SHAKE* IT.

WE ARE IN A *WAR*, STICK. IF WE LOSE HER--

WE NEVER *HAD* HER, NOT FER A *SECOND*.

BUT-- THE *ENEMY*-- *THEY* MIGHT ENLIST HER...

YEAH.

THEY MIGHT.

...YOU *RETURN* TO JAPAN, TO MY SCHOOL, ELEKTRA. THEN YOU NEED NOT *TELL* ME--THAT YOU *FAILED.*

NOW YOU MUST LEARN TO *ACCEPT* YOUR LOT. YOU MUST FIND *OTHER* JOYS TO FILL YOUR LIFE.

FEEL NO *SHAME.* STICK'S ORDER IS *SEVERE.* I *MYSELF* WAS CAST OUT, YEARS AGO. I MYSELF WAS FOUND *UNWORTHY.*

BUT STILL I *LIVE*--TO *TEACH* WHAT LITTLE I KNOW.

YOU MUST FIND YOUR *OWN* WAY.

SENSEI, I CANNOT UNDERSTAND *WHY...*

WHY YOU *FAILED?*

IT WAS YOUR *FATHER,* ELEKTRA. YOU LOVED HIM TOO *DEARLY.* AND HE HELD YOU TOO *CLOSELY.*

HE BUILT FOR YOU A SMALL, SAFE *WORLD* THAT YOU LOVED. YOUR DREAM, IN COLLEGE, WAS TO *SERVE* THE WORLD.

BUT, ALAS, THAT WORLD WAS A *FABRICATION*--RIPPED DOWN BY THE SENSELESS, POINTLESS *MURDER* OF YOUR FATHER.

YOU SEE THE WORLD NOW AS A *CHAOTIC* PLACE, HUGE AND *TERRIBLE.* YOU *HATE* IT.

EVEN SO, YOUR DREAM WAS A *GOOD* ONE. YOU COULD YET--

NO!

THIS *WAR* THAT STICK SPOKE OF--I AM A *PART* OF IT. I CAN *FEEL* THAT.

I MUST *PROVE* MYSELF TO STICK ...SOME-HOW...

THERE IS *NOTHING* TO PROVE, ELEKTRA. *ACCEPT* THAT.

IF I COULD STRIKE A BLOW AT THE *ENEMY* ...*THAT* WOULD SHOW...

YOU WOULD FIGHT THE *HAND?*

ELEKTRA, THEY ARE MANY --AND *DEADLY.* YOU COULD NOT *HOPE*--

NOT FIGHT THEM. *DECEIVE* THEM.

I SHALL *JOIN* THEIR ORDER--*LEARN* WHAT I CAN-- AND USE THAT KNOWLEDGE *AGAINST* THEM.

WHAT YOU PLAN IS UN-THINKABLE. IMPOSSIBLE.

THEIR WAYS ARE DARK AND MYSTIC. THEY WILL TRICK YOU-- CORRUPT YOU--*POSSESS* YOU...

WE SHALL SEE.

WILL YOU HELP ME FIND THEM?

NO. BUT YOU WILL NEED NO HELP.

THEY HAVE HEARD OF YOU, BY NOW.

THEY WILL FIND YOU.

PITY ELEKTRA. THOUGH SHE IS COURAGEOUS, SHE IS YOUNG...

...AND INNOCENT IN THE WAYS OF EVIL MEN...

NNGG!

URRKK!

WOULD ONE OF YOU PLEASE HAND ME MY CLOTHES?

THE STONE IS **SLIMY** BENEATH HER FEET. HER NOSTRILS ARE **FILLED** WITH THE SEWER'S STENCH. BUT ELEKTRA'S MIND IS NOT **HERE**, IN THE SANCTUARY OF THE **HAND**...

SHE THINKS OF A PROUD, CRUEL CLIFF, CAPPED BY SNOW THAT HAS NEVER BEEN TOUCHED BY A SINGLE SHADOW...

YOU ARE **ELEKTRA**, YES?

WE HAVE **WATCHED** YOU, ELEKTRA. YOUR TALENTS ARE **MANY** FOR ONE SO... LOVELY...

BUT WE DO NOT SPEAK OF **BEAUTY** HERE. OH, NO.

WE OFFER YOU POSITION-- EMPLOYMENT. THIS **ROBE**...

THE ROBE OF A COMMON **GENIN**?

I AM INSULTED.

THEN THE RUMOR IS **TRUE**?

YOU TRAINED WITH **STICK**?

I DID.

BUT HIS WAY IS SOFT. SLOW.

AND **HARDLY** PROFITABLE.

SO. YOU COME TO THE **HAND**.

WE REQUIRE A **TEST**--

OF COURSE.

DOWN THERE.

WHOK

KRAK

SHHKK

SENSEI...!

NO...

HE WAS *DIFFICULT* TO CATCH, YES.

BUT, ONCE *DRUGGED*, HE SERVED HIS PURPOSE.

WELCOME, ELEKTRA. WELCOME TO THE *HAND*.

SENSEI...

*SHE DOES NOT SCREAM. SHE THINKS ONLY OF A **CLIFF** SHE WILL NEVER CLIMB.*

A PEACE SHE WILL NEVER KNOW...

ELEKTRA SERVED THE HAND FOR A TIME, THEN BROKE AWAY, TO BECOME A MERCENARY, A BOUNTY HUNTER.

SHE NEVER SOUGHT OUT OUR ORDER AGAIN. HER SENSEI'S PREDICTION PROVED ACCURATE--

--AS CONTACT WITH THE *HAND* MADE HER A *TWISTED* SOUL.

SHE WAS NEVER *TOTALLY* EVIL, STONE. I CAN'T BELIEVE SHE WAS.

NO. HER LOVE FOR *YOU*, MATTHEW MURDOCK, WAS HER WEAKNESS. SHE FOUGHT A *WAR* WITH HERSELF-- AND LOST. SHE WAS *SLAIN*, BY A RIVAL ASSASSIN...

...AND BURIED HERE, IN NEW YORK. BUT NOW YOU SAY THE HAND WANTS TO DIG HER UP--

--AND BRING HER BACK TO *LIFE?*

IT IS IN THEIR POWER-- NO STRANGER THAN THE *THOUGHT-SPEAK* WE NOW EMPLOY.

I AM THE *LAST* OF MY KIND. STICK, THE REST-- ARE *GONE*. THE HAND WILL *USE* ELEKTRA -- TO ELIMINATE ME.

SO WE MUST *DESTROY* HER BODY, BEFORE--

THEY'RE *HERE!*

YES.

BUT LET THEM *BEGIN* THE EXHUMATION. WE WANT THEM AT THEIR LEAST *WARY*.

THEY'RE *DIGGING*--

ANOTHER MOMENT...

NOW.

STAN LEE PRESENTS

RESURRECTION

STARRING

DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

JIM SHOOTER
SUPERVISOR
DENNY-
O'NEIL
EDITOR
FRANK
MILLER
WRITER
STORY-
TELLER
JOE ROSEN
Letterer
KLAUS JANSON
PENCILLER
INKER
COLORIST

WE *HAVE* THEM! THEY--

DO IT, NATASHA!

FOP FOP FOP

HAVE *FUN*, BOYS!

ONE GOOD THING ABOUT BEING *BLIND*-- TEAR GAS CAN'T MAKE ME ANY *BLINDER*.

NOW LET'S FIND OUT WHAT MY OTHER, *HEIGHTENED* SENSES CAN DO.

MY *HEARING* READS A *HEARTBEAT*...

...*HERE!*

WHUDD

WHOK

AND MY BUILT-IN *RADAR* GIVES ME TWO MORE--HERE...

...AND *HERE!*

WHOK

WHUP WHUP

THAT *SOUND*-- WHAT...

HU

IT'S A *HELICOPTER!* *THAT'S* HOW THEY'RE MOVING THE BODY!

IF STONE CAN'T CATCH UP WITH THEM, BEFORE THEY--

THEY *HAVE* HER!

AT LEAST WE'RE STILL *ALIVE.*

THANKS TO OUR *ACE-IN-THE-HOLE...*

NATASHA...THE *BLACK WIDOW* ...JET-SET *SUPERSPY...*

IDIOT! AMATEUR!

YOU PRATTLE LIKE A *CHILD*-- WHILE WE SUFFER *DEFEAT* AFTER *DEFEAT!*

I...I AM *SORRY.* IT WAS *MY* PLAN THAT LOST THIS DAY FOR US. I SHOULD NOT REPRIMAND YOU...

I HAVE FOUGHT IN THIS WAR FOR TOO LONG... I AM *WEARY...*

MAN, AM I *BUSHED!*

WHERE'S *LUCAS*, ANYWAY?

DUNNO. SHOULD'VE RELIEVED US TEN MINUTES AGO.

NUTS. I OUGHTTA PUT HIM ON *REPORT.*

COOL YER JETS. THE *KINGPIN'D* HAVE HIS *HEAD.*

BESIDES, WHAT'S TEN MINUTES IN A MAN'S--

URRGH!

FUP

FUP

...RIGHT, *KINGPIN.* YER THE BOSS.

I'LL RUN RIGHT--

HEY!

AHGGG

WHAT'RE YOU--

YOU'RE *DEAD,* KINGPIN.

WHUMP

WHO SENT YOU? QUICKLY.

I AIN'T ...AHGG

IT WAS INJUN JOE...

THANK YOU.

SNAP

BOSS-- I HEARD SHOTS! AND LOUIE, HE'S DEAD! WHAT'S...

WE HAVE TROUBLE, FLINT.

MUTINY.

MY CONTROL OVER THE EAST COAST MOBS IS SLIPPING. WE MUST DEMONSTRATE TO THEM THAT I AM NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH--

--WE MUST MAKE THEM AWARE OF HOW VERY MUCH THEY NEED ME.

I GOT LINES OUT FOR A NEW ENFORCER...

KEEP THOSE LINES OUT, FLINT.

I SHALL TRY TO FORMULATE ANOTHER SOLUTION...

BUT YOU TRIED *BEFORE*, MURDOCK.

YOU COULD NOT FIND WHERE THE *NINJA* HIDE.

I COULDN'T FIND THEM BY *MYSELF*.

SO I'M GETTING *HELP*.

BUT *WHO*--?

HE'S *GONE*!

I'M *WORRIED* ABOUT HIM, STONE.

YOU SHOULD BE.

HE IS AN *ODD* ONE.

JUST AS STICK REJECTED *ELEKTRA*, SO HE COULD NOT ENLIST *DAREDEVIL*--

--THE ADVENTURER CANNOT *CONTROL* HIS PASSIONS.

EMOTIONS ARE DANGEROUS TO US, IN THIS STRUGGLE. I FEAR HIS MAY BE *HOT* ENOUGH...TO MAKE HIM *BETRAY* US.

HE LOVED ELEKTRA. HE MAY STILL CARRY HER IN HIS HEART.

WHEN THE TIME COMES--IF COME IT DOES--CAN WE COUNT ON HIS AID? WILL HE HELP US STOP HER RESURRECTION?

OR WILL HE BECOME OUR *ENEMY*?

HE'S A *GOOD* MAN, STONE.

YES. PERHAPS STICK COULD HAVE TAUGHT HIM THE *WAY*. BUT STICK IS *DEAD*.

AND I GROW *OLD*.

AND THERE IS *NO ONE* TO REPLACE ME...

ELEKTRA

...ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE A BIT *UNSTABLE*, DAREDEVIL.

IT IS SAD TO SEE YOU GO INSANE. YOU WERE AN *ENTERTAINING* FOE.

I'M *SERIOUS*, KINGPIN.

IF I CAN'T FIND THE HIDEOUT OF THE *HAND*-- AND SOON-- ELEKTRA WILL BE BROUGHT BACK TO *LIFE!*

PREPOSTEROUS.

BUT EVEN IF IT WERE SO-- WHO AM I TO WISH OTHERWISE?

I HAVE BEEN TRYING TO FILL HER POSITION IN MY ORGANIZATION EVER SINCE SHE *DIED.*

IF SHE RETURNS, SHE'LL SERVE THE *HAND.*

WILL YOU FIND THEM FOR ME?

YES...

...BUT THERE IS SOMETHING YOU MUST DO FOR *ME*, IN RETURN...

...DON'T LIKE THIS, TURK. I MEAN, S'POSE THE KINGPIN WUZN'T KILLED? WHEN HE COMES DOWN ON SOMEBODY, HE COMES DOWN *HARD*.

AN' *INJUN JOE*, HE'S GONE AND...

SHADDUP, GROTTO.

GOT YOU OUTTA THE *SLAMMER*, DIDN'T HE?

I JUST SORTA TAGGED ALONG WHEN HE SPRUNG *HISSELF*, IS ALL. DON'T MEAN I GOTTA STAND *GUARD*...

AW, NO...

EASY, GROTTO, I'LL HANDLE THIS.

NICE NIGHT, HUH?

NICE NIGHT.

SPOK

HOW MANY IN THE *WAREHOUSE*?

INJUN JOE AND FOUR.

THEY GOT GUNS.

THEY ALWAYS DO.

KRAK

CLUDD

DAREDEVIL?!

WOK

YOU'RE *FINISHED*, HORNHEAD!

KRAK

NOT TONIGHT.

CHUDDD

THE *POLICE* GET THESE MEN, AS AGREED.

SURE.

AND THE *KINGPIN* SAYS *'THANKS.'*

THANKS, I *DON'T* NEED.

THE *ADDRESS*--

SURE.

IT'S AN ABANDONED *CHURCH*...

THE OINTMENTS ARE *APPLIED.*

BEGIN.

LET YOUR LIFE'S BLOOD *FLOW* TO HER. ELEKTRA MUST *LIVE*-- TO SERVE THE *HAND.*

AND SERVE US SHE SHALL. THOUGH SHE WAS *DIFFICULT* TO CONTROL--THOUGH SHE *ABANDONED* OUR CAUSE--

--THIS CEREMONY SHALL MAKE HER *OURS,* FOREVER.

NOW, MY BROTHERS. IT IS *TIME.*

EMPTY YOUR *SOULS* TO ELEKTRA...

YOUR *BLOOD* IS HERS...

YOUR *LIVES*-- YOUR *FLESH*-- *HERS*...

AH...

SHE IS *CLOSE*...

NO!

NOT NOW!

FOOLS!

WE ARE PREPARED. WE ARE MANY.

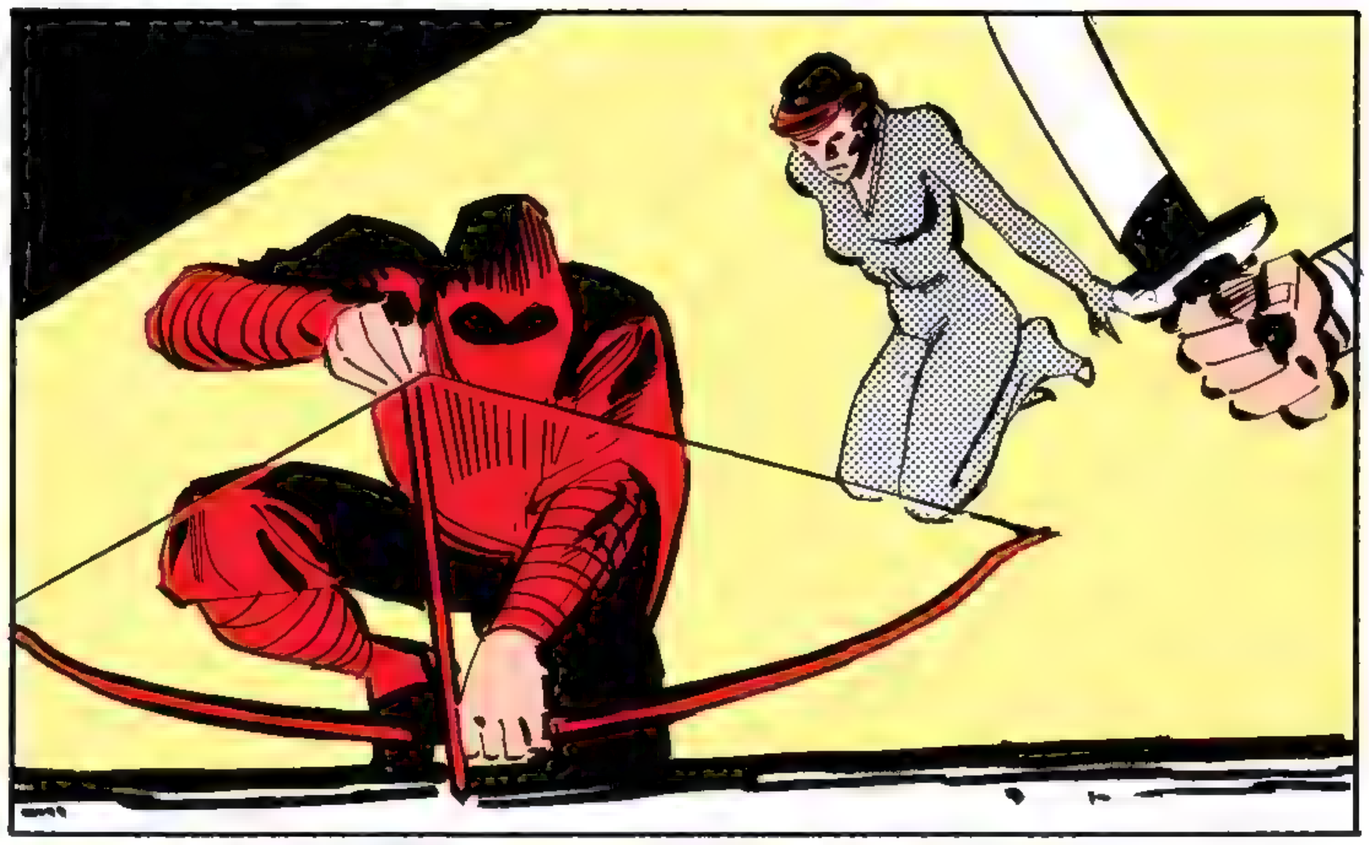
THEY SURE ARE.

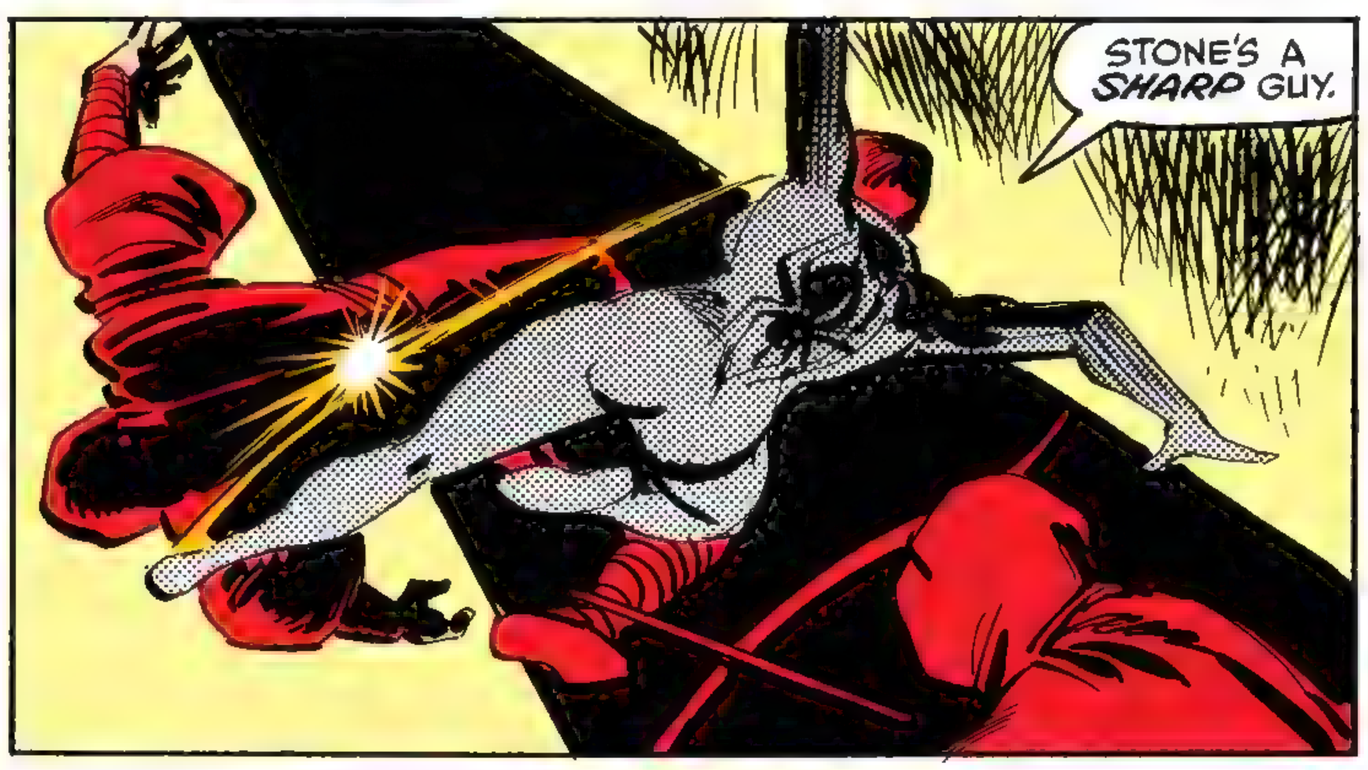
JOINT'S CRAWLING WITH THEM.

THEN-- LET THEM BURN.

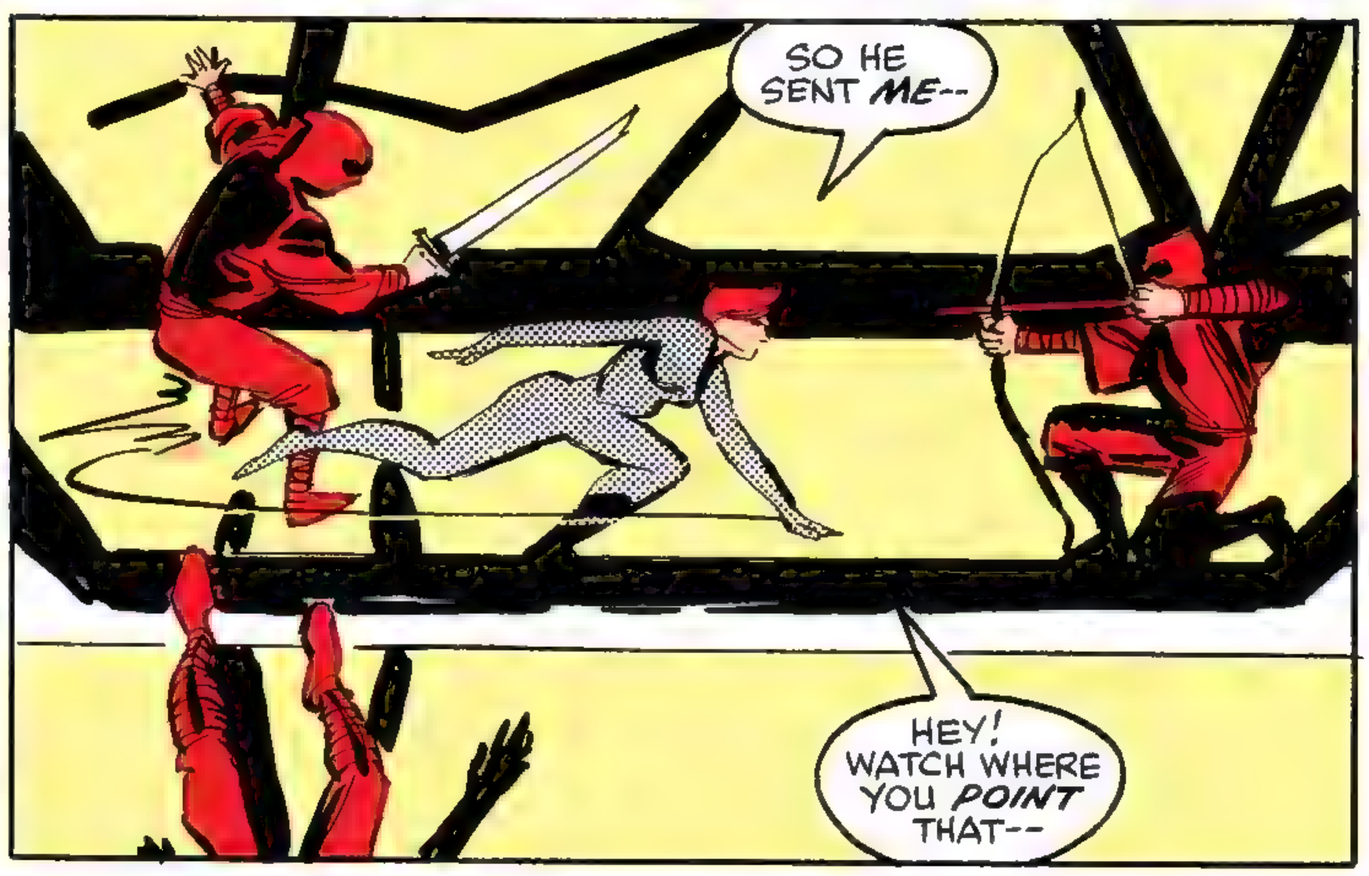
FOMP

EEHOOM
THAT WILL SLOW THEM...
...LONG ENOUGH...




STONE'S A SHARP GUY.

HE FIGURED THERE'D BE ARCHERS IN THE RAFTERS.


SO HE SENT ME--
HEY! WATCH WHERE YOU POINT THAT--

GUARD MY *BACK*, MURDOCK.

WHILE I DO... WHAT I *MUST.*

WHAT THE...

A *HEARTBEAT...!*

STONE-- I HEARD A *HEART-BEAT*...

MY *BACK*, MURDOCK.

I AM *IMPERVIOUS*-- BUT ONLY WHEN I AM *AWARE* OF AN ATTACK.

IN ALL THIS *SMOKE* AND *FLAME*, I CANNOT--

AHHHGG!

CHAK

IDIOT...

THEY... ARE *UPON* US!

DAREDEVIL-- *HELP* ME!

THE WOUND IS *DEEP*-- EVEN WITH MY *STRENGTH*, I...

DAREDEVIL...

NO HEARTBEAT *NOW*... BUT I *HEARD* ONE...

I *DID*...

IT WILL NOT *WORK*, MURDOCK.

YOU ARE NOT *TRAINED*...

I LOVE YOU, ELEKTRA.

IF THERE'S ANY WAY TO BRING YOU *BACK*-- I'LL *DO* IT--

--EVEN IF IT *KILLS* ME!

...YOU DO NOT KNOW THE *WAY*...

MURDOCK-- *HELP* ME--

STICK SAID... IT'S JUST A MATTER...

...OF MOVING *ENERGY*...

ELEKTRA...

MURDOCK...

YOUR FRIEND IS *FALLEN*, STONE.

SOON *YOU* SHALL FALL, AS WELL...

I COULDN'T *DO* IT, ELEKTRA.

JUST DON'T KNOW *HOW*...

I'M *SORRY*...

BRAKAB

RAKABRA

RAKAB

REMEMBER THE *ORDERS*, MEN.

ONLY THE *BLACK* ONES.

KCHOW

HERE'S THE *WIDDER*. HURT -- BUT *ALIVE*.

GET HER OUTTA HERE.

ZEKE -- TAKE CARE OF *HORNHEAD*.

WHAT ABOUT THE *BIG* ONE?

HE'S ... A *FRIEND*.

YOU MEN ... WHO *SENT* YOU? ...

WHO ELSE?

THE *KINGPIN*.

THE *KINGPIN*...?

BUT *WHY*...

NASTY *CUT* YA GOT THERE, PAL. LET'S --

HEY!

LEAVE ME.

OKAY.

FIRE'S SPREADING!
LET'S GO!
AND SO IT ENDS.
WHAT...
...SOMETHING ABOUT HER...
SHE...SHE IS CLEAN!
HOW...
IT WAS MURDOCK.
SOMEHOW, IN HIS FUTILE ATTEMPT TO REVIVE HER...
...HE HAS PURGED HER...
SHE IS CLEAN.
AND I...AM WEARY...

CONFUSED, DAREDEVIL?

KINGPIN...

YOU WONDER WHY I SAVED YOUR LIFE, DO YOU NOT?

CONSIDER IT AN *ILLUSTRATION* --OF THE *TRUE NATURE* OF OUR RELATIONSHIP.

YOUR ATTACK ON *INJUN JOE* HAS SERVED TO QUELL A *MUTINY* IN MY ORGANIZATION. IT DEMONSTRATED TO THE MOBS THAT YOU ARE A COMMON ENEMY, AGAINST WHOM THEY NEED *PROTECTION*--

--PROTECTION THAT *I* PROVIDE.

CONSIDER ALSO, DAREDEVIL, THAT WHEN YOU NEEDED TO *FIND* THIS HIDEOUT, YOU DID NOT CONTACT THE *POLICE*.

YOU CAME TO *ME*.

WE *NEED* EACH OTHER, DAREDEVIL. WE ARE *PARTNERS*, AFTER A FASHION.

WE ARE THE *POWER* IN THIS CITY.

MATT-- WHERE'S *STONE*?

I DON'T KNOW. HE...

HE'S STILL IN THE *CHURCH*-- *WOUNDED*--

THE *FIRE*--

I DON'T THINK HE'S IN HERE, NATASHA.

ELEKTRA'S **BODY** IS GONE. HE MUST'VE TAKEN IT, AND...

I GUESS...HE JUST DID WHAT HE HAD TO DO...

WE ALL DO WHAT WE HAVE TO, MATT.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY *THAT* REMARK?

NOTHING.

LET'S GO HOME.

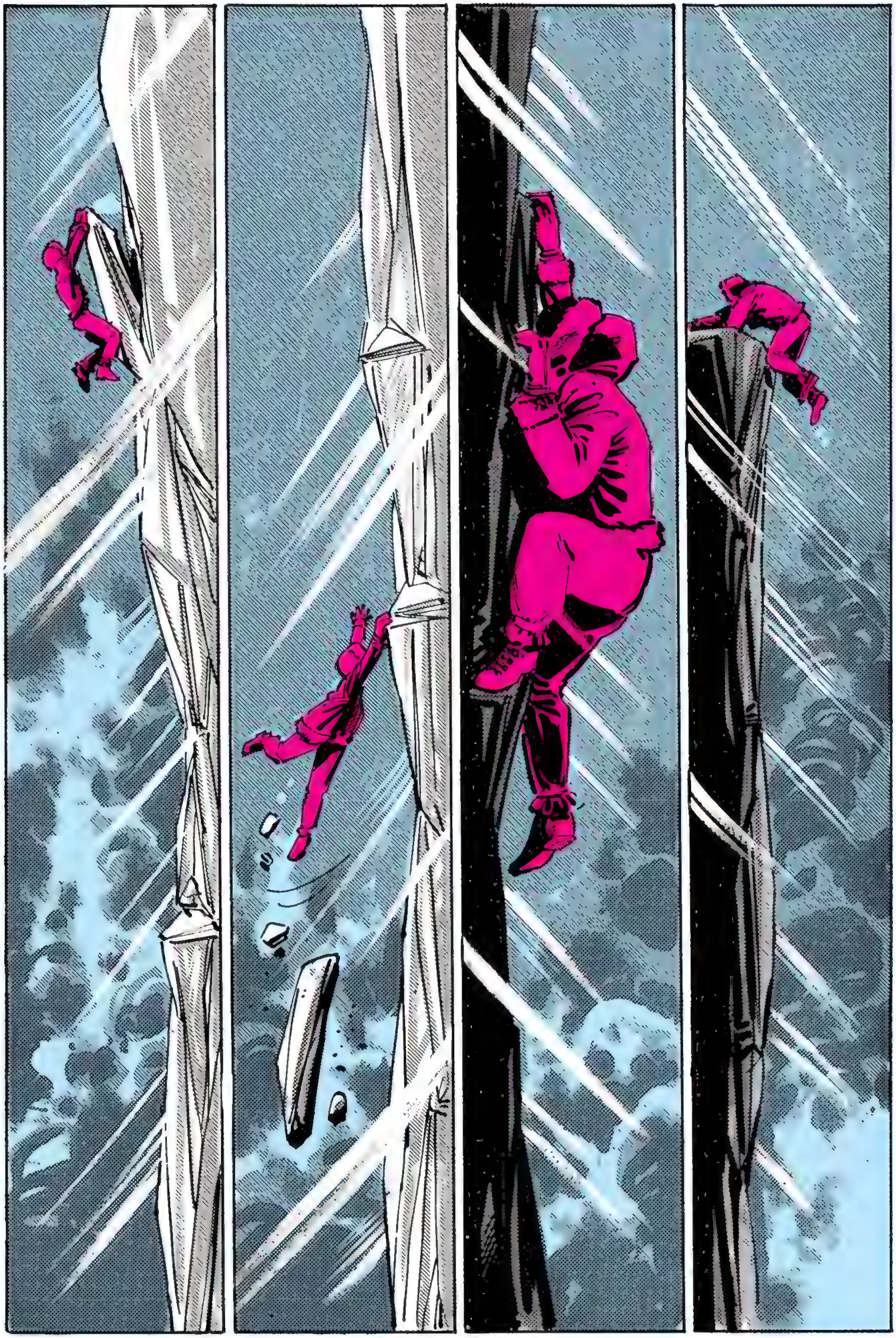
epilogue

HE MUST NEVER KNOW.

HE MUST SEEK HIS OWN DESTINY, LIVE THE LIFE HE KNOWS -- AND PERHAPS, IN TIME, FORGET HER.

SHE SEEKS A DESTINY OF HER OWN.

SHE SCALES A WALL THAT CANNOT BE SCALED...



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DAREDEVIL®

HOW DOES A MAN SEARCH FOR HIS OWN SOUL?

THIS IS A 38 CALIBRE REVOLVER, MANUFACTURED IN HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

IT IS ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR HANDGUNS IN AMERICA.

IT IS NOT A TARGET PISTOL.

NOR IS IT USEFUL FOR HUNTING ANIMALS, LARGE OR SMALL, AS ITS ACCURACY CANNOT BE GUARANTEED FOR LONG-DISTANCE SHOOTING.

NO. THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THIS WEAPON IS GOOD FOR.

ONLY ONE REASON IT'S BOUGHT, STOLEN, OR SMUGGLED ONTO THE ISLAND OF MANHATTAN.

IT KILLS PEOPLE.

FRANK MILLER
WRITER/PENCILER

TERRY AUSTIN
INKER

LYNN VARLEY
COLORIST

JOE ROSEN
LETTERER

DENNY O'NEIL
EDITOR

STAN LEE PRESENTS

ROULETTE

KLIK

YOU MUST BE WONDERING WHY I CAME HERE, BULLSEYE. WHY *DAREDEVIL*, MAN WITHOUT FEAR, IDOL OF MILLIONS, WASTES A LOVELY AUTUMN EVENING IN THE COMPANY OF HIS DEADLIEST ENEMY.

THE ANSWER'S SIMPLE ENOUGH.

I'M HERE TO PLAY A GAME WITH YOU.

IT'S CALLED *ROULETTE*. BUT NOT THE KIND YOU PLAY IN A CASINO.

TRADITIONALLY, ROULETTE TAKES ONE BULLET, ONE GUN, AND TWO IDIOTS.

THAT'S US.

THE TWO IDIOTS TAKE TURNS POINTING THE PISTOL AT THEIR OWN HEADS AND PULLING THE TRIGGER.

THE LUCKY IDIOT *LIVES*.

YOU FEEL *LUCKY*, BULLSEYE?

IT'S YOUR *TURN*.

KLIK

HOPE YOU DON'T MIND ME DOING THE HONORS *FOR* YOU LIKE THAT, BULLSEYE. IT'S JUST THAT I DON'T WANT YOU TO MISS OUT ON ALL THE *FUN*, AND YOU...

...WELL, WHY BE POLITE? YOU'RE *PARALYZED*. CAN'T MOVE A MUSCLE IN YOUR WHOLE *BODY*. CAN'T EVEN *TALK*. AND THAT'S TOO BAD. YEAH...

TOO BAD *I* DID IT FOR YOU.

...

OF COURSE, IN A WAY, YOU DID *WORSE* TO ME...

YES... MUCH WORSE ...

YOU MURDERED *ELEKTRA*...

...THE WOMAN I *LOVED*.

MAYBE THAT'S WHY I WANT TO PLAY THIS GAME. BUT I DON'T THINK SO.

NO, YOU KILLED ELEKTRA *MONTHS* AGO -- AND WHILE THAT'S MADE ME DO SOME *CRAZY* THINGS, IT'S NOT WHAT BROUGHT ME HERE. NOT DIRECTLY.

IT'S *CHUCKIE*. *HE* BROUGHT ME HERE.

LET ME EXPLAIN...

I WAS IN MY *SECRET IDENTITY* --AS *MATT MURDOCK*, FIRST CLASS *ATTORNEY*-- WHEN I MET CHUCKIE. THE SECRET IDENTITY CAN BE A *RELIEF*, BULLSEYE. WHEN I'M MURDOCK, I DON'T HAVE TO USE MY AMPLIFIED SENSES TO PRETEND I'M NOT *BLIND*.

ANYWAY, IT TOOK MY PARTNER AN HOUR AND A HALF TO CONVINCE ME TO REPRESENT *HANK JURGENS*. I'D ARGUED THAT IT WAS A JOB FOR A FIRST YEAR PUBLIC DEFENDER. FOGGY'D TOLD ME IT WOULD BE GOOD *THERAPY*.

122

MISTER MURDOCK, COME *IN*...

...SO GLAD YOU COULD COME *BY*.

GUESS YOU COULDN'T RESIST A *HOME COOKED* MEAL. GOOD FOR THE *SOUL*.

CHUCKIE! WHAT'RE YOU *DOIN'*, BOY?

WATCHIN' THAT *VIDEO MACHINE* AGAIN, THE *DAREDEVIL* TAPE, RIGHT?

I SWEAR...WHY COULDN'T I HAVE A SON WHO WATCHES *FOOTBALL* WITH ME, LIKE A *NORMAL* BOY?

DINNER TIME, BOY. GET YOUR *HANDS* WASHED.

SORRY, POPPA.

YES, POPPA.

TAPE'S FROM ONE OF THEM *TV* SPECIALS, SHOWIN' WHEN DAREDEVIL CLOBBERED THAT *BULLS-EYE* IN A *TV STUDIO*.

HAPPENED A YEAR OR TWO BACK.

I... HEARD ABOUT IT.

YEAH, THAT'S *RIGHT*. GUESS YOU COULDN'T HAVE *SEEN* IT.

WELL, YOU AIN'T *MISSIN'* NOTHING, MURDOCK.

THOSE TV PEOPLE LOOK OUT FOR ANY CHANCE TO SHOW SOMETHING *VIOLENT*... OR *WORSE*.

KLIK

...AND THAT'S WHY ME AND THE LITTLE LADY HERE JOINED *CITIZENS BOYCOTT FOR MORALITY.*

FIGURE *SOMEBODY'S* GOTTA HELP THE TV PEOPLE FROM TURNING OUR CHILDREN INTO *SEX MANIACS.*

PASS MR. MURDOCK THE *TATERS*, BOY.

THANKS.

ABOUT YOUR *CASE*, MR. JURGENS...

HANK. CALL ME *HANK.* IT'S A *GOOD* NAME.

WELL, I'M *INNOCENT*, OF COURSE. IT'S ALL THE FAULT OF *SAM JUTTER*, THAT BUM-- SPREADIN' *LIES*--

BOY-- PASS ME THE *ROLLS.*

THEY'RE *CONVINCING* LIES... HANK

MR. JUTTER SAYS YOU EMBEZZLED *THOUSANDS.*

BOY...

...WHAT'D I TELL YOU TO PASS ME?

THE ROLLS.

AND WHAT'RE THESE?

BEETS.

YOU GOT SOMETHING TO *SAY*, BOY?

I'M SORRY, POPPA.

I SWEAR. KIDS THESE DAYS. NO DARN *GOOD.*

JUTTER'S JUST A JEALOUS *BUM*, IS ALL. I GOT THE PROMOTION *HE* WAS AFTER--AND HE'S BEEN SITTIN' ON A TACK EVER *SINCE.*

I STILL DON'T HAVE THOSE *ROLLS*, BOY.

BOY?

BOY, YOU OFF PLAYIN' *DAREDEVIL* AGAIN?

ANSWER YOUR POPPA, BOY.

NOT PLAYING.

I *AM* DAREDEVIL.

LIZ...

YOU SAID YOU'D TALK TO THE BOY. YOU SAID HE'D BE GOOD.

I'M SORRY, HANK.

BAD ENOUGH THAT BOY CRIES TILL HE'S *PURPLE* WHENEVER WE TAKE HIS *VIDEO-TAPE* AWAY. BAD *ENOUGH.*

BUT HOW'M I SUPPOSED TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION ON MURDOCK HERE WHEN MY BOY CAN'T SO MUCH AS PASS THE ROLLS WITHOUT ACTIN' *CRAZY?*

I'M *NOT* CRAZY!

AND I *AM* DAREDEVIL. SOMETIMES.

DON'T TALK BACK AT YOUR POPPA, BOY.

BUT I...

MY STOMACH HURTS. CAN I GO TO BED?

YOU'LL SIT AND EAT YOUR FOOD AND YOU WON'T TALK *CRAZY,* BOY.

BUT MY *STOMACH...*

SORRY, POPPA. I'M SORRY.

IT WAS *AFTER* DINNER THAT JURGENS SHOWED ME HIS *GUN*...

WISH YOU COULD *SEE* HER, MURDOCK. SHE'S A *BEAUTY.* REGULAR *PEACE-MAKER.*

AND DON'T YOU WORRY NONE. I GOT ME A *LICENSE* FOR THIS BABY. YES, SIR.

MY FAMILY'S PROTECTED.

YEAH, THAT JURGENS WAS A REAL *TREAT.*

BUT IT WAS HIS *SON*-- *CHUCKIE*--WHO INTERESTED ME. I HAD TO UNDERSTAND THE EFFECT I HAD ON HIM.

SO, A FEW DAYS LATER, I PAID HIM A *VISIT,* AT HIS SCHOOL...

NO--YOU DON'T *REMEMBER,* CAUSE *BULLSEYE* HIT YOU ON THE HEAD!

YOU'RE THE *BLACK WIDOW*-- AND I'M YOUR PARTNER, *DAREDEVIL*--

YOU'RE *WEIRD,* CHUCKIE!

C'MON-- LET'S GO *PLAY!*

YEAH. LET CHUCKIE GO *FLY* SOMEWHERE.

I *CAN'T* FLY.

BUT I CAN JUMP AROUND BUILDINGS LIKE--

CHUCKIE?

HE SEEMED TO BE A SWEET ENOUGH KID--MORE IN NEED OF SOME HONEST *FUN* THAN ANYTHING ELSE.

AND ME, I COULD'VE USED A ROUND OR TWO OF *APPLAUSE.*

SO I TOOK CHUCKIE ON THE RIDE OF HIS LIFE.

AW, DON'T STOP *NOW!*

YOU'RE DUE BACK AT *SCHOOL*, CHUCKIE.

YEAH, BUT... I MEAN, I NEVER MET YOU BEFORE!

I MEAN I *BEEN* YOU, SOMETIMES I AM, BUT I NEVER *MET* YOU!

AND YOU'RE MY *HERO!*

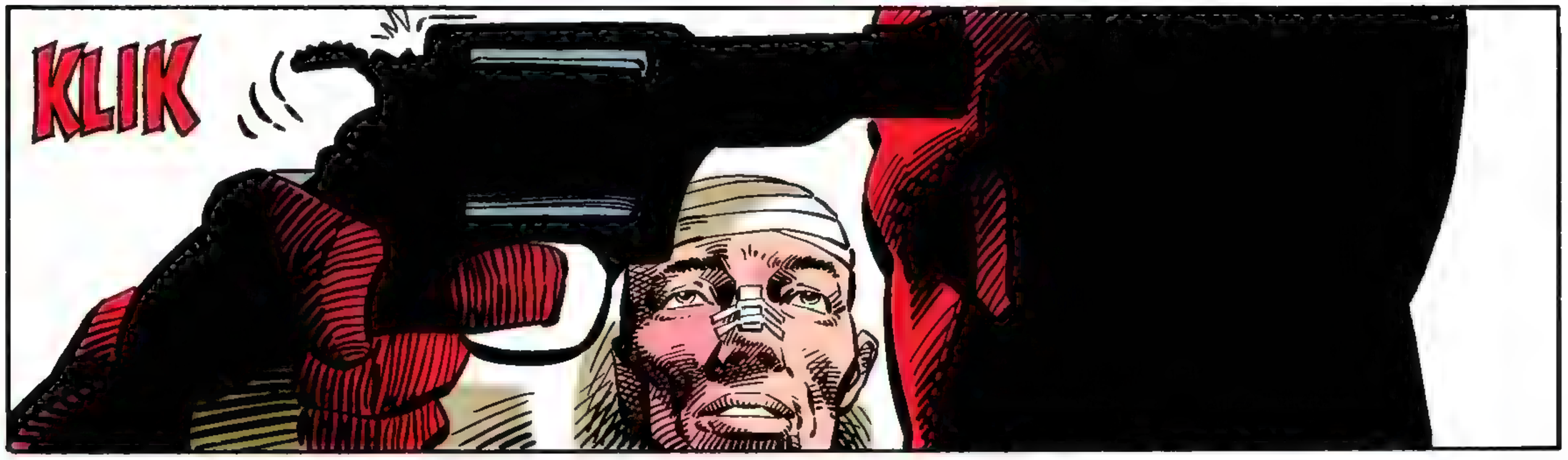
YEAH, YOU'RE *EXCELLENT!*

WHEN SOMEBODY GETS IN YOUR WAY, YOU *GIVE* IT TO THEM--

POW

NOBODY TELLS YOU WHAT TO DO!

YOU'RE *FREE*...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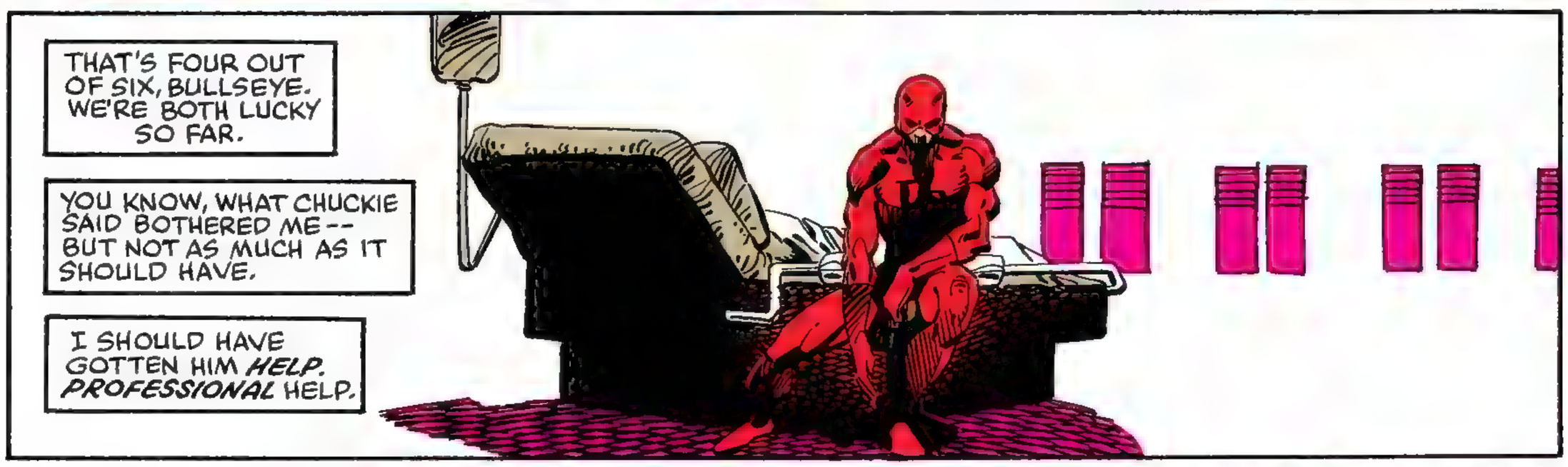

THAT'S FOUR OUT OF SIX, BULLSEYE. WE'RE BOTH LUCKY SO FAR.
YOU KNOW, WHAT CHUCKIE SAID BOTHERED ME -- BUT NOT AS MUCH AS IT SHOULD HAVE.
I SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN HIM *HELP.* *PROFESSIONAL* HELP.

FACT IS, I WAS *CHARMED.* NOT TO MENTION *THRILLED* TO FIND MYSELF ADMIRED.
SO THRILLED I DIDN'T LOOK TOO CLOSELY AT WHAT I WAS BEING ADMIRED *FOR.*

AND THE *LAST* THING I SHOULD HAVE DONE -- THE *VERY* LAST -- WAS TO *ENCOURAGE* CHUCKIE'S FANTASY.
THAT, I FOUND OUT WHEN I WENT TO QUESTION THE *PLAINTIFF* IN THE JURGENS CASE...

PSST! MURDOCK!

THINGS COULD GET *ROUGH* HERE. Y'BETTER HANG *BACK.*

CHUCKIE?!

DAREDEVIL. AND I'M ON THE *PROWL.* Y'SEE, THAT *JUTTER* GUY HAS IT IN FOR A *GOOD GUY.*

I'M GONNA *CLEAR* HIM.

CHUCKIE, YOU HAVE TO *LISTEN* TO ME.

YOU'RE *NOT* DAREDEVIL. YOU *CAN'T* HELP YOUR *DAD--*

AM!

GET IN MY WAY, AND I'LL *CLOBBER--*

HUH?

CAR STARTING. IT'S *JUTTER--* HE'S *SKIPPING!*

I BETTER--

GO *HOME,* CHUCKIE!

THEN I DO MY *SECOND* DUMB DEED FOR THE DAY. I WAS SO CURIOUS ABOUT WHERE JUTTER WAS GOING THIS LATE AT NIGHT THAT I FORGOT ABOUT CHUCKIE--

--AND DASHED OFF TO SWITCH TO *DD.*

UNFORTUNATELY, CHUCKIE DIDN'T NEED TO SWITCH.

KLIK

THAT'S FIVE.

LUCKY ME.

GUESS THIS IS *IT*, BULLSEYE. BUT I'D BETTER FINISH MY STORY FIRST.

JUTTER RODE TO *CENTRAL PARK*-- WHERE BOTH CHUCKIE AND I RAN INTO A BIT OF A *SURPRISE*...

WELL, MY FRIEND... PERHAPS YOU'VE COME TO YOUR *SENSES?*

YOU'RE TRYING TO *SQUEEZE* ME, JUTTER.

THE VOICE *CONFIRMED* THE IDENTITY OF THE ROUGH SILHOUETTE MY *RADAR-SENSE* PROVIDED ME...

JURGENS.

...POPPA!

GET IT, BULLSEYE? UNDERSTAND? JUTTER MEETS JURGENS. THEY TALK--

--AND IT DOESN'T TAKE A GENIUS TO FIGURE OUT THAT, IN THIS CASE, NOBODY'S CLEAN.

EXCEPT CHUCKIE...

...BLACKMAIL IS WHAT IT'S CALLED, JURGENS. AND YOU'RE GONNA PAY IT.

ELSE I'M FOLLOWING MY ACCUSATIONS WITH THESE PHOTOSTATS.

WEASEL-- YOU WON'T.

YOU'LL JUST HAND THEM RIGHT OVER--

--OR I'LL BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT!

EH... YOU'RE JOKING...

POPPA! WHAT...

YOU--YOU GO ON HOME, BOY.

DO WHAT YOUR POPPA SAYS AND GO ON HOME.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, JURGENS?

SHOOT YOUR OWN CHILD?

I'LL SHOOT YOU--

I WAS *COCKY--ANGRY.*
I TOOK MY *TIME*
WITH JURGENS...

...MY *THIRD*
DUMB MOVE.

CHUCKIE WAS, IN HIS OWN WAY, A *DEVOTED* SON. HIS FATHER MAY HAVE BEEN HIS ONLY TETHER TO REALITY.

SO THE EPISODE IN THE PARK *DID* THINGS TO CHUCKIE. *BAD* THINGS.

I WENT TO CHECK IN ON HIM AT HOME, A WEEK LATER...

...CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT *MYSELF*, MR. MURDOCK! ALL HE DOES IS WATCH THAT AWFUL *VIDEO* AGAIN AND AGAIN...

...AND SAY SUCH *STRANGE* THINGS...

...POPPA'S *BAD*... *BAD*...

...OR DAREDEVIL WOULDNA *HIT* HIM...

...AND IF *POPPA'S* BAD...SO AM *I*...

...SO AM *I*...

ON THE VIDEOTAPE --AS IN THE TV STUDIO, WHERE IT WAS FILMED, YEARS AGO--I *WON* OUR FIGHT, BULLSEYE.

BUT IN CHUCKIE'S *MIND*--THE BATTLE RAGED *ON*.

HANK JURGENS' TRIAL COST HIS FAMILY EVERY CENT THEY HAD. SO I PUT UP THE MONEY FOR CHUCKIE'S *PSYCHOTHERAPY.*

MONTHS PASSED, AND WITH THEM, THE *TRAUMA.*

OR SO WE *THOUGHT.*

BUT THEN, ON THE DAY JURGENS WAS SENTENCED, ONE CRUEL CHILD MADE ONE REMARK TOO MANY--

--AND SOMETHING *SNAPPED* IN CHUCKIE'S MIND.

LORD ONLY KNOWS WHERE HE *FOUND* THE GUN...

...EVEN FOR *CHILDREN,* THEY'RE ALL TOO *EASY* TO COME BY.

IT WAS A 38 CALIBRE REVOLVER--

--JUST LIKE HIS POPPA'S.

WHICH RAISES THE QUESTION-- WHEN CHUCKIE PULLED THE TRIGGER, WAS HE HIS *FATHER*?--

--OR WAS HE *YOU,* BULLSEYE?--

--OR WAS HE *ME?*

THE CHILD CHUCKIE SHOT *SURVIVED,* BY THE WAY. SO DID CHUCKIE...AFTER A FASHION.

WE WON'T REALLY KNOW HOW CHUCKIE IS UNTIL HE STARTS TALKING AGAIN...

SO I KEEP ASKING MYSELF, AGAIN AND AGAIN...

...WHAT MADE CHUCKIE LIKE HE WAS?

WHAT AM I GIVING PEOPLE, BY RUNNING AROUND IN TIGHTS AND PUNCHING CROOKS? WHAT AM I *SHOWING* THEM?

AM I SHOWING THEM THAT *GOOD WINS OUT*, THAT *CRIME DOES NOT PAY*, THAT *THE CAVALRY IS ALWAYS ON ITS WAY--*

--OR AM I SHOWING THEM THAT ANY IDIOT WITH FISTS FOR BRAINS CAN GET HIS WAY IF HE'S FAST ENOUGH AND STRONG ENOUGH AND *MEAN* ENOUGH?

AM I FIGHTING VIOLENCE-- OR *TEACHING* IT?

OR AM I TO BLAME, AT ALL?

MAYBE ALL THE BLAME RESTS WITH CREATURES LIKE *YOU*... AND *JURGENS*...

PERHAPS... IF CHUCKIE HAD A FATHER LIKE *MINE*...

THERE WAS A MAN, BULLSEYE. HE MADE HIS SON *PROUD*.

IF NOT FOR *HIM*-- THERE NEVER WOULD'VE *BEEN* A DAREDEVIL.

YOU SEE, THE AMPLIFIED *SENSES*-- THOSE I *HAD*, FOR *YEARS* BEFORE I BECAME DAREDEVIL.

AND THE *FIGHTING SKILLS*, THE *ACROBATICS* --THEY'RE JUST *TOOLS*.

BUT THE *MAN*-- HE HAD TO BE *INSPIRED*.

AS A BOXER, *BATTLIN' JACK MURDOCK* WAS SECOND RATE. BUT AS A *FATHER*-- AND AS A *MAN*-- HE WAS ONE OF THE *BEST.*

AND WHEN THE TIME CAME TO *PROVE* IT-- HE WAS *READY.*

ALL THE ODDS WERE AGAINST HIM, THAT FATEFUL NIGHT IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. HE HARDLY STOOD A CHANCE-- AND HE KNEW IT.

HE FACED A *YOUNGER* FIGHTER. A *BETTER* FIGHTER.

AND THE *GANGSTERS*-- THOSE FAT, SWEATY, CIGAR-SMOKING *MONSTERS* WHO'D CATAPULTED HIM, WITH 'FIXED' FIGHTS, TO A TITLE MATCH WHEN HE WAS *YEARS* PAST HIS PRIME--THEY *ABANDONED* HIM.

THEY ORDERED HIM TO *LOSE* THE FIGHT --OR *ELSE.*

MAYBE IT WAS BECAUSE HE SAW ME OUT THERE IN THE CROWD... OR MAYBE IT WAS JUST HIS *PRIDE* ...BUT BATTLIN' MURDOCK FOUGHT AND *WON* THE GREATEST BOUT OF HIS *CAREER*--

--THE GREATEST--

--AND THE *LAST.*

HE *DIED*--AND SHOWED ME WHAT A *MAN* IS, BULLSEYE.

THAT'S WHEN I PUT ON THIS COSTUME AND BEGAN MY ONE-MAN *WAR* ON CRIME.

IN ALL THE YEARS THAT HAVE PASSED, I'VE HELD HIS IMAGE BEFORE ME... SHINING, UNTARNISHED...

...I'M A LIAR.

MY FATHER... WAS FAR FROM THE BEST. OH, HE TRIED--VERY, VERY HARD.

BUT HE WAS FAR FROM THE BEST.

THERE'S *ANOTHER* STORY--ANOTHER PIECE OF MY LIFE, BURIED *DEEP*, KEPT FROM EVEN THOSE I'VE HELD *CLOSE*.

BEFORE...LONG BEFORE HE DIED...WHEN I WAS JUST A *BOY*...DAD MADE ME PROMISE TO *STUDY*--TO MAKE SOMETHING OF MYSELF, IN A *RESPECTABLE* PROFESSION.

MOSTLY, HE MADE ME PROMISE NEVER TO *FIGHT*--SO AFRAID, HE WAS, THAT I'D END UP LIKE HIM.

IT WAS *TOUGH*, KEEPING THE PROMISE. AND ONCE--JUST ONCE--I *FAILED*.

I WAS CHUCKIE'S AGE WHEN IT HAPPENED ...WALKING HOME FROM SCHOOL...

HEY-- *MATTIE BOY!* WHY DONTCHA *PLAY* WITH US?

AW, LEAVE OL' *DAREDEVIL* MURDOCK ALONE. HE'S GOTTA *READ.*

PLEASE-- THAT *BOOK--*

--IT'S *EXPENSIVE--*

OOOOOOOH! *'SPENSIVE!*

TELL YA *WHAT,* WIMPO. I'LL GIVE IT RIGHT BACK *ATCHA...*

STYMIE --DAD PAID FOR THAT BOOK WITH THE LAST MONEY HE *HAD!*

DONTCHA *WORRY,* MATTIE BOY. *SAID* I'D GIVE IT BACK ATCHA. AND HERE IT *COMES...*

PAGE ONE...

RRIPP

PAGE TWO...

Y'CRUMMY--

OWWW!

FIGHT! WE GOT A *FIGHT!*

IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I EVER LOST MY TEMPER.

FELT GREAT.

BUT WHEN I GOT HOME, DAD WAS *DRUNK...*

WHU... WHAT *HAPPENED* TO YOU, MATT? THE *KIDS...?*

YOU OUGHTTA *SEE* THEM, DAD!

STYMIE'S GOT A *SHINER* --AND I THINK I BROKE JOCKO'S *NOSE!*

...WORK MY FINGERS TO THE *BONE*... TAKE JOBS NO *SELF-RESPECTING* MAN WOULD TAKE ...FOR *YOU*...FOR YOUR *FUTURE*...

'N YOU... Y'GO... GO AND FIGHT LIKE A...

DAD-- YOU'RE *HURTING* ME--

I'LL *HURT* YOU, ALL RIGHT...

MATT--!

'M SO SORRY...

I SPENT THE NIGHT PERCHED ON THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE, THINKING...

...THINKING ABOUT *RIGHT* AND *WRONG*...AND HOW EVEN MY *FATHER* COULD DO BAD THINGS...

...HOW EVEN *DAD* NEEDED *RULES* TO OBEY. *RULES*...LAWS.

BY MORNING, THE COURSE OF MY PROFESSIONAL LIFE WAS SET.

I WOULD BECOME AN ATTORNEY.

AND I GUESS THAT'S WHAT IT ALL COMES DOWN TO, BULLSEYE...

WHEN I FIGHT YOU, AND BEAT YOU, AND KNOW DEEP IN MY HEART THAT I'M RIGHT IN WHAT I DO...

WHEN I HATE YOU AND YOUR KIND SO FIERCELY I COULD *CRY*...

WHEN I CAN SEE THAT YOU ARE BLACK AND EVIL AND HAVE NO RIGHT TO LIVE...

WHEN, AT LAST, AT LONG LAST, I'VE GOT YOU SET SQUARELY IN MY SIGHTS...

AND I SMELL YOUR FEAR... AND IT IS *SWEET* TO SMELL...

WHEN IT COMES TO THAT ONE FINAL, FATAL ACT OF *ENDING* YOU...

KLIK

...MY GUN HAS NO BULLETS.

GUESS WE'RE *STUCK* WITH EACH OTHER, BULLSEYE.

Writer/editor Mark Gruenwald details the world of Daredevil in these entries from *The Official Handbook of the Marvel Universe* (1983-84).

DAREDEVIL

Real Name: Matthew Michael Murdock
Occupation: Lawyer
Legal status: American citizen with no criminal record
Identity: Secret
Former aliases: Michael Murdock
Place of birth: New York City
Marital status: Single
Known relatives: Jonathan "Battling Jack" Murdock (father, deceased), Grace Murdock (mother, deceased)
Group affiliation: None, former ally of the Black Widow
Base of operations: New York City
First appearance: DAREDEVIL #1

Origin: Matthew Murdock was the son of a small-time prizefighter who was determined that his son not follow in his footsteps. Though young Murdock promised his father to study hard and do well in school, he also found time for daily work-outs with his father's punching bag and weight equipment. One day while in college, Murdock saw a truck about to hit a blind man. Hurling himself in front of the truck, Murdock managed to save the man and himself from being struck. However, a canister of radioactive waste materials that the truck was carrying broke open nearby and Murdock was bombarded by radiation. This unknown radiation blinded him but also mutagenically heightened his remaining four senses and granted him an extra-sensory "radar sense." When Murdock's father was gunned down by gangsters for refusing to pretend to lose a prizefight, Murdock fashioned himself a costume and went forth to seek revenge. Catching the two men responsible for his father's death, Murdock decided to continue to use his special skills to battle crime incognito, operating under his childhood nickname, Daredevil.

Height: 6' **Weight:** 200 lbs
Eyes: Blue **Hair:** Red

Powers: Daredevil is an Olympic level athlete and gymnast, possessing extraordinary agility, endurance, skill, and balance. He has the acrobatic ability of a circus performer and the martial arts skills of a heavyweight prizefighter. Though he has studied various Oriental martial techniques as well as American boxing, Daredevil's fighting style is unique, incorporating movements and blows from many disciplines. An active weightlifter, Daredevil is able to lift (press) approximately 450 pounds.

Daredevil's only superhuman abilities are in the realm of the senses. His sense of touch is so acute that his fingers can feel the faint impressions of ink on a printed page, allowing him to read by touch. The rest of his skin is equally sensitive, enabling him by concentration to feel minute changes in the temperature and pressure of the atmoshpere around him. Even with his senses of smell and hearing blocked, he could feel the presense of a person standing five feet away simply by his or her body heat and disturbance of air. Daredevil's sense of smell is so acute that he can distinguish between identical twins at twenty feet by minute differences in smell. He can detect odors at an atmoshperic concentration of 30 parts per million. He can also enter a room and determine if a cigarette has been smoked therein within the past forty-eight hours. Further, his ability to remember smells enables him to identify any person he has spent at least five minutes with by smell alone, no matter how he or her might try to camouflage his or her natural odor. His powers of concentration are such that he can focus upon a single person's smell and follow it through a crowd of people at a distance of fifty feet. Daredevil's sense of hearing is so acute that he can detect an acoustic pressure change of 1 deciBel at a pressure level of 7 deciBels (whereas the lowest threshold for average human hearing is 20 deciBels). This enables him to hear a person's heartbeat at a distance of twenty feet, or people whispering on the other side of a standard sound-proofed glass wall. Through practice, Daredevil is able to control his hearing acuity, mentally blocking out specific sounds like his own breathing and heartbeat, all ambient sounds to a normal human level of perception, or all sounds but a particular sound he is concentrating upon. Daredevil's sense of taste is so acute that his tongue can detect the number of grains of salt on a pretzel. His ability to remember tastes enables him to determine every ingredient of any food or drink he tastes, as long as there are at least 20 milligrams of that substance present.

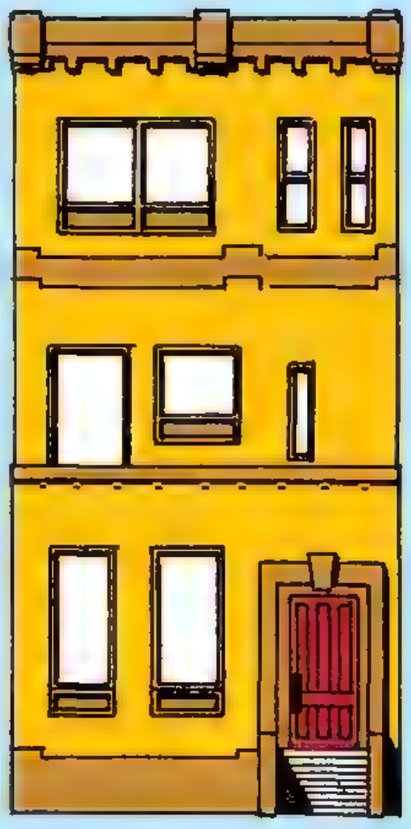
Besides his four heightened human senses, Daredevil has one para-human means of perception, his "radar sense." Daredevil's brain has several regions which are able to consciously sense that portion of the electromagnetic spectrum that his brain constantly generates. The signals emanate from the "sending regions" of both hemispheres of his brain, travel outward, bounce off objects around him, and return to the "receiving regions" of both hemispheres. In this way, he synthesizes a very close analogue of three-dimensional human sight. The resolution of this human radar could not be very fine, probably on the order of several feet at a distance of one hundred feet. Through simple repositioning of his head's sensitive regions over a space of as little as several inches, Daredevil is able to get more out of the incoming information than would seem possible. He is able to resolve an average flagpole (a three-inch cylinder) at a distance of over 80 feet.

Weapons: Daredevil carries a single weapon, a multi-purpose stick called his Billy Club. (See *Daredevil's Billy Club* on the next page.)

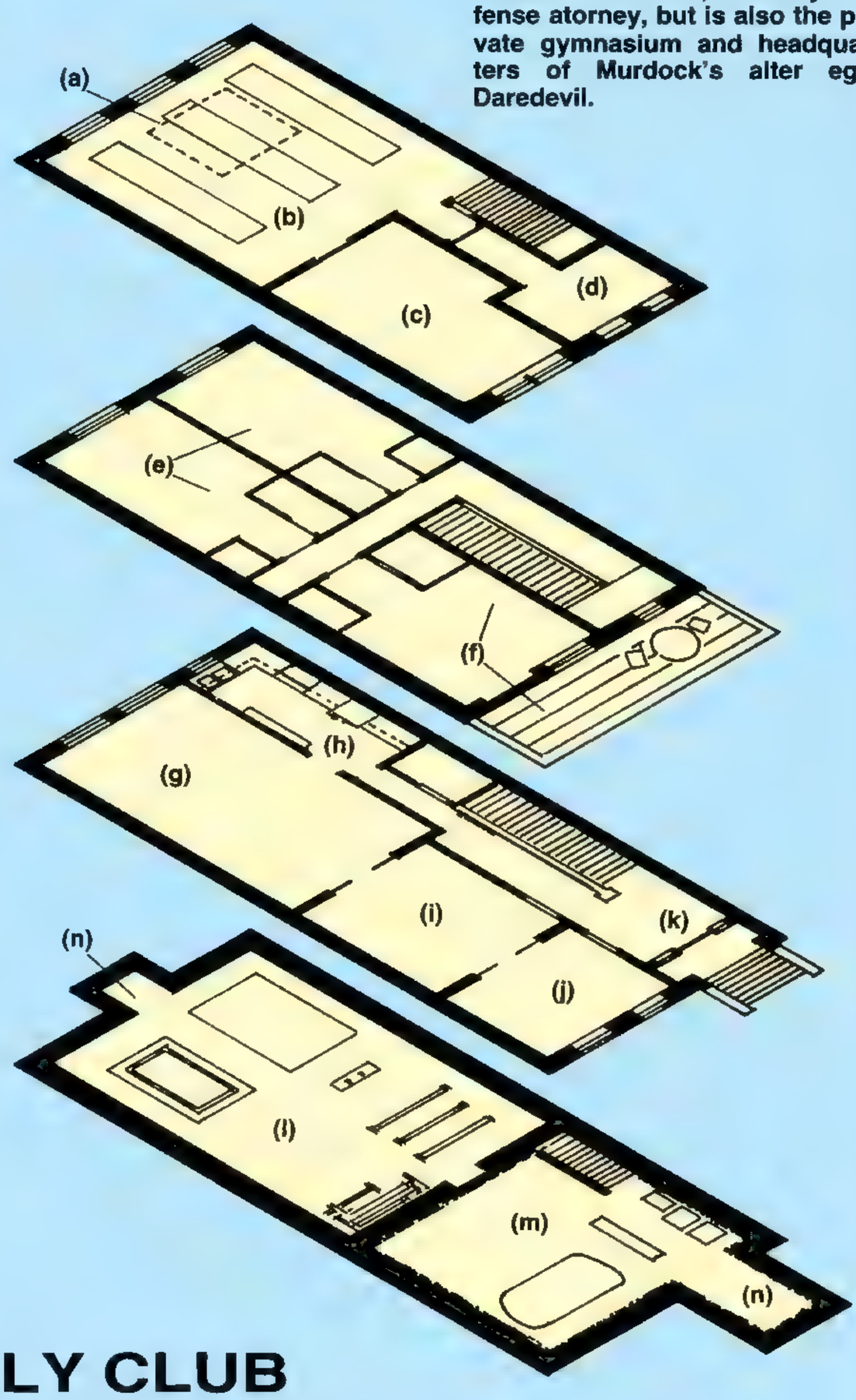
Art by Frank Miller & Josef Rubinstein

DAREDEVIL'S APARTMENT

The inconspicuous renovated three-story townhouse located at 448 E. 66th Street is leased to Matthew Murdock, wealthy defense atorney, but is also the private gymnasium and headquarters of Murdock's alter ego, Daredevil.



FACADE



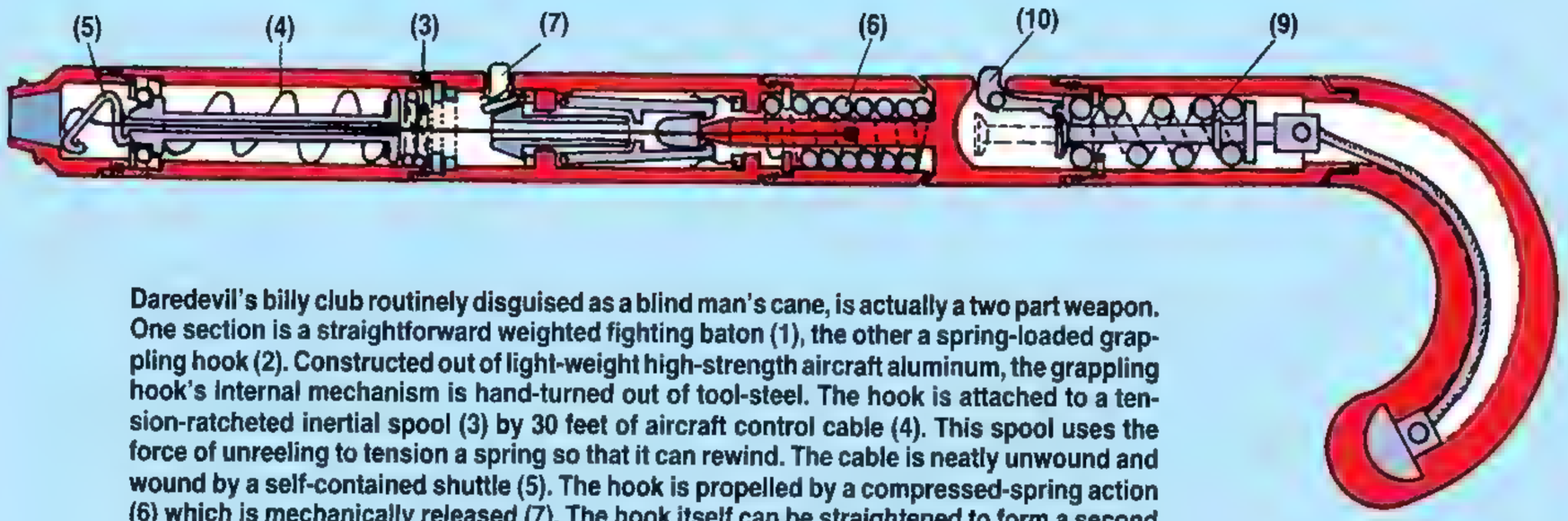
THIRD FLOOR
Skylight exit (a)
America's fourth largest individually-owned braille library (b)
Study (c)
Sculpture studio/retreat (d)

SECOND FLOOR
Two guest bedrooms (e)
Master bedroom and terrace (f)

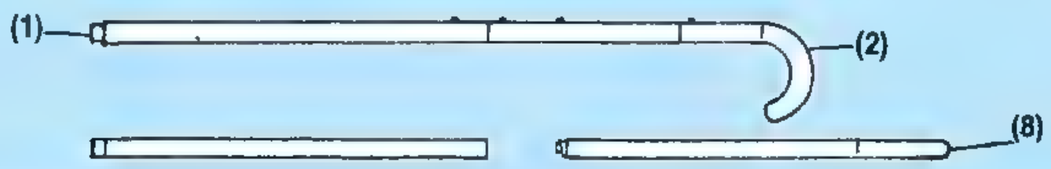
FIRST FLOOR
Dining room (g)
Kitchen (h)
Parlor (i)
Private office (j)
Foyer (k)

BASEMENT
Concealed gymnasium, trampoline, stationary ring apparatus, parallel and uneven bars, weightlifting stand (l)
Laundry room, boiler (m)
Concealed ground level exits (n)

DAREDEVIL'S BILLY CLUB



Daredevil's billy club routinely disguised as a blind man's cane, is actually a two part weapon. One section is a straightforward weighted fighting baton (1), the other a spring-loaded grappling hook (2). Constructed out of light-weight high-strength aircraft aluminum, the grappling hook's internal mechanism is hand-turned out of tool-steel. The hook is attached to a tension-ratcheted inertial spool (3) by 30 feet of aircraft control cable (4). This spool uses the force of unreeling to tension a spring so that it can rewind. The cable is neatly unwound and wound by a self-contained shuttle (5). The hook is propelled by a compressed-spring action (6) which is mechanically released (7). The hook itself can be straightened to form a second fighting baton (8), by a tensioned-spring action (9) which is mechanically released (10).



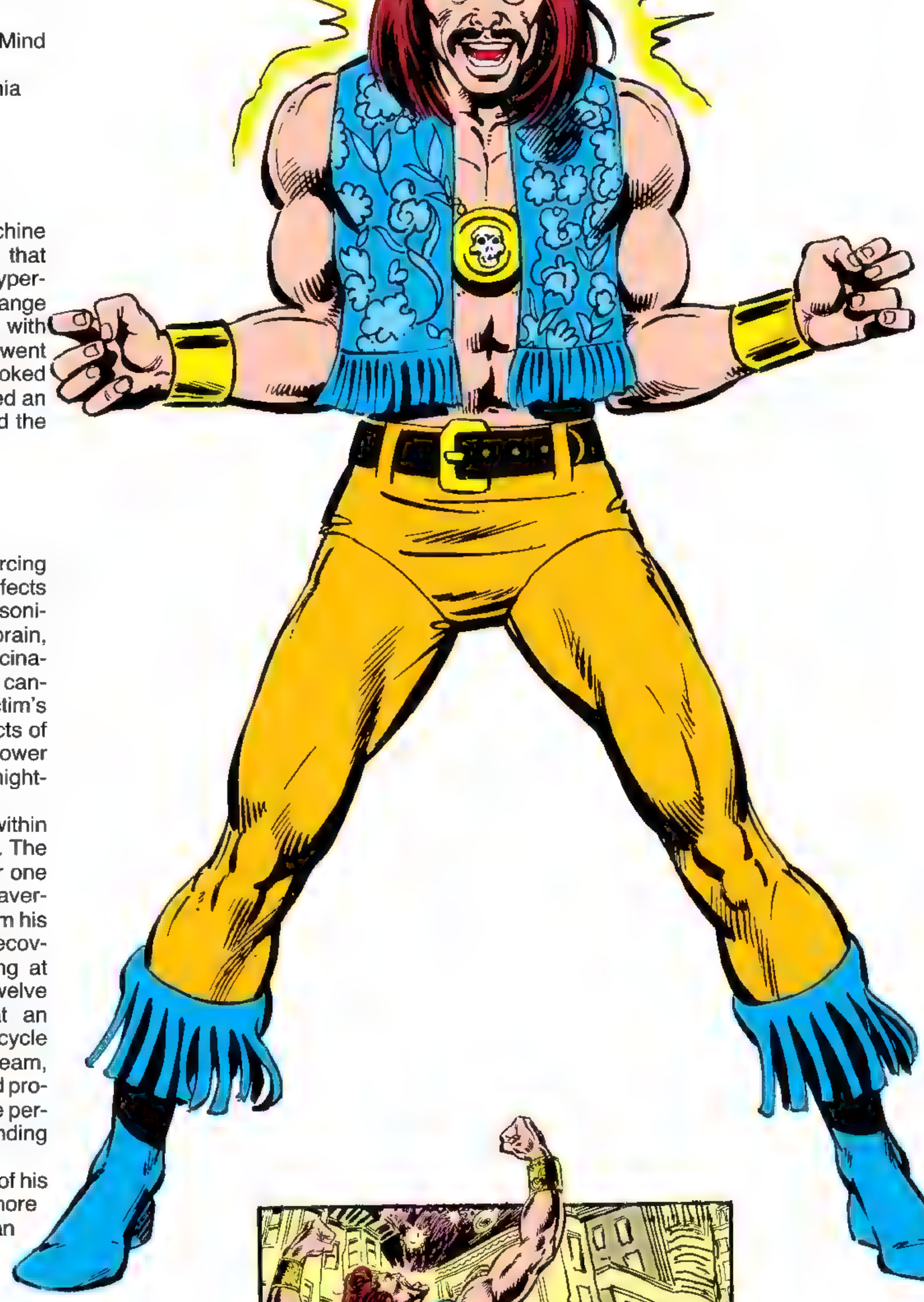
Art by Eliot R. Brown

ANGAR THE SCREAMER

Real Name: David Alan Angar
Occupation: Ex-rock singer, now criminal for hire
Legal status: United States citizen with a criminal record
Identity: Publicly known
Other current aliases: Master of the Mind Storm
Place of birth: San Francisco, California
Marital status: Single
Known relatives: None
Group affiliation: None
Base of operations: San Francisco
First appearance: DAREDEVIL #100
Origin: Angar was subjected to a machine created by the technologists of Titan that bombarded his vocal cords with hyper-sound. This triggered a mutagenic change in his voice mechanism, endowing it with very special properties. Angar underwent the operation under the auspices of crooked lawyer Kerwin J. Broderick, who wanted an operative to use against Daredevil and the Black Widow.
Height: 5' 10"
Weight: 155 lbs
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Powers: Angar vocally emits piercing screams that create hallucinogenic effects in those who hear them. His screams sonically stimulate the chemicals of the brain, creating natural toxins that induce hallucinations and sometimes amnesia. Angar cannot control the specific content of his victim's hallucinations. Instead they are products of the victim's own subconscious. His power does tend to induce psychotic and nightmarish fantasies, however.

Angar's scream will affect anyone within the sound of his voice to some degree. The closer one is to the source, the longer one will hallucinate. Recovery time for the average human being standing fifty feet from his scream is approximately one hour. Recovery time for the average human being at three feet from him is approximately twelve hours. Angar is able to scream at an amplitude of 180 deciBels (in the gigacycle range). The audible portion of his scream, but a harmonic of the full range of sound produced, is around 138 dB. He can cause permanent hearing damage to those standing too close to him.

Angar is immune to the toxic effects of his own power. His vocal cords have more stamina than normal humans — he can scream at maximum power for over an hour, pausing only for breath.



Art by Brian Postman & Josef Rubinstein

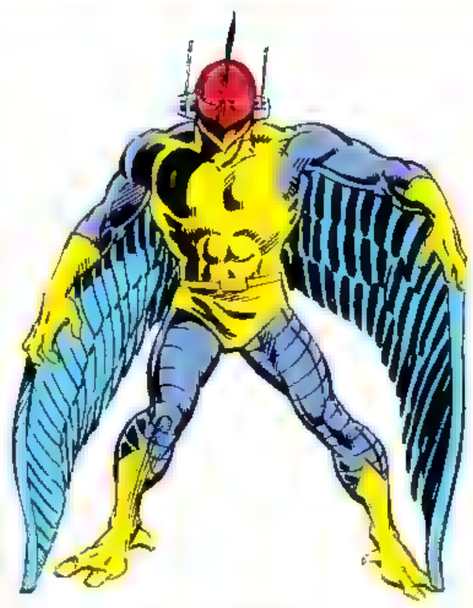
DEFUNCT TEAMS

ANI-MEN

The original Ani-Men were a group of four criminals who were recruited and outfitted by the Organizer, who was actually Abner Jonas, candidate for mayor of New York City. The Organizer sent the Ani-Men on missions to undermine the current city administration. The Ani-Men had no actual powers, although some of their costumes boasted special gimmicks. Daredevil defeated the Organizer and the Ani-Men, and all five went to prison. Later, Ape-Man, Bird-Man, and Cat-Man formed the "Unholy Three" and went to work for the Exterminator (see *Death-Stalker*). They later operated on their own. They were joined by Frog-Man went they went to work for Count Luchino Nefaria (see *Count Nefaria*) who had his scientists submit the unwilling Ani-Men to unknown processes that gave them superhuman powers. Nefaria also recruited a new Ani-Man, a woman named Dragonfly. The five Ani-Men assisted Nefaria in his takeover of the North American Air Defense Command Center, which was thwarted by the X-Men. The Ani-Men were taken into custody by the U.S. government but the four original members soon escaped.

As a result of an experiment on himself, Nefaria began aging at an accelerated rate. Nefaria's daughter Madame Masque contacted the Ani-Men for help. They agreed to work for her if she used Nefaria's technology to restore them to human form. She agreed and did so. The original Ani-Men were killed not long afterward, however, by a bomb the criminal Spymaster had meant for inventor Tony Stark (the original Iron Man). Sometime later, the Exterminator, now known as the Death-Stalker, recruited and outfitted three criminals as the new Ape-Man, Bird-Man, and Cat-Man, and sent them to kidnap Matt Murdock, who is secretly Daredevil. The Black Widow defeated Bird-Man II, and the Death-Stalker murdered the new Ape-Man and Cat-Man upon the completion of their mission. Bird-Man II and Dragonfly are the only surviving Ani-Men.

APE-MAN
Possessed great strength
I: Gordon "Monk" Keefer alias "Gort")
First appearance:
DAREDEVIL #10
Final appearance:
IRON MAN #116
II: Roy McVey
First appearance.
DAREDEVIL #157
Final appearance:
DAREDEVIL #158



BIRD-MAN
Had ability to fly
I: Henry Hawk
First appearance:
DAREDEVIL #10
Final appearance:
IRON MAN #116
II: Achille DiBacco
First appearance:
DAREDEVIL #157

CAT-MAN
Had feline agility
I: Townshend Horgan
First appearance:
DAREDEVIL #10
Final appearance:
IRON MAN #116
II: Sebastian Patane
First appearance:
DAREDEVIL #10
Final appearance.
DAREDEVIL #158

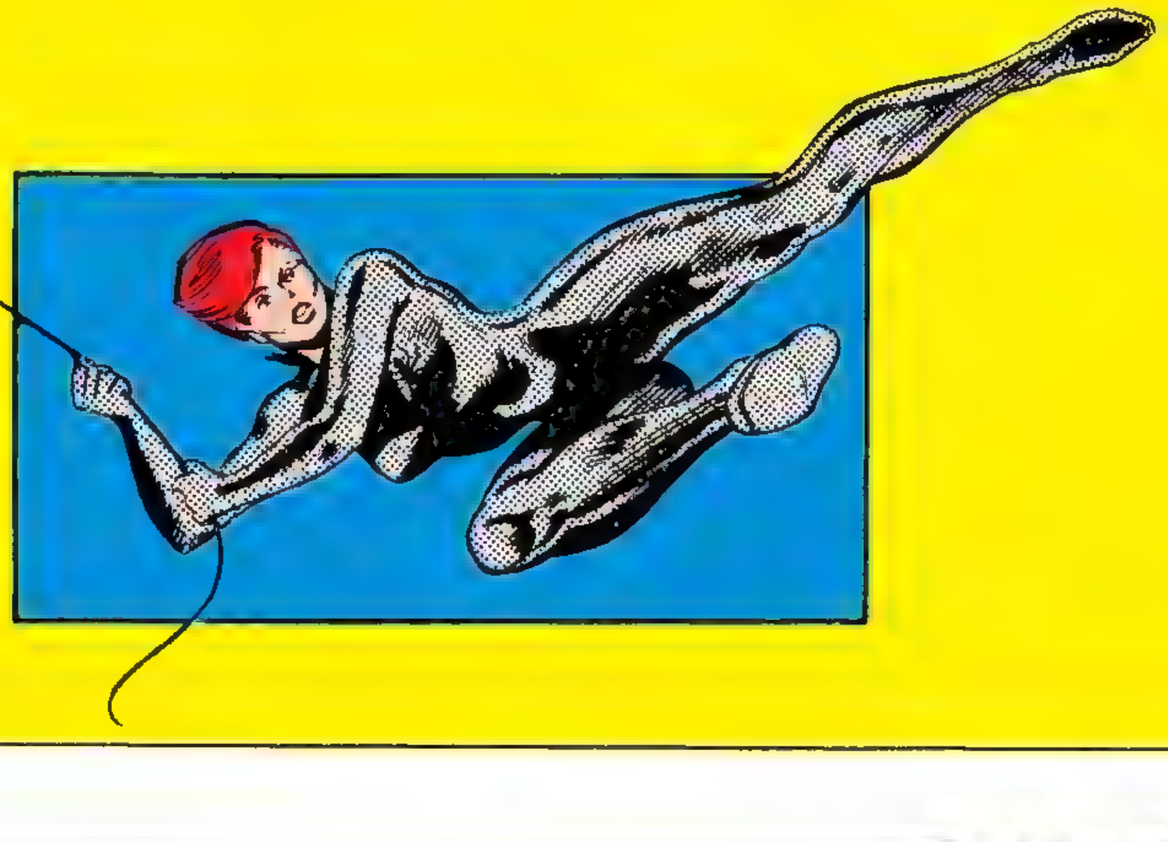
FROG-MAN
Francois "Frog" Le Blanc (alias "Croaker")
First appearance:
DAREDEVIL #10
Final appearance:
IRON MAN #116

Art by Luke McDonnell & Josef Rubinstein

BLACK WIDOW

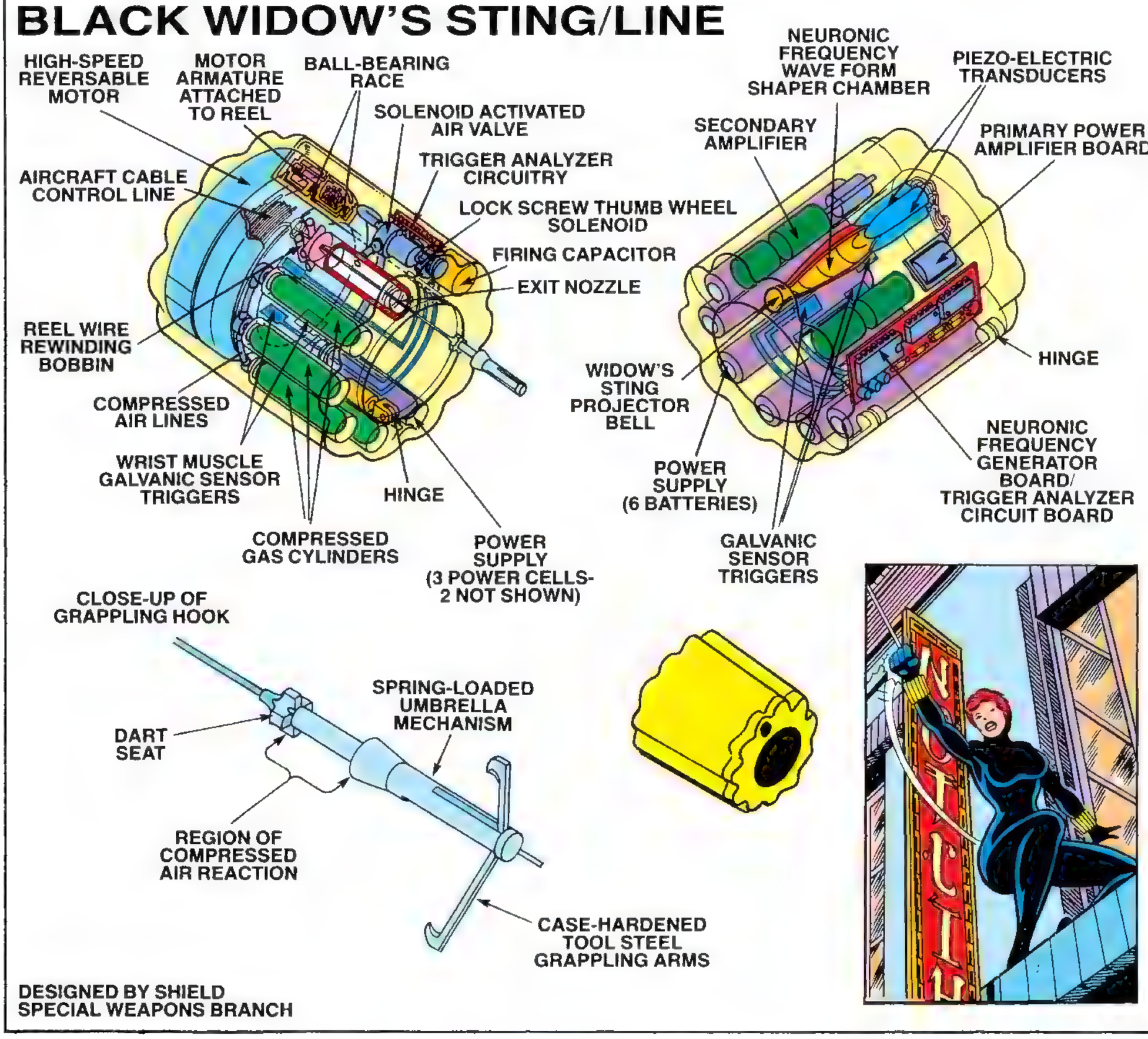
Real Name: Natasha (Romanoff) Romanova
Occupation: Spy
Legal status: Defected from U.S.S.R., operates in the U.S. under extended visa authorized by S.H.I.E.L.D.
Identity: Public
Place of birth: Stalingrad, Union of Soviet Socialist Republics
Marital status: Widowed, once married to Alexi Shostakov, the original Red Guardian
Known relatives: None living
Group affiliation: Former Avenger, former S.H.I.E.L.D. agent, former partner of Daredevil
Base of operations: Mobile
First appearance: TALES OF SUSPENSE #52
Origin: Upon the supposed death of her test pilot husband Alexi, Natasha Romanova enlisted in the Soviet espionage agency, the KGB. Already a superbly trained dancer and athlete, Romanova learned the arts of espionage and was awarded the code name Black Widow. Her first field assignment was to infiltrate Stark Industries in America and assist her partner Boris in the assassination of the defector Professor Anton Vanko (the Crimson Dynamo). In her fourth mission she was given a special uniform designed by a Russian scientist named Brushnev. She soon defected and offered her services to S.H.I.E.L.D. (Supreme Headquarters International Espionage Law-Enforcement Division). She has since modified her uniform and weaponry twice.
Height: 5' 7"
Weight: 125 lbs
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Red-Auburn
Powers: The Black Widow possesses no superhuman abilities. She is, however, an Olympic level athlete and gymnast, and a master of several martial arts including karate, judo, akido, savate and boxing.
Weapons: The Black Widow's uniform is equipped with molecular-sized suction cups on her fingers and feet, activated with an electro-static charge, enabling her to stick to walls and ceilings made of standard building materials.

She sometimes carries other special weaponry. The cartridges of her wrist-bracelets contain a spring-loaded cable capable of shooting a hooked wire a hundred feet. Called her "widow's line," the cable is primarily used for swinging from building to building. The wrist-cartridges also carry a small device capable of emitting a high-frequency electrostatic charge of 30,000 volts a maximum distance of ten feet. This electro-blast, called her "widow's bite," is sufficient to stun a man at twenty feet. Other cartridges in her wrist-bracelets contain tear-gas pellets and a radio transmitter. She also sometimes wears a belt of metallic disc-cartridges. Each of these contains a plastic explosive equivalent to 4 pounds of TNT.



Art by Frank Miller & Josef Rubinstein

BLACK WIDOW'S STING/LINE



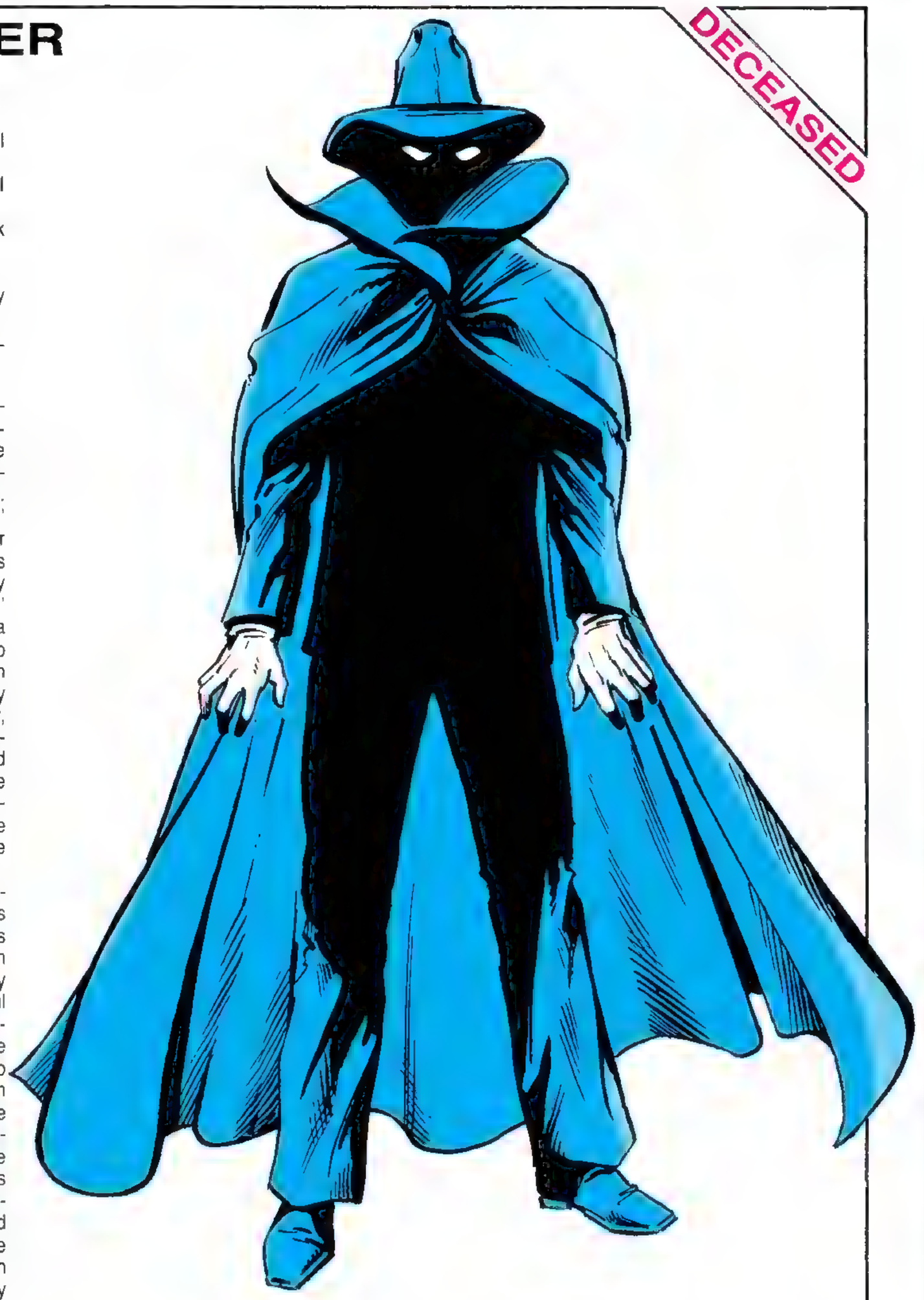
Art by Eliot R. Brown

BULLSEYE

Real Name: Unknown
Occupation: Professional assassin
Identity: Secret
Legal status: American citizen with criminal record
Other current aliases: Ben Pondexter
Place of birth: Unknown
Marital status: Single
Known relatives: None
Group affiliation: Former member of Eric Slaughter's gang, worked for the Kingpin.
Base of operations: New York City
First appearance: DAREDEVIL #131
Origin: The man who took the name Bullseye had been signed up as a major league baseball pitcher when he enlisted in the army. He became a ruthless soldier who derived sadistic pleasure in the killing of his enemies. After the war, he became a mercenary in Africa, and learned to master more exotic throwing weapons. Returning to the United States, he soon made a name for himself as a freelance assassin.
Height: 6'
Weight: 185 lbs
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blond
Powers: Bullseye possesses no superhuman powers, but he has trained himself to be an Olympic level athlete, weight lifter, and fighter. His innate ability to throw any projectile with great accuracy and deadliness borders on the uncanny. Bullseye knows every pressure point and vulnerable spot on the human body and is able to turn virtually any object into a deadly weapon capable of incapacitating or killing an enemy. The list of common objects he has turned into weapons is numerous: pencils, golfballs, vases, hairbrushes, paper airplanes, and even playing cards. When he is wielding objects intended to be weapons to begin with, he is lethal. His range of accuracy when wielding an object about the size and mass of a baseball is a about a hundred feet. He can hurl, in the range of a major league baseball pitcher, an object at 105 miles per hour. Bullseye is able to lift (press) 300 pounds.
Weapons: As an assassin, Bullseye has carried an arsenal of weapons at one time or another, including guns, knives, whips, shurikens, darts, and sais. He has also carried plastic explosive charges in the compartments of his gloves.

Art by Frank Miller & Josef Rubinstein

DEATH-STALKER



Real Name: Unknown
Occupation: Professional criminal
Identity: Secret
Legal status: American citizen with no criminal record
Former aliases: The Exterminator, Death's-Head II
Place of birth: Unknown
Place of death: St. Stephen's Cemetery, New York City
Known survivors: None
Group affiliation: Former leader of the Unholy Three
First appearance: (as Exterminator) DAREDEVIL #39, (as Death-Stalker) DAREDEVIL #113
Final appearance: DAREDEVIL #158

History: The Death-Stalker first came to prominence as the Exterminator, the costumed mastermind behind a series of crimes committed by the original Ape-Man, Bird-Man, and Cat-Man, otherwise known as the Unholy Three (see *Ani-Men*). The Exterminator developed a "time displacer ray" or "T-ray" with which he could banish a person or object from his own dimension for a period of his choosing. The Exterminator claimed that the ray projected its target into another "time continuum," but actually, the T-ray projected its victim into a limbo-like interdimensional void lying close to normal reality. If the Exterminator banished a victim for 30 minutes, then he or she would automatically return to Earth once the half hour was up. However, an intense enough amount of "displacement" radiation could exile a victim to the interdimensional void permanently. The Exterminator wished to create the impression that he and the Ani-Men might have actually disintegrated their victims with their portable "time-displacement guns": hence, he chose the *nom du crime* "Exterminator."

During a clash with Daredevil, Ape-Man succeeded in exiling Daredevil to the void with his displacement gun. Daredevil was able to use his powers and skills to escape through a dimension warp, and tracked the Exterminator and the Unholy Three to their lair. After defeating the four, Daredevil intentionally triggered the explosion of the Exterminator's main displacement machine. At that time Daredevil had temporarily tired of his superhero career, and was hoping to end it by feigning his own demise. What Daredevil did not realize was that the explosion caused the nearby Exterminator to be irradiated with an extraordinary amount of the dimensional-displacement radiation. The result was that the Exterminator found himself in an interdimensional realm so close to Earth that he could see into it without being detected from Earth. He also learned that he could rematerialize on Earth simply by willing himself to do so, and then mentally will himself back into the interdimensional realm. However, he found it impossible to remain on Earth for more than several hours at a time, because the T-radiation in his body inevitably drew him back into the interdimensional realm.

The Exterminator realized that his power had great potential for crime, even as he longed for a means to control it so that he could stay on Earth as long as he wished. Therefore, he adopted the new name and costume of the Death-Stalker. He stole blueprints for a "cybernetic death-grip" from A. I. M. (see *A. I. M.*) and used them to create mechanisms in his gloves to give him a "touch of death." The Death-Stalker embarked on a career of stealing secret inventions, documents and so forth from supposedly inaccessible places with his powers, and also attempted to obtain the materials necessary to build a T-ray machine that could enable him to stay on Earth as long as he wanted.

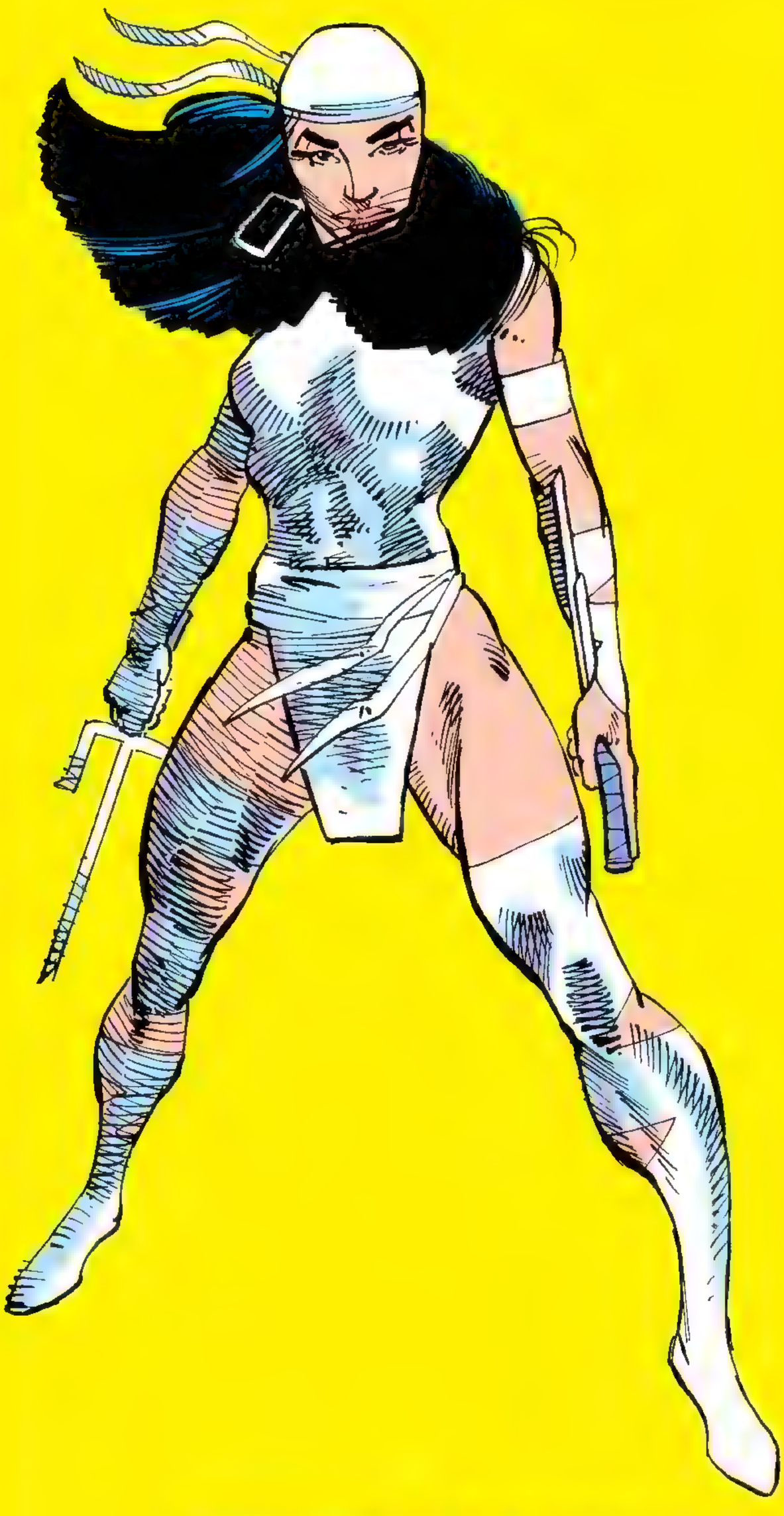
Yet Death-Stalker found himself continually thwarted in both these areas by Daredevil, whom the Death-Stalker blamed for his inability to remain on Earth, and for the ravaging of his body due to the radiation. (Death-Stalker now had a chalk-white skin which his costume concealed.) After many clashes with Daredevil, the Death-Stalker, who had learned Daredevil's secret identity of Matt Murdock, hired and outfitted a new Unholy Three and sent them to capture Murdock. (The original Unholy Three had been killed only recently.) Ape-Man II and Cat-Man II succeeded in their mission, although the Black Widow managed to stop Bird-Man II. With Murdock his prisoner in a cemetery, the Death-Stalker killed Ape-Man II and Cat-Man II and revealed he was the Exterminator to Murdock. The Death-Stalker demanded that Murdock change costume and become Daredevil for one final battle. The Death-Stalker's rage mounted as the battle went on and Daredevil kept getting the best of him, and finally Death-Stalker, who had shifted into the interdimensional void but was still visible on Earth, leapt at Daredevil in irrational rage. Death-Stalker had to fully materialize on Earth in order to use his "death-grip," but, in fury, he materialized too soon in the course of his leap, and solidified while passing in part through a tombstone. The result was that the Death-Stalker was immediately killed.

Height: 6'
Weight: 185 lbs.
Eyes: Blue
Hair: White
Skin: Chalk-white

Powers: The Death-Stalker ordinarily existed in an interdimensional realm lying so close to Earth's dimension that he could watch and listen to events on Earth without himself being observed in his realm by people in the Earth dimension. By willing himself to do so, the Death-Stalker could cause himself to shift into the Earth dimension to varying degrees. Hence, he could become visible and intangible in the Earth dimension, or become both visible and tangible, as he desired. By willing himself to do so, while on Earth, he could instantaneously shift from tangibility to intangibility, or disappear from the Earth dimension altogether. Apparently he could also cover distances more quickly in his interdimensional realm than he could do on Earth. Hence, he could disappear on Earth from one location, and reappear at another Earth location very rapidly by Earth standards. However, the T-radiation in his body prevented him from remaining on Earth for more than about an hour.

Weapons: Using plans developed at A. I. M., the Death-Stalker devised for himself a "cybernetic death-grip" device which he wore in his gloves and which he activated by mental command. When activated, the device emitted micro-waves which instantaneously caused whomever the Death-Stalker gripped to die. The Death-Stalker had to fully materialize within the Earth dimension for the death-grip to be effective.

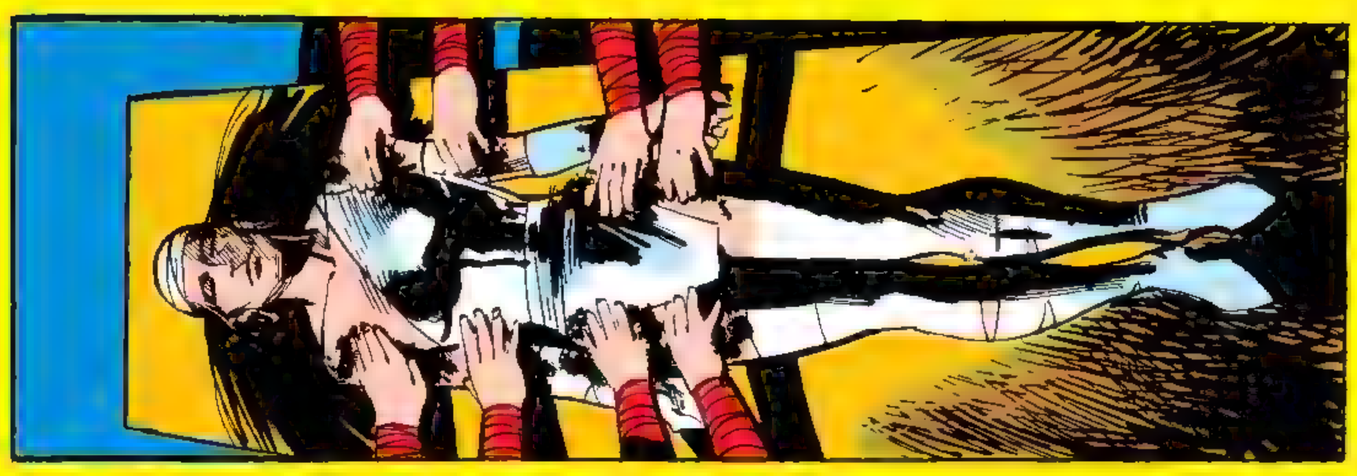
Art by Bill Willingham & Josef Rubinstein



ELEKTRA

Real Name: Elektra Natchios
Occupation: Former mercenary
Identity: Unknown to the public at large
Legal status: Expatriated Greek citizen
Former aliases: None
Place of birth: Crete, Greece
Marital status: Single
Known relatives: Father's name unknown
Group affiliation: Former member of the Hand
Base of operations: Mobile
First appearance: DAREDEVIL #168
Origin: Elektra Natchios was the daughter of a Greek ambassador. Coming to the United States with her father to attend Columbia University in New York, Natchios met fellow student Matthew Murdock (who would later become Daredevil) and dated him for about a year. When she and her father were held hostage by Greek terrorists, Murdock managed to free them, but in the melee the ambassador was shot to death by police outside the building. Emotionally shattered, Natchios returned to Europe and resumed her martial arts training. She tried to gain admittance into the secret organization headed by Stick (the man who taught Daredevil to use his radar sense), but was ultimately rejected because of her emotional faults. Soon after, she was sought out by the Hand, a secret order devoted to assassination and domination by fear. Intending to join the Hand, learn their ways, and use what she had learned against them, Natchios was instead tricked into murdering her sensei (teacher). She served the Hand for a time, then broke away to become a mercenary.

Later, in New York, she was murdered by the assassin Bullseye, with her own weapon, a sai. She was resurrected, however, in a mystic ceremony begun by the Hand and apparently finished by Stone, a member of Stick's order. In the course of her resurrection, Daredevil allegedly purified her spirit by force of will. Elektra's current whereabouts are unknown.
Height: 5' 9"
Weight: 130 lbs
Eyes: Black
Hair: Black
Powers: Elektra had been an Olympic level athlete and gymnast as well as an accomplished martial artist. Her current powers are unknown.
Weapons: Elektra customarily carries a sai, a 3-pronged dagger.



Art by Frank Miller & Josef Rubinstein

FROG-MAN

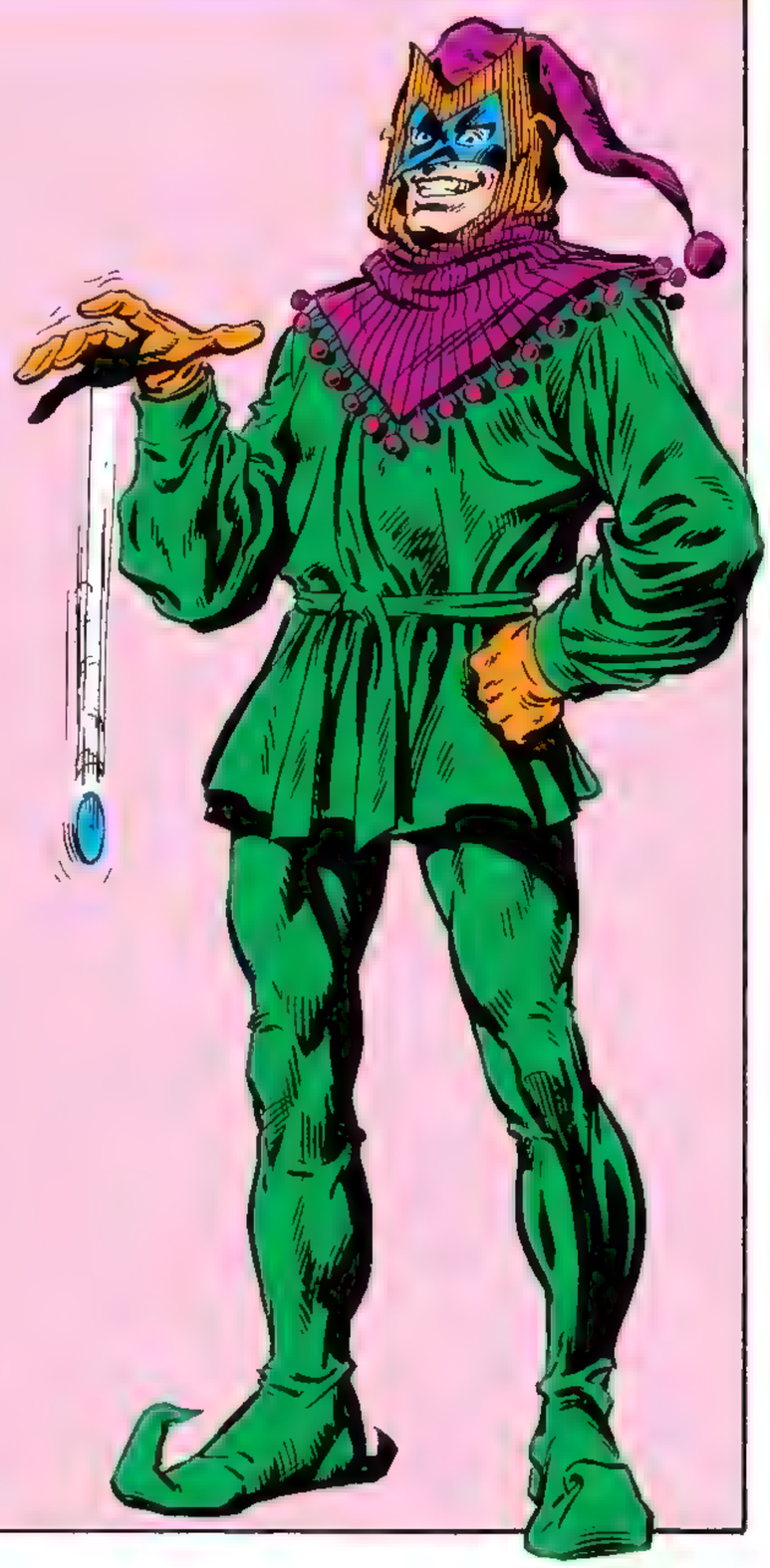
Real Name: Eugene Paul Colorito
Occupation: Student (high school)
Identity: Secret
Legal status: American citizen with no criminal record
Former aliases: None
Place of birth: Brooklyn, New York
Marital status: Single
Known relatives: Vincent Colorito (The Leapfrog, father), Rose Colorito (mother, deceased)
Group affiliation: None
Base of operations: New York City
First appearance: MARVEL TEAM- UP #121
Origin: In an attempt to redeem his ex-criminal father's name and lay the ghosts of his past to rest, Eugene Colorito donned the uniform and paraphernalia of his father, the original Leapfrog. Calling himself the "Fabulous Frog-man," Colorito began an earnest, if somewhat clumsy, battle against crime.
Height: 5' 8½"
Weight: 158 lbs
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Powers: Frog-Man possesses no superhuman powers, but is an average athlete with elementary fighting skills.
Weapons: Frog-Man wears electrically-powered leaping coils built into his boots that enable him to leap a maximum height of 60 feet and a maximum distance of 100 feet. The power source for the boot-springs is a gel-cell battery-powered 300-volt capacitor/accumulator located in his chest-plate. Frog-Man triggers the boot-springs by pressing a hidden button in his gloves. The boot-springs utilize an opposing-spring action to ratchet the main-coils into its standby position after every use.

JESTER

Real Name: Jonathan Powers
Occupation: Professional criminal, ex-actor
Identity: Known to the police
Legal status: American citizen with criminal record
Former aliases: None
Place of birth: Hoboken, New Jersey
Marital status: Single
Known relatives: None
Group affiliation: None
Base of operations: New York City
First appearance: DAREDEVIL #42
Origin: Jonathan Powers was a struggling actor of meager talent and huge ego who finally got his big break as the leading character in an off-Broadway revival of *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Panned by critics, jeered by the audience, and disdained by his fellow performers, Powers was fired after one performance. Obsessively, he continued to study the various arts and crafts that he thought would make him a versatile actor: fencing, gymnastics, body building – everything except acting lessons. Still, he was only able to find employment as a stooge on a children's television show taped in New York. Finally getting fed up with having pies thrown in his face, Powers decided that if the public wants laughter at other peoples' expense, he would give it to them. Contracting the criminal weapons-maker known as the Tinkerer to make him a number of gimmicks, Powers fashioned himself a gaudy harlequin-like disguise and called himself the Jester. Committing a wave of crimes based on his toys and gimmicks, the Jester was opposed by Daredevil, who eventually stopped his criminal activities and saw him put behind bars. The Jester has escaped on numerous occasions to plague New York anew.
Height: 6' 2" **Weight:** 190 lbs **Eyes:** Blue **Hair:** Brown
Powers: The Jester possesses no superhuman powers, but is an above average athlete with special skills in gymnastics, swordsmanship, and hand-to-hand combat.
Weapons: The Jester employs a variety of harmless-looking toys and gimmicks modified into deadly weapons or special tools. He has a yo-yo whose weighted knob can be used for striking and whose thin steel cable can be used for strangling. He has a bag of polished ball bearing marbles which he throws onto the ground to make an opponent lose his footing. He has a box of popcorn-like objects which explode on impact and emit a noxious tear-gas. He has a number of 8-inch diameter plastic flying discs rigged to squirt an anaesthetic drug. He has various sized rubber balls containing plastic explosives in their centers. He has an extendable artificial hand on a scissors rigged with a high voltage electrical charge, as well as an artificial hand that can be fired from a small air-cannon.

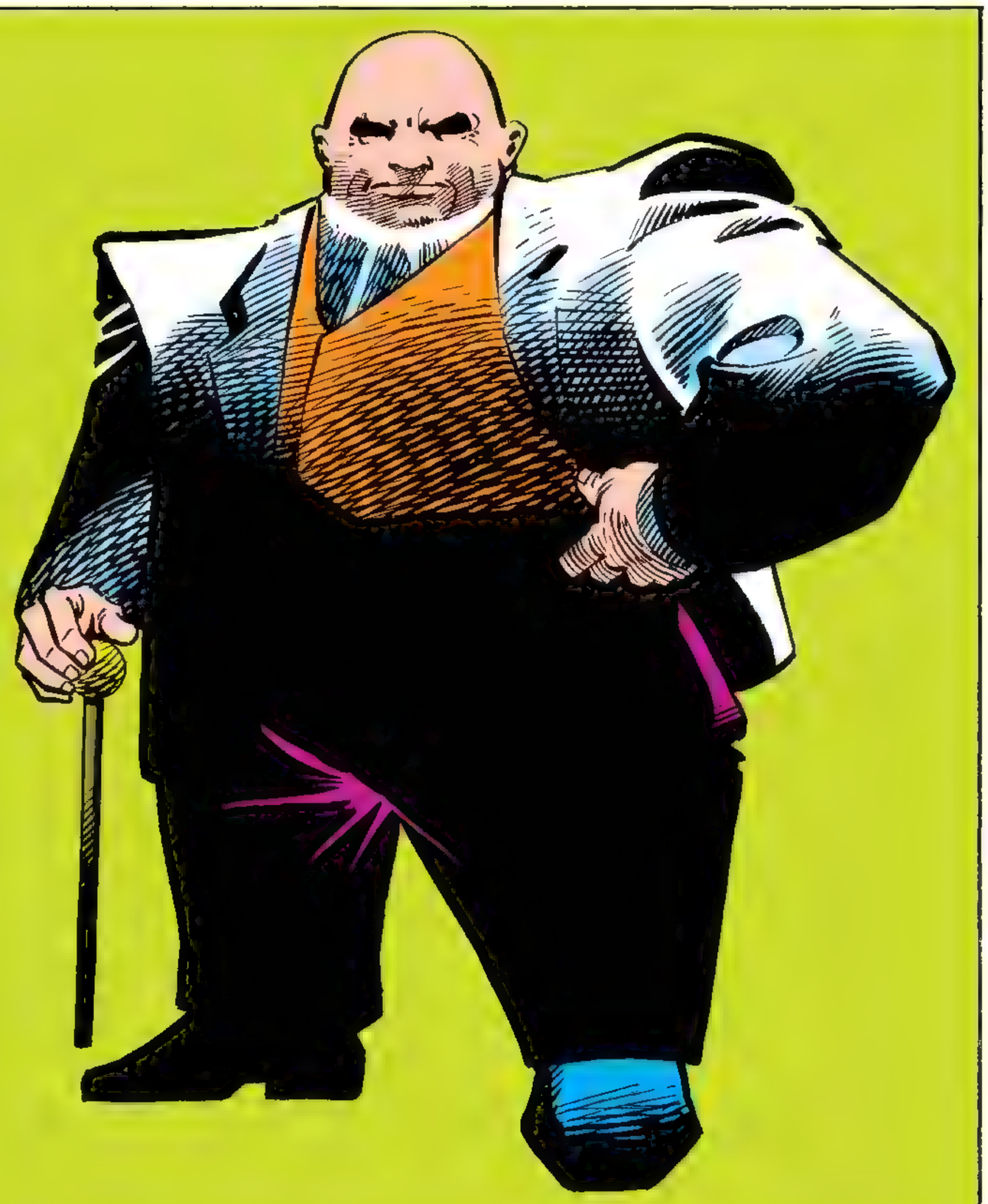
Besides these weapons which he carries on his person or in a pouch, he occasionally employs larger and more complicated weapons, such as miniature robots (2 feet tall) outfitted with laser weaponry, diamond drill bits, etc., which can be remotely controlled by a radio-linked micro-processor that responds to spoken commands.

The Jester is constantly expanding and refining his arsenal of deadly toys.



Art by Kerry Gammill & Josef Rubinstein

KINGPIN



Real Name: Wilson Fisk
Occupation: Criminal organizer and mastermind, president and owner of legitimate businesses
Identity: Fisk is publicly known to be the Kingpin, but his dual identity has never been officially proved.
Legal status: American citizen with no criminal record
Former aliases: The Brainwasher, Harold Howard
Place of birth: Unknown, probably in New York City area
Marital status: Married
Known relatives: Vanessa Fisk (wife), Richard Fisk (son; see *Appendix: Schemer*)
Group affiliation: Leader of a coalition of East Coast non-Maggia criminal organizations. Former manager of las Vegas HYDRA faction.
Base of operations: New York City. The Kingpin conducts both his legal and illegal operations from a midtown skyscraper that he owns. He lives in a mansion in New York State's Westchester County.
First appearance: AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #50
Origin: Very little is known about the kingpin before he first took command of the East Coast mobs. He has described himself, however, as having been "an unpopular, blubbery child" before he began his lifelong pursuit of bodybuilding. Wilson Fisk was probably impoverished as a child, and turned to crime as an adolescent. From the start Fisk was determined to be the best in whatever he did, and he believed physical strength to be a major factor in building power in the underworld. Hence, he fanatically trained himself in various methods of bodybuilding and personal combat, finally concentrating on the Japanese art of sumo His sumo training probably led to his interest in the Orient, which would manifest itself in other ways. Fisk educated himself by stealing books from stores and libraries, and became particularly fascinated by political science. He decided that another key to success would be in using political techniques in organizing and directing groups of criminals. It was his adoption of these techniques that caused him to be thought of as a political "kingpin of crime," a description which became his *nom du crime*. Although Fisk has always taken pleasure in physical combat with his enemies, he has always recognized the necessity never to place himself in a situation in which the law can prove his responsibility for crimes. As a result, Fisk has never once been convicted. Even when he inexplicably broke his own rule and was jailed for personally stealing an ancient tablet from Empire State University, charges had to be dropped for lack of evidence.

Fisk thus never worked as any criminal's henchman, but formed his own small gang right from the start. Fisk's gang rapidly grew in size, influence, power and wealth, thanks to his organizational skills and, when necessary, his prowess in hand-to-hand combat. Fisk was careful to invest his illegal gains in legitimate businesses. The first company which he owned completely was one dealing in spices from the Far East. Today, even though Fisk has built a vast legitimate business empire in various fields, he still professes in public to being merely a "humble dealer in spices."

After about a decade of being a criminal leader, Fisk had also achieved enough success in legitimate business to become a prominent member of New York society. It is at this point that he met and soon married Vanessa (maiden name unknown), a beautiful woman not yet 20 years old, and whose love, the Kingpin has stated, gave him the peace he sought after his constant struggle for power. Whether or not Vanessa knew of his criminal activities when she married him is unclear; she did know afterwards. Their son, Richard, was born within a year after their marriage.

About two decades later, Fisk, now known as the Kingpin, had become one of the most powerful criminal leaders in both the New York and Las Vegas areas, and had won the respect of many of the other crime bosses. When the costumed crimefighter Spider-Man briefly retired, the Kingpin decided the time had come to fulfull his master plan. For years various major criminals dreamed of forming a coalition of criminal gangs in order to compete with the Maggia, which virtually monopolized organized crime throughout the country. The Big Man (the late Frederick Foswell) had only temporarily succeeded in uniting the independent gangs; others who have tried included the Crime-Master, Doctor Octopus, the first and third Green Goblins, the Mad Thinker, the Owl, Hammerhead, and Silvermane. With Spider-Man apparently gone, the Kingpin now proposed that such a coalition be formed under his leadership, and met with nearly unanimous acceptance. The Kingpin then directed a major crime wave in New York City which came to an end with his first confrontation with the again active Spider-Man. Moreover, the Kingpin's attempt to silence *Daily Bugle* publisher J. Jonah Jameson backfired when Spider-Man rescued Jameson, who then publicly exposed Fisk as the Kingpin. The crime coalition apparently then fell apart.

In the following years the Kingpin suffered a number of reversals. During this time he was offered an opportunity to fully achieve his ambitions for political power when he was recruited to serve as the behind the scenes leader of the Las Vegas area faction of the now fragmented HYDRA. His son, Richard, acted under him as Supreme Hydra of this group. Through HYDRA the Kingpin planned to overthrow the United States government and even achieve world domination, but he turned against HYDRA upon learning that the Las Vegas contingent was actually controlled not by him but the infamous Nazi war criminal, the Red Skull. Ever since, the Kingpin has pursued more realistic goals than HYDRA's.

Eventually, Vanessa, sickened by the Kingpin's life of crime, detmanded that Fisk abandon it or else she would desert him. Unwilling to lose Vanessa, Fisk agreed to her terms, and the two retired to Japan. Vanessa even persuaded the reluctant Fisk to turn over his files on the activities of other leaders of organized crime to American legal authorities. To prevent this, the new leaders of the Kingpin's crime syndicate kidnapped Vanessa, who was then apparently killed by a Kingpin a de who correctly saw her as the only obstacle preventing Fisk from returning to crime. The enraged Fisk indeed made a comeback. Not only did he reassume leadership of his former organization and dispose of those who had ruled it in his absence, but he turned over his files to the law through Daredevil, now with the motive of ridding himself of any rivals. The ploy worked: as a result of the evidence in the files, many criminal leaders, both inside and outside the Maggia, were convicted. In the ensuing power vacuum the Kingpin rebuilt his coalition, stronger than before. Today he controls all of the independent East Coast gangs dealing in conventional crimes. The Kingpin's organization is now stronger than any single Maggia "family" in the New York area. The Kingpin again turned his attention to his political goals, and his puppet candidate Randolph Winston Cherryh actually won the New York mayoralty election. However, Daredevil, now the Kingpin's primary adversary, had found Vanessa alive, though suffering from severe mental problems, and used her to successfully manipulate the Kingpin into ordering Cherryh to decline accepting the office.

Height: 6' 7" **Weight:** 450 lbs
Eyes: Blue **Hair:** Bald
Powers: The Kingpin is as strong as it is possible for a man of his height and weight to be without having superhuman powers. His great bulk does not consist of fat but of muscles that have been developed to enormous size, as in a sumo wrestler. The Kingpin can lift (press) approximately 650 pounds. The Kingpin's great fighting skills and extraordinary agility for a man of his size compensate for the great difference between his strength and Spider-Man's in unarmed combat. (Spider-Man has inhibitions about using his full strength against an opponent without superhuman powers for fear of killing him or her.)
Weapons: The Kingpin sometimes carries a walking stick which contains a concealed laser beam weapon that fires a short pulse of 300 watts, enough energy to vaporize a handgun. The walking stick can also be used to fire a concentrated spray of sleeping gas. The Kingpin's diamond stickpin also contains a small, highly compressed container of sleeping gas which is effective when fired directly into an opponent's face at close range. The Kingpin uses the stickpin gas as a last resort.

Art by Frank Miller & Josef Rubinstein

MAN-BULL

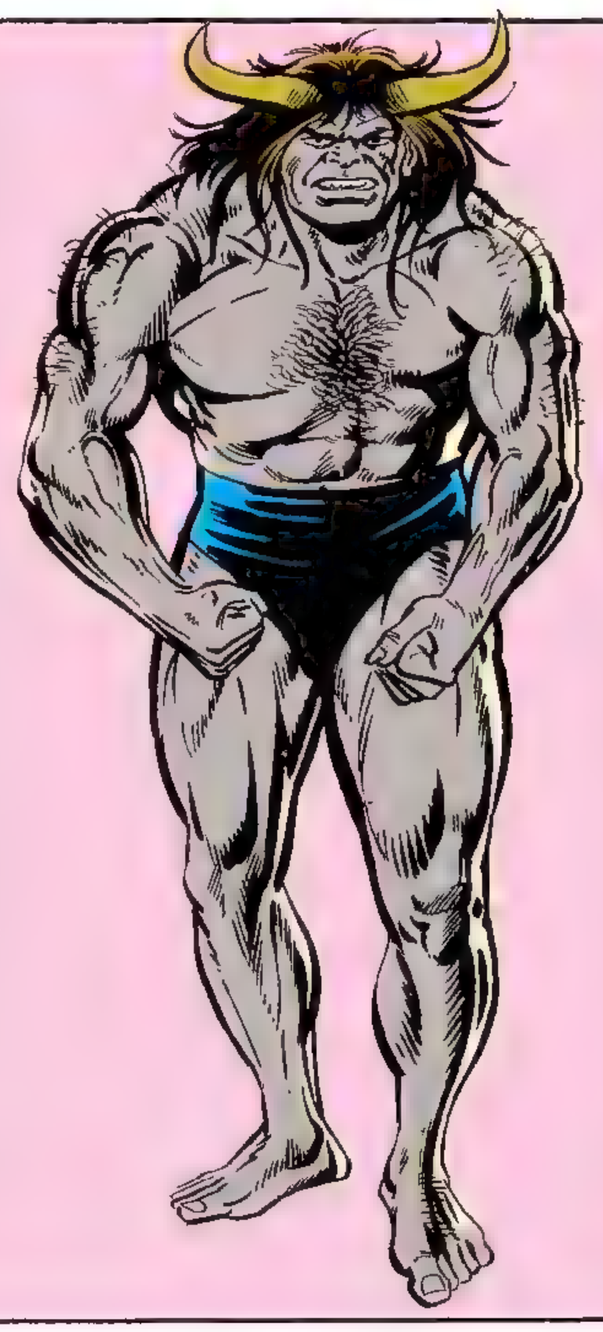
Real Name: William Taurens
Occupation: Professional criminal
Identity: Secret
Legal status: American citizen with criminal record
Former aliases: "Bull Taurus"
Place of birth: Camden, New Jersey
Marital status: Single
Known relatives: None
Group affiliation: One-time member of the "Death Squad" (with Melter and Whiplash), one-time associate of the Matador
First appearance: DAREDEVIL #78
Base of operations: New York area

Origin: William Taurens (or "Bull Taurus," as he has called himself from age 13) began his criminal career in adolescence when he was arrested for petty theft. Since then he has been a "repeat offender," in and out of prison for, among other crimes, grand larceny, arson, manslaughter, and assault with a deadly weapon. Taurens's reputation as a thug brought him into the employ of the mysterious crime boss known as Mister Klein, who was enlisting strong-arm men to round up subjects for the testing of an experimental serum Klein had acquired. The serum, based on mutated enzymes extracted from bulls, was designed to increase the strength and musculature of potential criminal henchmen. When Daredevil foiled Taurens's attempt to abduct an innocent couple for Klein's experiment, Klein tested the serum on Taurens himself, much to Taurens's anger and dismay. The serum reacted radically with Taurens's physiology, creating the Man-Bull. Blaming Daredevil for the hideous tranformation he underwent, Taurens sought revenge and has several times attempted to kill Daredevil.

Height: 6' 5"
Weight: 450 lbs
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown

Powers: Man-Bull possesses superhuman strength, primarily in his upper torso and back. The body-wide changes triggered by the genetically-tailored bull steroids have caused a twenty-fold increase in the efficiency of Man-Bull's muscles, skeleton, and endurance. His improved reflexes have offset the increase in muscle density and his reaction time remains about the same as when human. His skin has become tougher, callus-like so that most of his body's exposed skin areas can resist the penetration of small-caliber bullets. He can lift (press) about 2,800 pounds repeatedly for about an hour before appreciably tiring. He can strike 2-inch thick steel plate with his bare knuckles and deform it to the point of rupture after only a few blows. His charging posture is particularly devastating to modern building materials. He is able to run through cinderblock, wood paneling, and compound materials such as steel-reenforced concrete without injury.

Man-Bull's psyche was deleteriously altered, aggravating his normally hostile mentality. When engaged in combat, his body's adrenalin reaction can elevate Man-Bull into hysterical, all-consuming rage, making him extraordinarily dangerous.



MAULER

Real Name: Brendan Doyle
Occupation: Mercenary
Legal status: Dual citizenship in the United States and Great Britain with no criminal record.
Identity: Secret
Former aliases: None
Marital status: Sing e
Place of birth: Londonderry, Northern Ireland
Known relatives: None
Group affiliation: None
First appearance: (Aaron Soames) DAREDEVIL #167, (Turk Barrett) DAREDEVIL #176, (Brendan Doyle) IRON MAN #156
Base of operations: Mobile

Origin: The multi-purpose combat suit code-named MAULER (Mobile Armored Utility Laser-guided E-beam, Revised) was developed by industrialist Edwin Cord, president of the Cord Conglomerate, for the United States Department of Defense. The suit was a prototype for a mass-producible, high-technology battle outfit for the U.S. Army. After MAULER was built, the Defense Department cancelled the contract funding the MAULER program because of a security breach. Cord came close to bankruptcy. Cord risked the company's remaining money in a similar design of combat suit, called Raider, and dispatched men wearing Raider suits to attack Iron Man as a demonstration for a potential buyer, Purchasing Agent Burke of S.H.I.E.L.D. The Raiders Project demonstration failed, causing the loss innocent lives. Cord was indicted and convicted for reckless endangerment. Financially ruined, Cord sold his company to Stark International. Stark had no plans for the MAULER armor and stored the suit in one of S.I.'s Long Island warehouses.

From prison, Edwin Cord hired a mercenary named Brendan Doyle to steal the MAULER armor and erase from Stark International's computer records all information regarding its origins, specifications, and whereabouts. Cord planned to rent out the armor to the highest bidder to finance his return to civilian life after prison. Doyle used his former mercenary friend James Rhodes, now a trusted Stark employee, to gain access to the MAULER. During the attempted break-in, and the ensuing battle with Iron Man, Rhodes made it necessary for Doyle to kill him before Stark's computer records could be erased. Unwilling to take his former comrade's life, Doyle resigned his loyalty to Cord and flew off in the MAULER suit. The whereabouts of both Doyle and the MAULER armor are unknown.

Two other people have briefly worn the armor and assumed the identity of the MAULER. The first was Aaron Soames, a disgruntled Cord employee who stole the suit shortly after it had been built, to seek revenge when Cord replaced him with a computer after 35 years of service to the company. The second was a common thug named Turk who stole the suit to use in a personal vendetta against Daredevil. Turk and Soames are currently in jail.

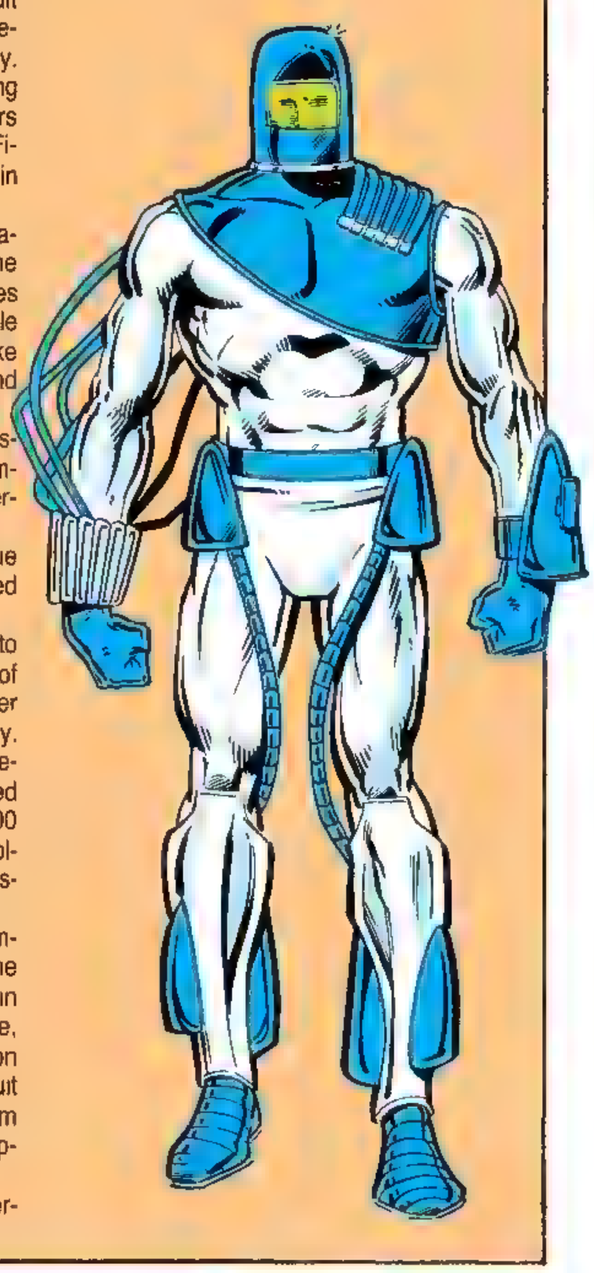
Height: 6' 2" (without armor), 6' 5" (with armor)
Eyes: Blue
Weight: 210 lbs (without armor), 400 (with armor)
Hair: Red

Powers: Brendan Doyle has no superhuman powers

Weapons: MAULER is a light, flexible-offensive battle suit that was designed as a one-man, personal weapons system to maximize strategic applications of force. The armor consists of a layer of flexible, molecular-scale woven metal fabric, a shell of flexible computer arrays, and a temperature-regulating, anti-chafing foam that combine great strength and flexibility while under stress. There is a high-powered laser-cannon and laser-guided electron-beam particle gun located in the left arm assembly. These are controlled by the right arm assembly by responding to specific muscle patterns in the wrist and forearm to actuate preprogrammed functions and initiate new programming. The main weapon is a solid-state, tunable-frequency, highly-collimated 600 watt laser cannon that is capable of slicing through 3 inches of steel alloy in .04 seconds. The secondary weapon is an 400 watt, electron particle gun that depends on a high-temperature, plasmoid column to pass through atmosphere. The plasma column is generated by the main laser cannon in a short-duration pulse mode. The e-beam gun fires short bursts of highly concussive electrons in the range of 500 to 1,200 pounds of TNT, depending on ambient atmospheric conditions.

The flexi-armor and offensive weapons platform is supported by an articulated, powered endoskeleton that mimics complete human movement and is operated by the on-board computer and the body motion-sensors in the foam-skin layer. The endoskeleton and all suit functions are powered by an array of solar power receptors located over most of the suit that attain 94% energy-conversion efficiency and constantly replenish a high-density battery pack (battery life, at 95% optimum suit use, is 15 hours). The suit is designed to increase the strength of the wearer by a factor of 50. The contoured linear-induction motors that power the endoskeleton can briefly sustain large power demands, the exact factor of which is unknown. The suit is equipped with an array of electric, air-breathing, micro-turbines that develop enough thrust for the suit to fly at a maximum speed of Mach 1.6 (1,250 miles per hour) and altitudes in excess of 80,000 feet. The suit is equipped with a complete life-support system which ensures personal survival in a hostile atmosphere for up to 3.5 days.

Because the MAULER Project was shelved prematurely, the overall performance of the armored suit has yet to be determined.



Man-Bull art by Ed Hannigan & Josef Rubinstein

Mauler art by Bob Layton & Josef Rubinstein

MISTER FEAR

Real Name: Alan Fagan
Occupation: Businessman
Identity: Known to the police
Legal status: American citizen with criminal record
Former aliases: None
Place of birth: Madison, Wisconsin
Marital status: Single
Known relatives: Larry Cranston (uncle, deceased)
Group affiliation: None
Base of operations: New York City

First appearance: Mister Fear I (Zoltan Drago) DAREDEVIL #6, Mister Fear II (Samuel "Starr" Saxon) DAREDEVIL #54, Mister Fear III (Larry Cranston) DAREDEVIL #91, (Mister Fear IV (Alan Fagan) MARVEL TEAM-UP #92

Origin: Alan Fagan is the fourth person to assume the identity of Mister Fear. The first was Zoltan Drago, a sculptor and amateur scientist who suffered delusions of grandeur. Drago was the proprietor of a wax museum and had tried several times to develop a chemical which would transform his wax figures into living beings, so that he could create an army of slaves. By accident, Drago concocted a chemical gas which instilled extreme fear in him when he breathed it. Inspired by its possiblities, Drago manufactured thousands of pellets of the gas and designed a frightening costume. Calling himself Mister Fear, Drago used the gas to enlist the Eel and the Ox in a series of crimes for personal gain. Mister Fear encountered and was eventually defeated by Daredevil. Though sent to prison with his paraphenalia confiscated, Drago had taken the precaution of making a duplicate costume and stashing it with a cache of gas pellets in a secret location in a lower Manhattan warehouse.

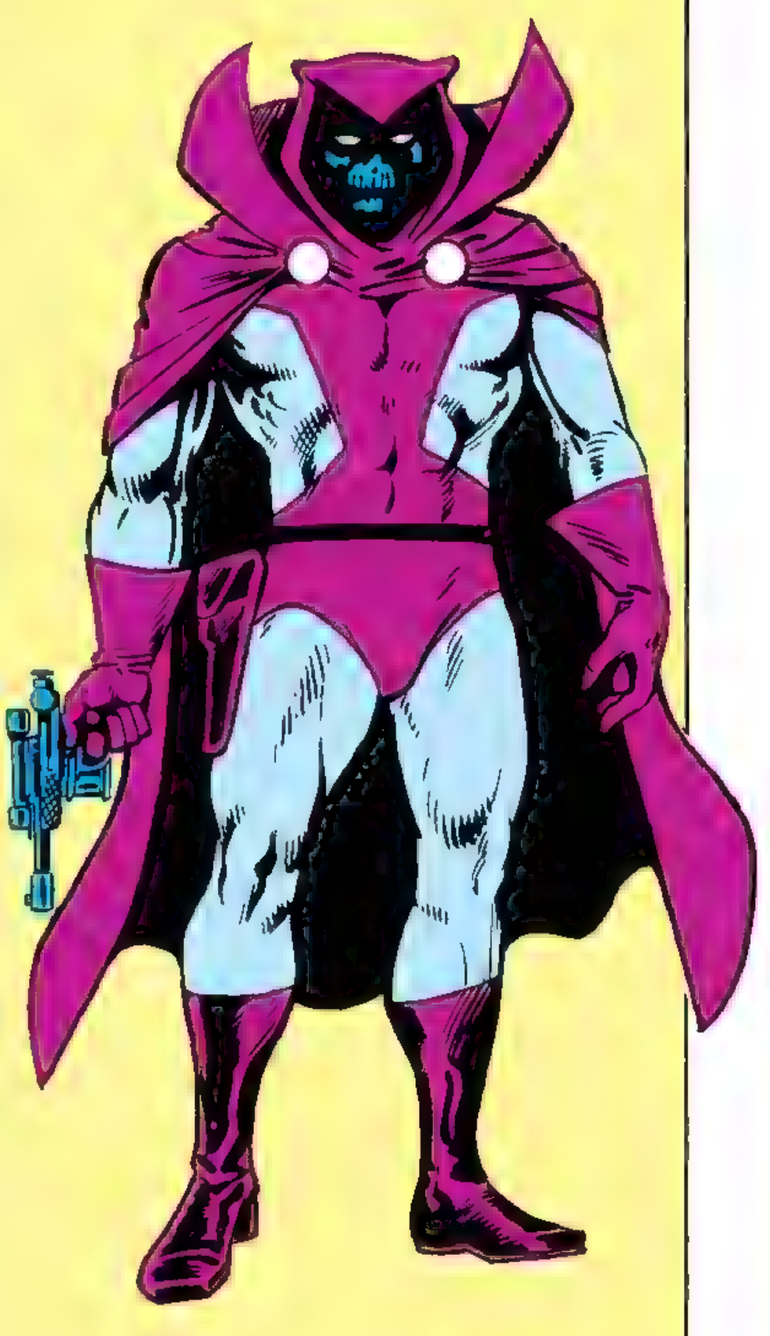
A few days after Drago was released from prison, Daredevil's nemesis Samuel "Starr" Saxon located Drago in a New York hotel. At gunpoint, Saxon forced him to reveal where his Mister Fear paraphenalia was so that Saxon might use it against Daredevil. After Drago gave him the location of the cache, Saxon shot him in cold blood. The whole incident was overheard by Larry Cranston, a law school classmate of Matthew Murdock, who was staying at the hotel in the room across the hall. Cranston hated Murdock and suspected that Murdock was Daredevil. Saxon retrieved the Mister Fear outfit before Cranston could, and revived the identity to battle Daredevil. Saxon was killed during the battle when he plunged to his death from his airship (see *Appendix: Machinesmith*). Masquerading as a relative of Saxon's, Cranston obtained a court order allowing him custody of the Mister Fear costume and equipment. Cranston kept it for a few years without using it, waiting for an opportune moment. When Daredevil and Matthew Murdock were reported to have moved to San Francisco, Cranston knew that his hunch about their being the same person was correct. Cranston went into action as Mister Fear, only to meet defeat and accidental death. Upon Cranston's demise, the Mister Fear outfit came into the possession of his nephew, Alan Fagan. Fagan, a wealthy businessman, planned to use the identity in a scheme involving the building of a private nuclear weapon, but his plans were foiled by Spider-Man and Hawkeye. The Mister Fear costume, approximately 100 gas pellets, and several assorted weapons, are now in the custody of the police, while Fagan is serving time in prison.

Height: 5' 11" **Weight:** 165 lbs **Eyes:** Hazel **Hair:** Silver

Powers: Mister Fear possesses no superhuman powers.

Weapons: Mister Fear uses a compound based on pheromones, a chemical produced by most animals used to communicate a variety of simple messages over distances. The particular pheromone he uses is the flight scent pheromone, which stimulates fear reactions in herd animals. This drug, tailored for human beings, whose reactions to pheromones are not completely understood, induces severe anxiety, fear, and panic in his victims, rendering them incapable of fighting or resisting his will. He employs the drug in the form of gas pellets shot from a gun. The pellets rupture on contact, releasing the flight scent which is inhaled through the victim's nose and mouth. The dosage contained in one pellet is enough to incapacitate a normal adult male for about 15 minutes, or an exceptionally fit adult male, such as Daredevil, for about 5 minutes. The side effects of anxiety, edginess, and mild nausea can persist for several days. The flight scent can be administered in other ways: Mister Fear II (Starr Saxon) planted a supply of pellets in Daredevil's billy club with a time-release mechanism whereas Mister Fear IV (Alan Fagan) used a miniature hypodermic needle mounted in his ring to inject a large dose of the liquid form directly into his victim's blood stream. Small but effective doses of the flight scent can be absorbed subcutaneously (through the pores) within an enclosed space, but the length of time this takes limits its usefullness.

All of the holders of the Mister Fear identity have also employed other weapons. Among them have been "repelio-rays," force rays similar to Iron Man's repulsor rays (used by Mister Fear II), a flying disk (used by Mister Fear II), and flying jets (used by Mister Fear III).



Art by Ed Hannigan & Josef Rubinstein

OWL

Real Name: Leland Owlsley
Occupation: Former investor, now a professional criminal
Identity: Publicly known
Legal status: American citizen with a criminal record
Former aliases: None
Place of birth: Unknown
Marital status: Unknown
Group affiliation: The Owl has occasionally allied himself with various other superhuman criminals during his career. He leads an underground criminal army known as the "Owl Gang."
Base of operations: The Aerie, a headquarters built into the New Jersey Palisades facing Manhattan
First appearance: DAREDEVIL #3
Known relatives: None
Origin: Leland Owlsley, nicknamed the Owl, was once a ruthless financial wizard, whose criminal connections were exposed during a special Internal Revenue Service audit that accidentally uncovered certain documents which linked him with numerous fraudulent business enterprises. As soon as his underworld activities came to light, the Owl discarded his mantle of respectibility, and began to devote his time, energy, and financial expertise to the highly lucrative field of criminal endeavors. His natural power, great financial resources, and criminal genius have made the Owl a formidable crimelord. Although he is a known criminal, he has never been convicted of any serious crime.
Height: 5' 11"
Weight: 200 lbs
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Brown
Unusual features: The Owl's nervous system was severely damaged by certain experimental drugs which he took hoping to artificially increase his mutant ability to glide. The damage centered on his spinal cord, and resulted in almost total paralysis of his legs. Consequently, he cannot stand or walk without the aid of a specially designed, battery-powered exoskeleton which braces both of his legs.
Powers: The Owl possesses the mutant ability to glide considerable distances in the air. He can also ascend and swerve by using his limbs and his specially-designed cape to act as rudders. In order to glide, the Owl must leap from a height of not less than about 20 feet. He cannot achieve flight from a standing position on the ground. The distance he can glide is affected by ambient air currents and the original height from which he leaps. The Owl's glide ratio (rate of drop to distance traveled) has demonstrated enough variation to presume some form of psionic assistance, but the exact mechanism is as yet unknown. (The Owl has not yet indicated his awareness of any psionic enhancement of his physical ability.) He has demonstrated flights over distances as great as several hundred yards.

The Owl's entire anatomy is adapted for gliding. His bones are hollow and he has a low fat-to-muscle ratio like that of most birds. His muscle efficiency is greater than human so that he possesses unusual endurance and ease of recovery from fatigue. He can lift (press) about 600 pounds with great effort.

At various times in his career, the Owl has sought to artificially enhance his natural gliding abilities through the use of experimental drugs, surgical implants, and a series of specially-designed capes. With the exception of his capes, these additions have met with little actual success.
Weapons: The Owl uses two weapons: a pair of razor-edged, tool-steel talons which are attached to his forearm and extend over his knuckles, and a series of custom-designed, mechanical, articulated-vane capes which act as sensitive steering rudders while he is flight.

As a wealthy criminal, the Owl often employs highly sophisticated technology in his criminal pursuits, such as modern, high-speed computers and communication equipment, silenced helicopters, and various forms of conventional and exotic weaponry.

PALADIN

Real Name: Unknown
Occupation: Mercenary, private investigator
Identity: Secret
Legal status: Presumably a citizen of the United States
Former aliases: None
Place of birth: Unknown
Marital status: Unknown
Known relatives: None
Group affiliation: None
Base of operations: Mobile
First appearance: DAREDEVIL #150
Origin: Unknown
Height: 6' 2"
Weight: 225 lbs
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Powers: Paladin is a professional-level athlete who apparently possesses some degree of superhuman strength. Whether this is a natural power or a function of his body suit armament is not yet known. Paladin appears to be able to lift (press) about 1 ton. His practical reaction time appears to be about twice that of a normal human being, and his speed and stamina also verge on the superhuman. He is proficient in complex, gymnastic acrobatics and unarmed combat.
Weapons: Paladin wears a series of tough, flexible, padded joint protectors (knee, elbow, neck, as well as upper torso and thigh), that are made of light, laminated nylon cloth. He uses bullet-proofing, quilted Kevlar cloth in his vest and helmet, sufficient to stop close-range fired .45 caliber bullets. The helmet contains a belt-control activated face plate, which slides down to make his facemask airtight. Paladin's helmet has its own 1-hour air supply. The helmet uses thin-film metallic-laminated plastic lenses to develop a selective-frequency light amplifying surface that operates in the infra-red range of the electromagnetic spectrum. These lenses can be fitted into place at the touch of a button to enhance night vision.

Paladin carries a special stun gun, that appears to develop a beam that scrambles the signals within a target's nervous system. The gun's range and effectiveness are unknown. This gun is equipped with a secret safety-catch, so that only Paladin may operate it.

Owl art by John Romita & Josef Rubinstein

Paladin art by Bob Wiacek & Josef Rubinstein

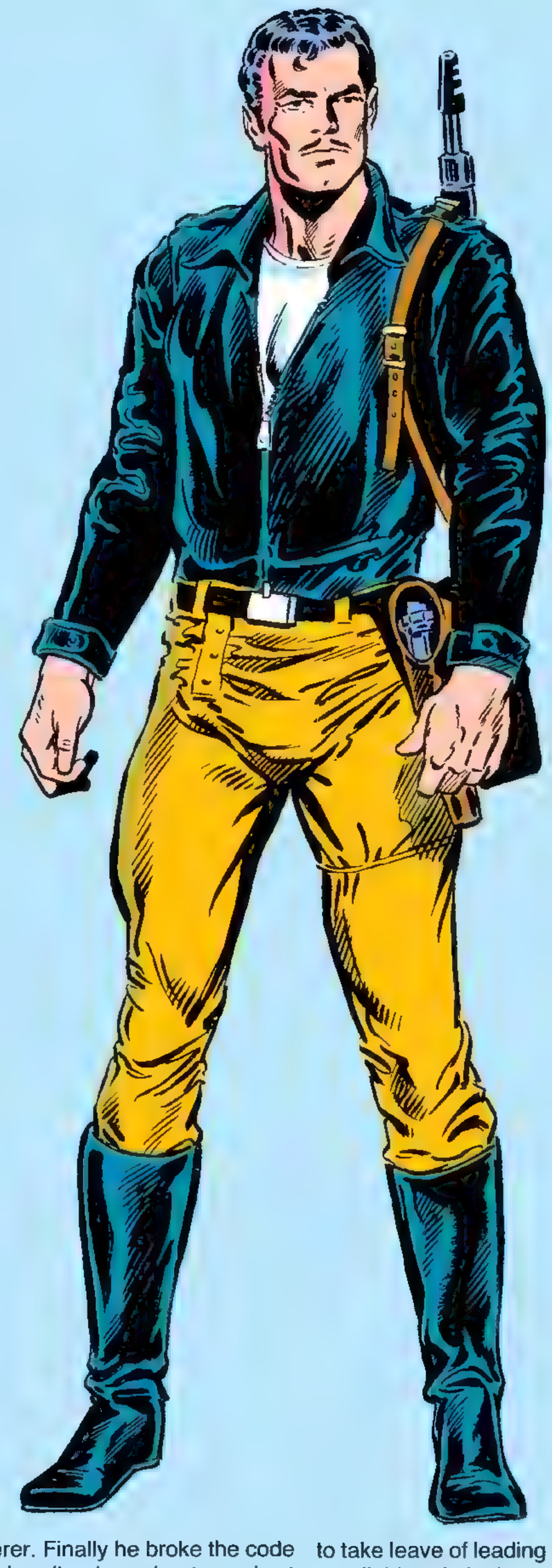
PLUNDERER

Real Name: Parnival Plunder
Occupation: Pirate, engineer, scientist
Identity: Publicly known
Legal status: British subject with criminal record
Former aliases: None known
Place of birth: Castle Plunder, Kentish Town, London, England
Marital status: Single
Known relatives: Lord Robert (father, deceased), Lady Blanche (mother, deceased), Lord Kevin, (alias Ka-Zar, brother)
Group affiliation: Leader of various crews of modern-day pirates
Base of operations: Mobile
First appearance: DAREDEVIL #12
Origin: Parnival Plunder is the younger of the two sons of British nobleman and scientist, Lord Robert Plunder. While searching for an element he predicted to exist in nature, Parnival's father Lord Plunder discovered the hidden jungle on the Antarctic continent that became known as the Savage Land. There, he confirmed his theories by discovering the Anti-Metal (later determined to be an isotope of Vibranium), a substance that can destroy the molecular bonds of any known metal. Lord Plunder returned to England to find his wife had passed away in his absence. Realizing his own mortality, he locked away a sizable sample of the Anti-Metal he had brought back in a special vault beneath his castle, and fashioned a small fragment of it into a medallion-key that was the only means to open the vault. He then split the key in two, giving half to each of his two sons, Kevin and Parnival, as their inheritance. When word of Lord Plunder's discovery leaked out, agents of an unscrupulous power tried to wrest from him the Anti-Metal's location. Saved from the agents by the arrival of his armed butler Willis, Lord Plunder decided to see to his sons' safety.

While Lord Plunder took young Kevin to the Savage Land, Willis, an ex-seaman, took Parnival to sea. Constantly on the move, the two successfully eluded capture by their enemies. While his brother Kevin grew strong in the wilds of the Savage Land, Parnival led the vigorous life of a sailor, learning from his guardian at the same time some of the more unsavory ways of civilization. Young Parnival came to enjoy and thrive on the deception and occasional violence that Willis employed to insure their safety. Reaching adulthood, Parnival gained access to a portion of the family wealth, which he used to bribe certain officials of the power that was pursuing him and his (presumed dead) brother into giving up the chase. He returned to his native England and continued his formal education.

Parnival became a highly skilled engineer and scientist, while establishing himself as the respectable lord of Castle Plunder. This was but a ruse to cover his true goal: the power and riches that the use of the Anti-Metal could gain him. To get the Anti-Metal, however, he had to find a way to open the vault in Castle Plunder, and for that he needed his brother's half of the medallion-key. Not knowing where the Savage Land was, he decided to employ his knowledge of the sea to become a modern-day pirate, until such time as he could decipher his father's encoded directions to the Savage Land. Using his scientific knowledge to create advanced weaponry and hiring a shipload of mercenaries and criminals, Plunder terrorized the high seas as the costumed Plunderer. Finally he broke the code to the Savage Land's whereabouts, and set forth. Finding it, he managed to locate his brother, who was now known as Ka-Zar, and stole his half of the medallion-key. Returning to his ancestral castle, the Plunderer raided his father's cache of Anti-Metal and set out to use it to make a weapon able to destroy all the world's weapons. Since his own non-metallic weapons would not be affected, he anticipated world conquest.

His grand schemes were thwarted, however, by such adventurers as Daredevil, the Hulk, Spider-Man, and his own brother Ka-Zar. The Plunderer finally abandoned his lofty aspirations and returned to a life of piracy. His near-fatal encounter with the alien spaceknight Rom, however, convinced him to take leave of leading large bands of often unreliable criminals, and he has since decided to operate alone. His fugitive status precludes him from returning to Castle Plunder and caretaking his elder brother's title.

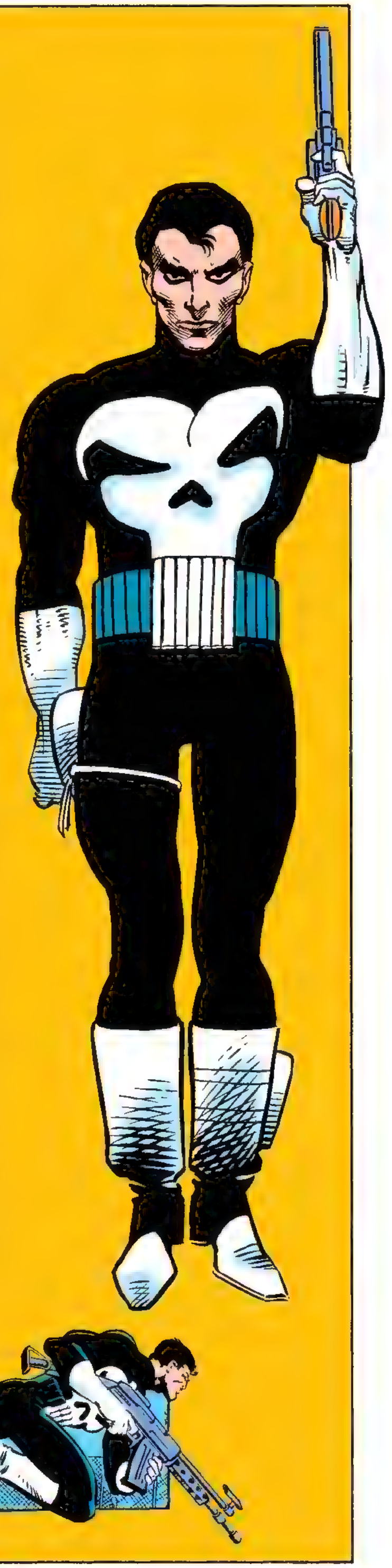


Height: 6' 2" **Weight:** 215 lbs
Eyes: Black **Hair:** Grey
Powers: The Plunderer possesses no superhuman powers, but is a highly-trained athlete with extensive knowledge of armed and unarmed combat.
Weapons: The Plunderer's main weapons are his Anti-Metal-powered "vibra-ray" blasters, which he has designed and built in a variety of sizes. He also employs various sophisticated offensive weapons made of plastic, impervious to the Anti-Metal.

Art by Brent Anderson & Josef Rubinstein

PUNISHER

Real Name: Classified
Occupation: Ex-United States Marine turned professional vigilante
Identity: Secret
Legal status: American citizen with a criminal record, listed in Marine records as a deserter
Former aliases: None
Place of birth: Classified
Marital status: Widowed
Known relatives: Wife (deceased, name classified), son (deceased, name classified), daughter (deceased, name classified)
Group affiliation: None
Base of operations: Mobile
First appearance: AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #129
Origin: The Punisher's real name is as yet unrevealed. He was a captain in the United States Marine Corps, and a veteran of the Viet Nam war. For heroism in the line of duty, he was twice decorated with both the Bronze and Silver Star, and four times with the Purple Heart. Several years after the American involvement in Viet Nam ended, he ran special training missions for Marine commandos in the upper New York State area. While on leave, he took his wife and two small children to Central Park in New York City. Coincidentally, the family happened upon the scene of a mob killing on the Sheep's Meadow green in the park. Fearing witnesses, the mobsters murdered the captain's family in cold blood and escaped. The captain managed to survive the attack but was traumatized by the incident. He decided not to return to Marine duty, but instead, outfitted himself with assorted weapons and a battle suit which displayed a large death's head on the chest, and embarked on a one-man anti-crime campaign throughout New York City. For the next few weeks he sought out and executed criminals whom he thought had some association with the gangsters who had killed his family. The news media named him the Punisher, after his first anonymous press release. A concerned New York City Police detective named John Laviano identified the gang who slew the Punisher's family as the family of Bruno Costa, brother of a powerful mob boss on the East Coast. Unfortunately, Costa's alibis were supported by enough "witnesses" to make prosecution impossible. Since the law's hands were tied, the Punisher used the information Laviano had accumulated to hunt down Costa's gang and eliminate them. This episode began the Punisher's career as a vigilante, a self-proclaimed enemy against crime. Since then he has made enemies of a number of New York-based crimefighters who disapprove of his violent methods, including Spider-Man and Daredevil, and has served time for his underworld slayings.
Height: 6' 1" **Weight:** 200 lbs
Eyes: Gray **Hair:** Black
Powers: The Punisher possesses no superhuman powers. He is, however, a thoroughly seasoned combat veteran of exceptional skill. A former U.S. Marine Captain with a distinguished combat record, and having undergone SEAL (SEa Air Land) training, UDT (Underwater Demoliton Team) training, and LRPA (Long Range PAtrol) training, he is well-versed in the arts of warfare and hand-to-hand combat. Armed solely with conventional weapons and motivated by a fanatical hatred for criminals like those who murdered his family, the Punisher has single-handedly incapacitated up to a dozen well-armed and experienced opponents in a single encounter and escaped uninjured.
Weapons: The Punisher constantly employs an arsenal of portable weaponry. His most commonly used personal weapons are the Viet Nam era M16 automatic rifle in .223 caliber; a Sterling Mark 6 9mm, 34-round clip fed, semi-automatic rifle converted to automatic fire; a 14-round, 9mm Browning Llama automatic pistol; a Government issue .45 caliber automatic frame re-chambered for 9mm ammunition with a replaceable barrel to convert it to .223 caliber ammunition; and a 4-shot derringer in .223 caliber. (Thus, he needs to carry only two types of ammunition.) The Punisher sometimes carries a Smith & Wesson .357 revolver and ammunition in place of the Browning Llama. He normally carries a strapped down, Bianchi speed-draw holstered Browning pistol at his hip, and an ankle holster containing his re-chambered .45 pistol. The derringer is secreted in various places at various times. The Punisher also carries several M26 fragmentation grenades, several custom-designed concussion grenades, plus small, custom-designed tear-gas grenades which are secured in pouches lining his shoulders. In his right outside knife sheath, he alternately carries a no-longer produced, Viet Nam era, Gerber Mark II Combat Knife or a Marine Combat Knife.
Transportation: The Punisher travels in a heavily armored combat van, built on a modified Econoline chasis, disguised as a TV repair truck. This mobile arsenal and command post is protected by layers of compound armor which can repel .30 caliber armor-piercing bullets. It is equipped with puncture-proof, ball-hard rubber tires, a puncture-proof 85-gallon fuel tank (maximum mission range: 920 miles), a 440 cubic-inch Chevrolet V-8 with a manual transmission powering a 1:2.1 gearbox (maximum speed: 165 miles per hour), plus heavy-duty leaf-spring suspension and variable-load shock-absorbers. The forward windshield is ¾-inch, aircraft-canopy windscreen material which can turn .50 caliber bullets. There are electric-powered forward-reaching wheels that can be deployed to allow the van to climb over most other vehicles. The van houses several duplicates of his personal arsenal and large stores of ammunition, plus small, anti-tank weaponry, large-caliber assault weapons and ammunition, and high-explosive demolitions. The van also carries complete underwater breathing apparatus. The van is equipped with sophisticated communications devices which are used to intercept police broadcasts, and an on-board computer which can monitor all of the Punisher's activities and log his Crime File entries. The van is also equipped with a thermite-bomb, remote-controlled, self-destruct mechanism which can incinerate the entire vehicle within 15 minutes.



Art by Frank Miller & Josef Rubinstein

PURPLE MAN

Real Name: Zebediah Killgrave
Identity: Publicly known
Former aliases: None
Place of birth: Rijeka, Yugoslavia
Known relatives: None
First appearance: DAREDEVIL #4
Occupation: Former spy turned professional criminal
Legal status: Resident alien living in the United States with an international criminal record
Marital status: Single
Group affiliation: None
Base of operations: Mobile

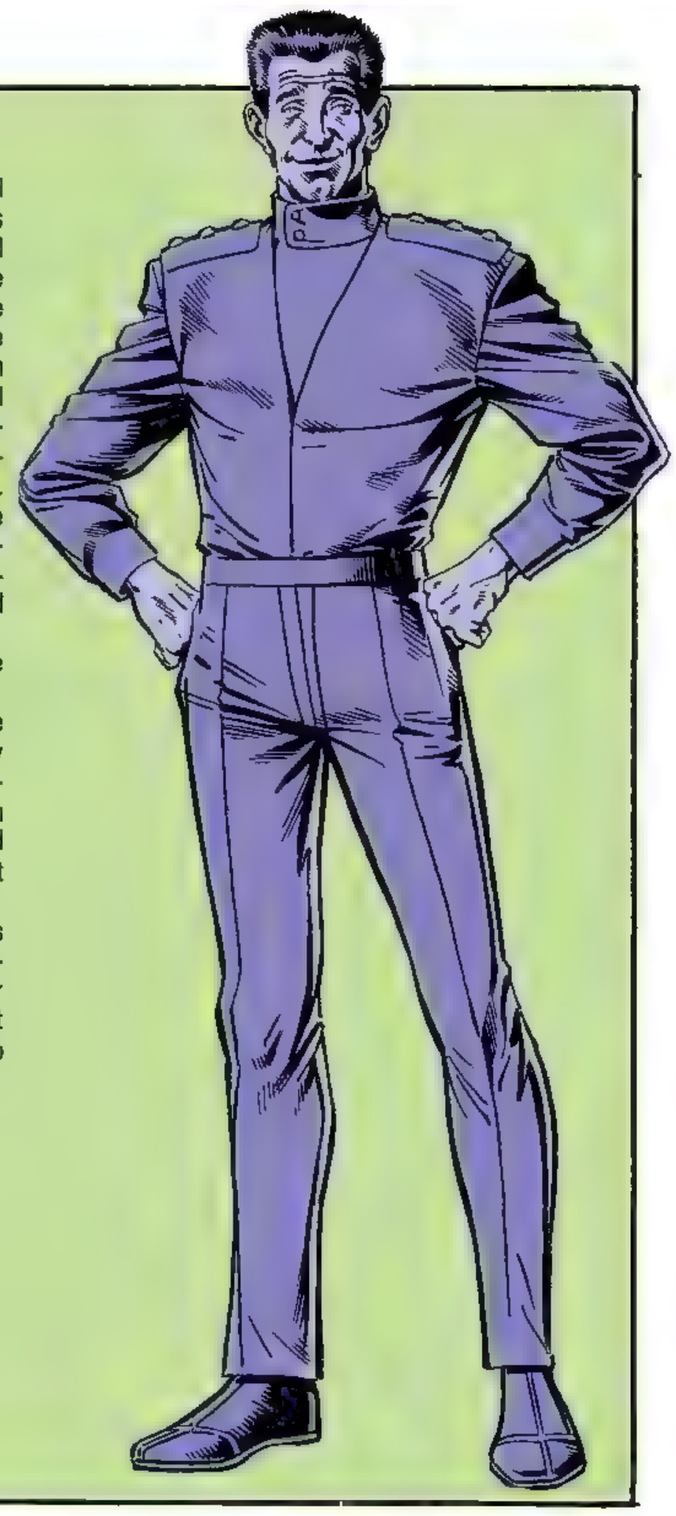
Origin: Zebediah Killgrave was a spy working for the Soviet bloc who received a mission to infiltrate an American army ordinance depot and steal a sample of an experimental nerve gas. A military guard came upon Killgrave and fired a shot. The soldier's gunfire hit a canister of the nerve gas, which was stored in liquid form along with a stabilizing liquid. The contents of the canister poured out, thoroughly drenching Killgrave, impregnating his skin and indelibly dying him purple. Caught outright and questioned, Killgrave offered a weak, inadequate alibi to his captors. Much to his surprise, he was believed and released. Several more incidents of this nature demonstrated that since he's been doused by the nerve gas, Killgrave could command other people's wills. Killgrave named himself the Purple Man, and embarked on a criminal career. Defeated by Daredevil during his first criminal outing, Killgrave has returned several times, frequently in league with other superhumanly powered criminals, to seek both revenge and personal gain.

Height: 5' 11" **Weight:** 165 lbs **Eyes:** Purple **Hair:** Purple
Unusual features: Killgrave has purple skin from crown to heel.

Powers: Purple Man possesses the power to sap people's wills, making him able to command people by simple verbal suggestion. His power originates is his skin cells, which have been mutagenically altered by impregnation by the stabilized, toxic, airborne nerve-gas (sub-cutaneous absorbtive oxidant de-coupler). The nerve-gas was abnormally active due to its great concentration in liquid form. The sites of pheromone production and other secretions in the Purple Man's deep dermis produce numerous psycho-active chemicals which when inhaled or absorbed through the skin induces in that individual an overwhelming monomania, that renders him or her completely without self.

Purple Man can simultaneously subjugate as many people as are present within atmospheric contact. He has been known to enthrall crowds of over 100 people. The effects only last as long as the Purple Man is physically present. When he departs, the level of chemicals are reduced within his victims at various rates (dependent upon their metabolisms), and then full cognizance of self returns. Purple Man is a charismatic ind vidual, with an entrancing lilt to his speech that he has cultivated over his adult life. While using his powers he often engagingly asks strangers to do incongruous or even foolhardy activities, which they will do without question.

Purple Man has little athletic ability and knowledge of hand-to-hand combat.



ALIEN RACES

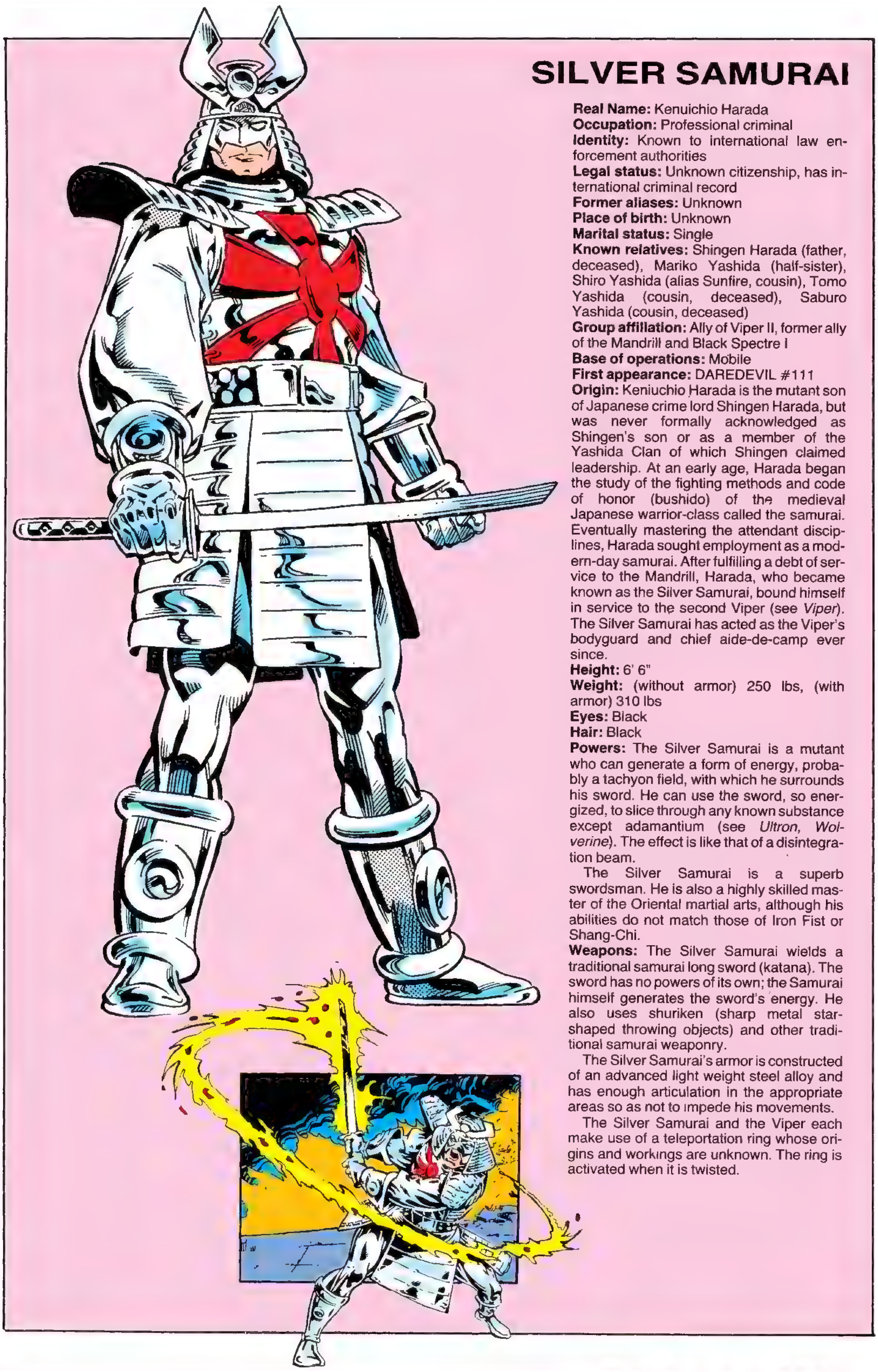
QUEEGA

Origin Galaxy: Andromeda
Star System: Quolan

Planet: Queeg, fourth from sun
Habitat: Large polar ice caps. .83 covered by water
Gravity: .95 Earth's
Atmosphere: .75 nitrogen, .24 oxygen
Population: 4.1 billion
Physical Characteristics:
Type: Reptilian
Eyes: Two, blue
Fingers: Three (with opposable thumb)
Toes: Four (one on back of foot)
Skin color: Green, scaled
Average height: 6'
Special adaptations: Queega are warm-blooded reptiles, able to generate electrical energy around their heads, perhaps for protection. Queega breathe and speak through small orifices in their foreheads. They can also project intense waves of coldness from their hands.
Type of government: Totalitarian rule by sole political party
Level of technology: Interstellar ships with warp drive, teleportation, "sight-stealing ray"
Cultural traits: Exploitative
Names of representatives: None known
Note: The Queega send expeditions to blind the populations of planets, and then to teleport the entire mineral resources of those planets back to the Quolan solar system
First appearance: DAREDEVIL #28

Purple Man art by Brian Bolland & Josef Rubinstein

Queega art by Paty Cockrum & Josef Rubinstein



SILVER SAMURAI

Real Name: Kenuichio Harada
Occupation: Professional criminal
Identity: Known to international law enforcement authorities
Legal status: Unknown citizenship, has international criminal record
Former aliases: Unknown
Place of birth: Unknown
Marital status: Single
Known relatives: Shingen Harada (father, deceased), Mariko Yashida (half-sister), Shiro Yashida (alias Sunfire, cousin), Tomo Yashida (cousin, deceased), Saburo Yashida (cousin, deceased)
Group affiliation: Ally of Viper II, former ally of the Mandrill and Black Spectre I
Base of operations: Mobile
First appearance: DAREDEVIL #111
Origin: Keniuchio Harada is the mutant son of Japanese crime lord Shingen Harada, but was never formally acknowledged as Shingen's son or as a member of the Yashida Clan of which Shingen claimed leadership. At an early age, Harada began the study of the fighting methods and code of honor (bushido) of the medieval Japanese warrior-class called the samurai. Eventually mastering the attendant disciplines, Harada sought employment as a modern-day samurai. After fulfilling a debt of service to the Mandrill, Harada, who became known as the Silver Samurai, bound himself in service to the second Viper (see *Viper*). The Silver Samurai has acted as the Viper's bodyguard and chief aide-de-camp ever since.
Height: 6' 6"
Weight: (without armor) 250 lbs, (with armor) 310 lbs
Eyes: Black
Hair: Black
Powers: The Silver Samurai is a mutant who can generate a form of energy, probably a tachyon field, with which he surrounds his sword. He can use the sword, so energized, to slice through any known substance except adamantium (see *Ultron, Wolverine*). The effect is like that of a disintegration beam.

The Silver Samurai is a superb swordsman. He is also a highly skilled master of the Oriental martial arts, although his abilities do not match those of Iron Fist or Shang-Chi.
Weapons: The Silver Samurai wields a traditional samurai long sword (katana). The sword has no powers of its own; the Samurai himself generates the sword's energy. He also uses shuriken (sharp metal star-shaped throwing objects) and other traditional samurai weaponry.

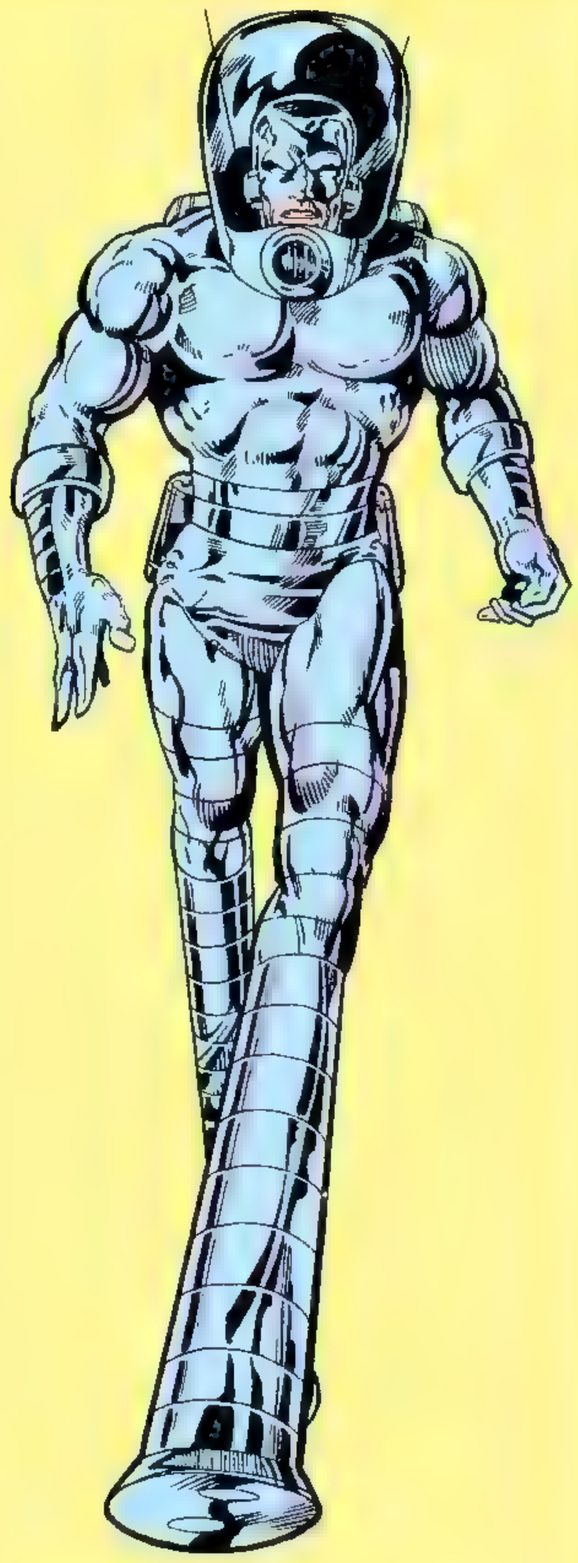
The Silver Samurai's armor is constructed of an advanced light weight steel alloy and has enough articulation in the appropriate areas so as not to impede his movements.

The Silver Samurai and the Viper each make use of a teleportation ring whose origins and workings are unknown. The ring is activated when it is twisted.

Art by Michael Golden & Josef Rubinstein

STILT-MAN

Real Name: Wilbur Day
Identity: Publicly known
Former aliases: None
Marital status: Single
Group affiliation: Former member of Electro's Emissaries of Evil, former partner of Blastaar
First appearance: DAREDEVIL #8
Occupation: Former scientist, now professional criminal
Legal status: American citizen with a criminal record
Place of birth: New York City
Known relatives: None
Base of operations: Mobile



Origin: Wilbur Day was a scientist and inventor in the employ of Kaxton Industries, a small industrial design and manufacturing firm in the New York area. The firm's owner, Karl Kaxton, had invented a new type of hydraulic ram, and had planned to market it commercially. Dissatisfied with his position in the company, Day stole the design. He used the design in the construction of an armored pair of telescoping stilts at home. Day attached the stilts to an articulated armor suit of his own invention, and calling himself the Stilt-Man, began to loot stores and rob pedestrians. Day had tried to claim ownership of Kaxton's original design, and had gone so far as to accuse Kaxton of being Stilt-Man, but his schemes were discovered and thwarted by Daredevil. Constantly remodifying his original suit, the Stilt-Man has also battled Captain America and Spider-Man. When given a special duplicate of his suit forged out of adamantium by the extradimensional Blastaar, the Stilt-Man even dared to challenge Thor. After this defeat, his adamantium suit was confiscated and melted down. Day has since recovered his own modified Stilt-Man suit.

One other man has worn the Stilt-Man outfit, a hood known as Turk. Turk recognized Day out of his armor, followed him, overpowered him, and stole his Stilt-Man suit. Turk proved inept at manipulating the stilts, bungled an attempt to kidnap Assistant District Attorney Maxine Lavender, and was caught by Daredevil after Day had reported his suit stolen to the police.

Height: 5' 6" **Weight:** 150 lbs **Eyes:** Brown **Hair:** Brown

Powers: Wilbur Day possesses no superhuman powers, but derives his abilities from his stilt-equipped armored suit.

Weapons: Stilt-Man wears an armored suit made out of articulated segments of tool-steel alloy whose means of propulsion are twin bi-directionally expanding hydraulic sleeves. The suit contains hydraulically-assisted, man-amplifying mechanisms which give the wearer about a 10-fold increase in strength. The significant design improvement of the hydraulic rams that Stilt Man uses is the gentle spiral pattern of each cylinder which has an oppositely spiraled pattern in its opposing cylinder; when the cylinders are fed hydraulic pressure, they evenly expand, rotating slightly. In each leg, there are 90 nested (one within the other) hydraulic rams of about 20 inches in length, yielding a total elongation of about 290 feet. The second design improvement is the self-repairing bushing (seal) at the end of each cylinder, which can absorb the frictional wear and the shock of motions of several hundred feet per second. Surrounding the bushing are high-carbon steel collars with bevel roller bearings which allow free rotation of each ram and each is supported by mutual collars within each leg.

Each series of rams within each limb is protected by a system of nested stainless steel sleeves which correspond to each ram cylinder. The inside surface of each is corrugated for increased strength, and can easily resist large caliber machine gun fire.

The actuating mechanism for each limb is its own electricallypowered turbine pump, made of very hard stainless steel (to resist hydraulic fluid corrosion and friction), and a mechanical, demand regulated control network located within the suit. The turbines allow an elevator-like ascent at about 60 miles per hour. The total volume of the extended stilt devices' rams are only about 3 times that of their non-extended volume, making them extremely efficient, and requiring a small hydraulic fluid reservoir. The base of each leg is ringed by a bracing network of powerful, miniature hydraulic rams which assist Stilt-Man in moving the 290-foot long extensions of his natural leg while walking. These too are controlled by the motion sensing demand regulated control network. The turbines are powered by high-density storage batteries, which require periodic recharging (16 hours after every 24 hours of use).

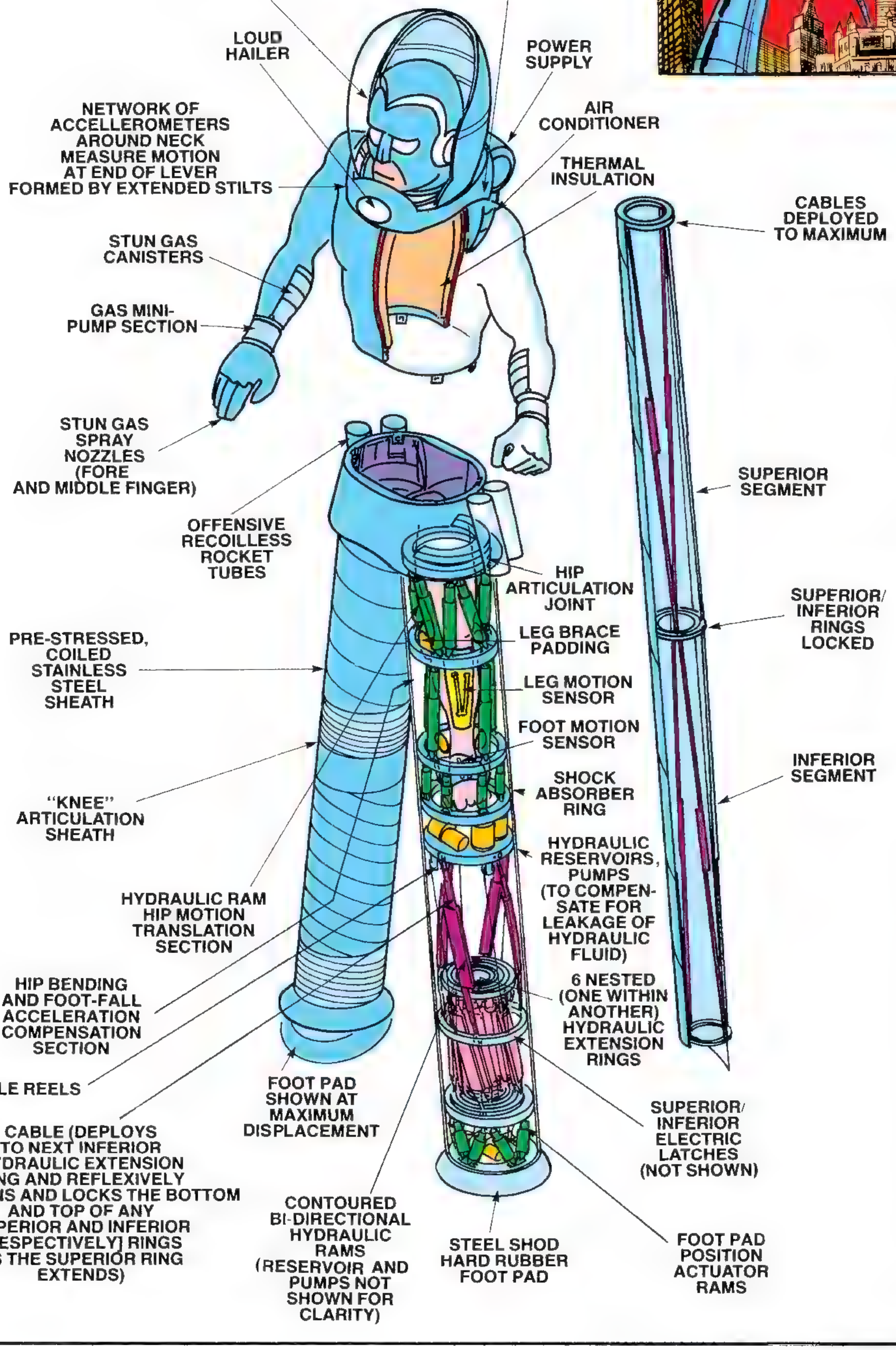
Stilt Man is assisted in forward motion by the high speed electric turbines, which act as gyroscopes. Stilt Man's body can move forward at speeds of up to 30 miles per hour (at this point, his legs are moving at an average speed of 60 miles per hour). This represents the physical limits of his highly specialized hydraulic ram system. With proper bracing, Stilt Man can use one limb as a battering ram, which can deliver a 60 mile per hour blow and can deliver a force of 500 foot pounds (sufficient force to overturn an empty garbage truck). With very careful foot placement, he can walk rapidly over buildings of less height than 280 feet.

Stilt Man has also employed weapons such as grenades, charged-particle beam blasters, and a high-powered vacuum cleaner device which could suck up a victim's money and jewelry.

Art by Butch Guice & Josef Rubinstein

STILT-MAN'S BATTLE SUIT

DESIGNED AND CONSTRUCTED
BY WILBUR DAY



Art by Eliot R. Brown

TORPEDO

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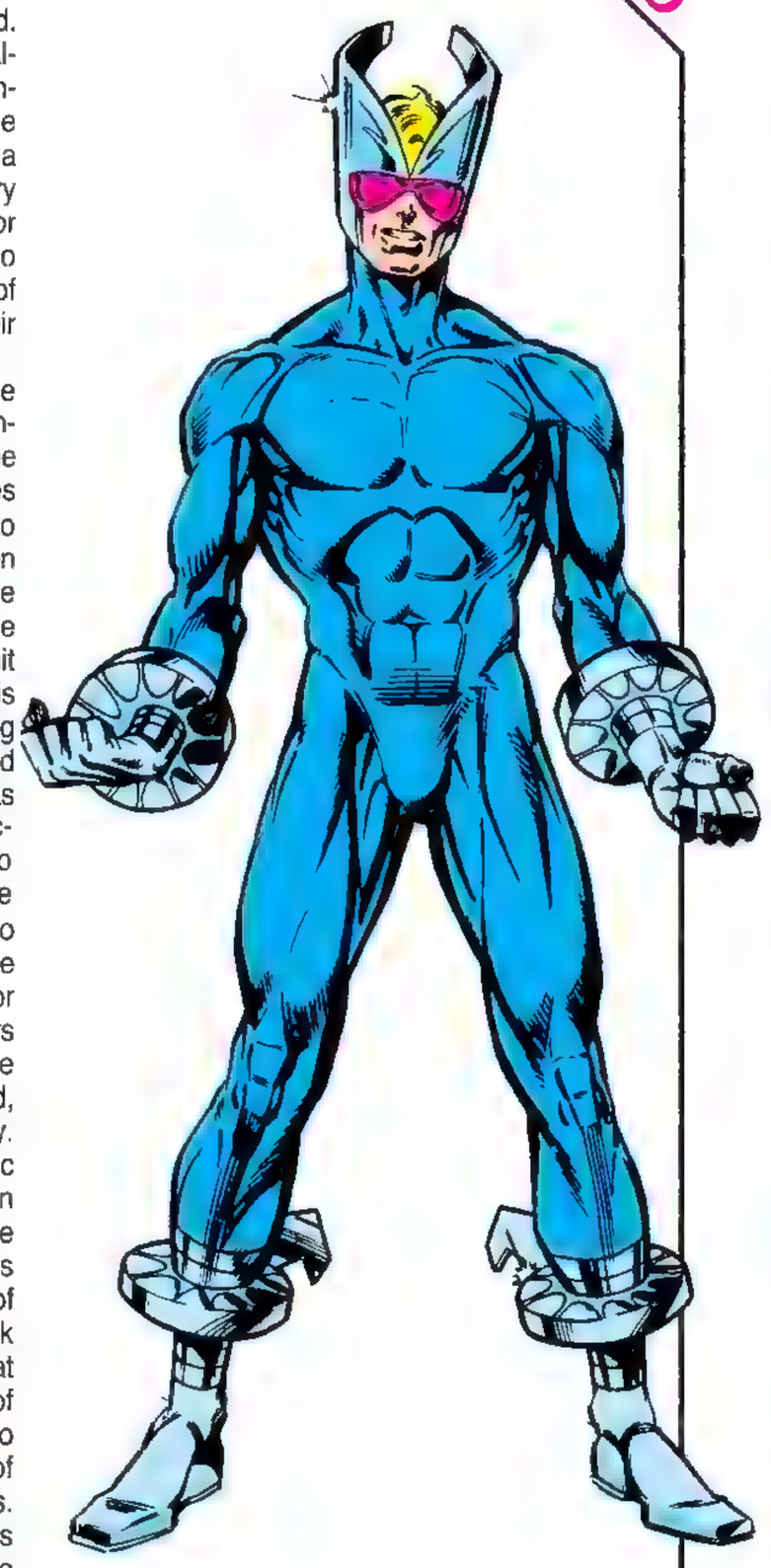


Real Name: Brock Jones
Legal status: American citizen with no criminal record
Identity: Secret
Other aliases: None
Occupation: Former professional football player, former vice-president of Delmar Insurance Company, high school football coach
Known relatives: Lorraine (wife), Ann, Tammy, Daniel (children), Maggie (sister)
Place of birth: New York City
Place of death: Clairton, West Virginia
First appearance: DAREDEVIL #126
Final appearance: ROM #50

History: Brock Jones, a former professional football hero, was a vice-president at the Delmar Insurance Company when he accidentally stumbled into a battle between the crimefighter Daredevil and the alleged criminal called the Torpedo. In the midst of the battle, the Torpedo accidentally caused a large section of a building to collapse. The Torpedo was buried in the rubble, and Jones frantically dug him out. Fatally injured, the Torpedo told Jones he was actually Michael Stivak, a Yugoslavian scientist who had been brought to this country by his uncle, United States Senator Eugene Kligger Stivak in order to design a new type of battle suit for national defense. Stivak had just perfected the Torpedo suit when he discovered that he had been duped by his uncle. The elder Stivak apparently planned to use the suit in an attempt to take over the United States. Angered by the betrayal, the young scientist designed a much less powerful battle suit and presented it to his uncle. Now, however, Senator Stivak had learned of the existence of the powerful Torpedo armor and sought to steal the suit's only existing plans. If he did so, his power would be almost limitless. The younger Stivak begged Jones to carry out his mission and destroy the plans, thus preventing anyone from ever again creating the Torpedo suit.

As he held the dead man in his arms, Jones decided that he had no choice but to don the Torpedo armor and stop the traitorous Senator Stivak. Thus, Brock Jones became the new Torpedo. In his first mission, Jones destroyed the plans that Stivak was searching for. Somewhat bored with the dull routine of his life, Jones decided to keep the Torpedo suit and toyed with the idea of becoming a part-time crimefighter. Denied access to the suit's blueprints, Senator Stivak was determined to procure the original suit by any means possible. In order to do this, he armed a small band of men in the inferior battle suits his nephew had created. Called the Rocketeers, this band met and battled the Torpedo several times. Jones, believing that the security of the nation was at stake, ultimately defeated the Rocketeers. When Senator Stivak died shortly after the Rocketeers' final defeat, Jones believed that the threat was over.

Jones returned to as normal a life as possible, abandoning his career as the Torpedo. Then, one night, a new group of Rocketeers attacked Jones at his Westport home. Unaware of how these Rocketeers could have learned his secret identity (something Senator Stivak never succeeded in finding out) the Torpedo defended his family from the Rocketeer's attack. During the late night battle, Jones accidentally killed one of his opponents. Before his horrified eyes, the mysterious attacker dissolved into ash. Although Jones won this preliminary skirmish, he was badly frightened. He realized that he was facing an even greater threat than before, a threat that he did not fully understand.

Fearful for his family's safety, Jones quit his job at Delmar and moved to the rural town of Clairton, West Virginia. On his first night there, he spotted a flying individual he believed to be another Rocketeer. It was only after a fierce battle that he discovered that he was mistaken. The creature he had seen in the night sky was Rom, an alien from the world called Galador who had come to Earth in order to cleanse off it an invading race of shapeshifters called the Dire Wraiths (see *Rom*). The two men became allies, and together they discovered the truth behind the Rocketeers and the creation of the Torpedo suit.

It turned out that Senator Stivak was not an agent of some foreign power as Jones had long believed. In reality, he was an agent of the Dire Wraiths. Although the Wraiths were quite advanced in technological weaponry, they found they needed the special skills of an earth scientist in order to perfect a battle suit capable of defeating Rom, their primary foe on Earth. It was for this reason that Senator Stivak duped his nephew into creating the Torpedo armor. They hoped to arm an entire squadron of their soldiers in such an armor and defeat their ancient enemy forever.

Together, Rom and the Torpedo defeated these Wraith Rocketeers, earning the Torpedo the undying enmity of the Wraith race. Impressed by the courage and skill of the Torpedo, Rom asked Jones to be Clairton's guardian whenever he was forced to leave the small town to battle Wraiths elsewhere on the planet. Jones readily agreed. In order to make the Torpedo a more effective adversary of the Wraiths, Rom modified the visor of the Torpedo suit into a variant of his own Energy Analyzer. Using this visor, the Torpedo would be capable of recognizing a Dire Wraith regardless of the shape he had assumed. For several months, the Torpedo was acclaimed by the people of Clairton as their protector, second only to Rom in their regard. With two guardians on duty, the people of Clairton felt safe from the Dire Wraiths. Unfortunately, unknown to either Rom or the Torpedo, a new branch of the Dire Wraith species was making its presence known for the first time on Earth. Unlike their predecessors who were specialists in the use of science, these new Wraiths were adept in the mystic arts. Indeed, they were the dominant branch of Wraith society. Impatient with the slow progress of their scientific brethren, they took control of the Earth infiltration program. Their first mission was revenge on the Spaceknight Rom by arranging the murder of his closest friends and the destruction of the town of Clairton. They subtly clouded the mind of Brock Jones through arcane means. Despite the fact that his visor registered the renewed presence of Wraiths in Clairton, his ensorceled mind refused to accept the information. The scientific wizardry of Galador was no match for the magic of the Wraiths.

Lulled into a false sense of security, Brock Jones decided to retire as the Torpedo forever. But, on the day that he was to announce his retirement, the Wraiths revealed themselves to him. Horrified at the success of the Wraiths' plans and the murders of many of its inhabitants, Brock Jones battled the sorcerous Wraiths as Clairton's last defender. But he was not familiar with the abilities of these new shapeshifters and was also hopelessly outnumbered. The Torpedo died in battle vainly trying to save Clairton.

Although the sorcerous Wraiths had no use for the science-oriented Torpedo suit, they killed Jones in revenge for the many times he had defeated their race's plots to take over the Earth. The Torpedo battle suit was apparently destroyed in a fire that consumed the Jones family home in Clairton the same night Brock Jones died. Rom and his ally Starshine are currently battling the sorcerous Wraiths, seeking revenge for the death of the Torpedo and the others of Clairton.

Powers: The Torpedo possessed no superhuman powers. All of his capacities derived from his suit

Weapons: As a hybrid of Wraith and human technology, the Torpedo battle suit was originally designed to battle the Spaceknight, Rom. The suit was built to withstand a direct attack by the most powerful of Spaceknights. Because Rom and the Torpedo never faced each other in direct prolonged battle, it will never be known if the suit was capable of defeating Rom

The Torpedo's power source was the small, nuclear-powered jet turbo units that were located at the wrists and ankles of the body suit. The turbo jets enabled the Torpedo to fly at speeds of up to 2500 miles per hour for a limited amount of time. The Torpedo usually flew at a much slower speed in his patrols of Clairton, But he was able to give chase to Rom, who has been known to achieve speeds of up to 3000 miles per hour.

The Turbo jets were also the source of the Torpedo's "power punches." By concentrating the incredible energies of the turbo jets into his gloves, the Torpedo was capable of delivering blows that could blast through armored aircraft and small buildings. The power level of these blows could be regulated so that the Torpedo could deliver a punch to an ordinary man without causing any serious injury. The turbo jets were sufficiently powerful so that if he directed a beam of force at the ground at his feet, the shock waves would knock people off their feet for an area of 50 feet in radius.

The Torpedo suit was also capable of absorbing huge amounts of radiation and then dissipating it harmlessly.

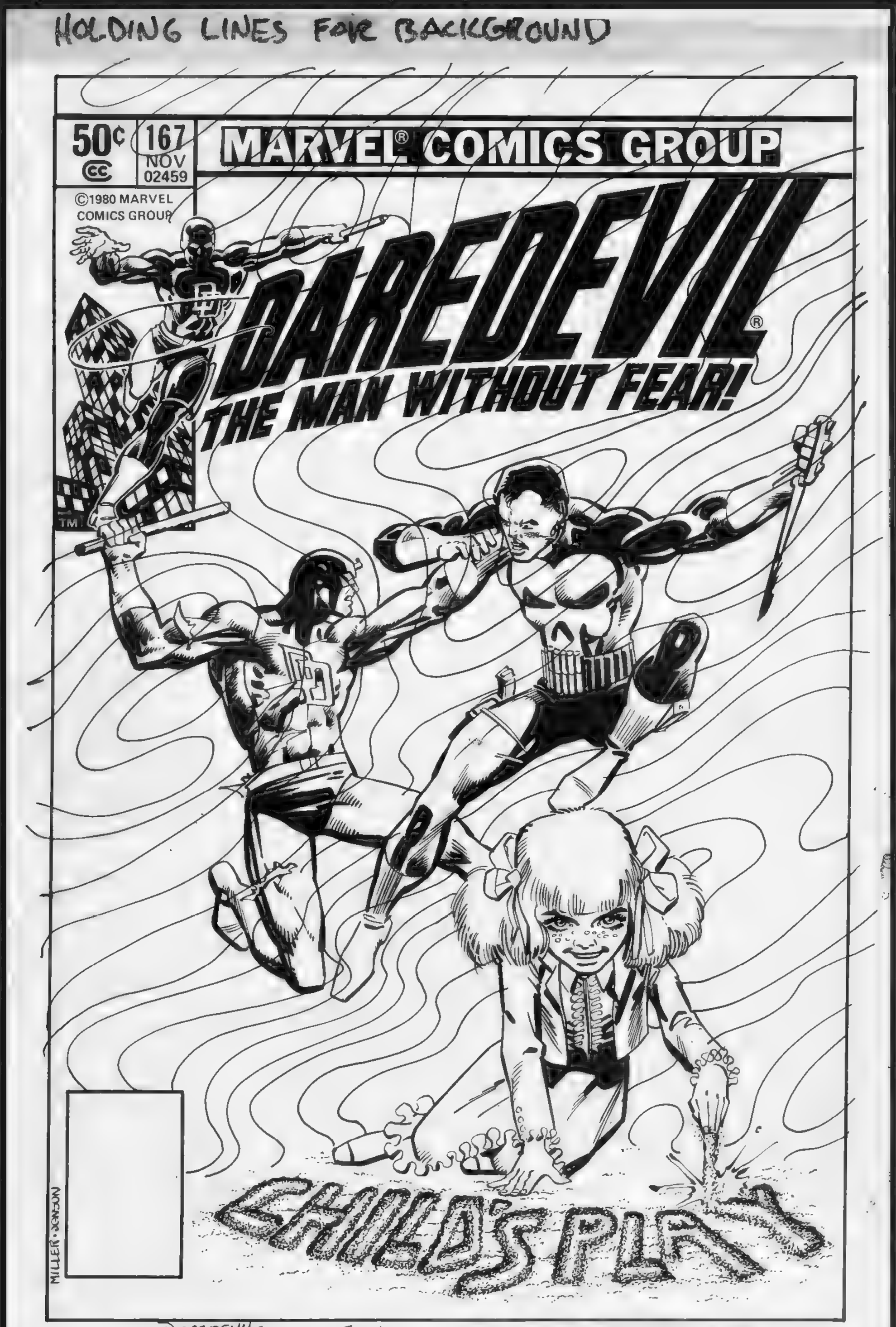
The Torpedo's visor, originally designed to guard the wearer's eyes against the incredible speeds that the suit was capable of attaining, was later modified by Rom with special visual sensors that were able to perceive the particular radioimages unique to the Dire Wraith species no matter what form they had assumed.

Art by Bill Reinhold & Josef Rubinstein

Daredevil #182 cover original art
by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson

Courtesy Charles Costas

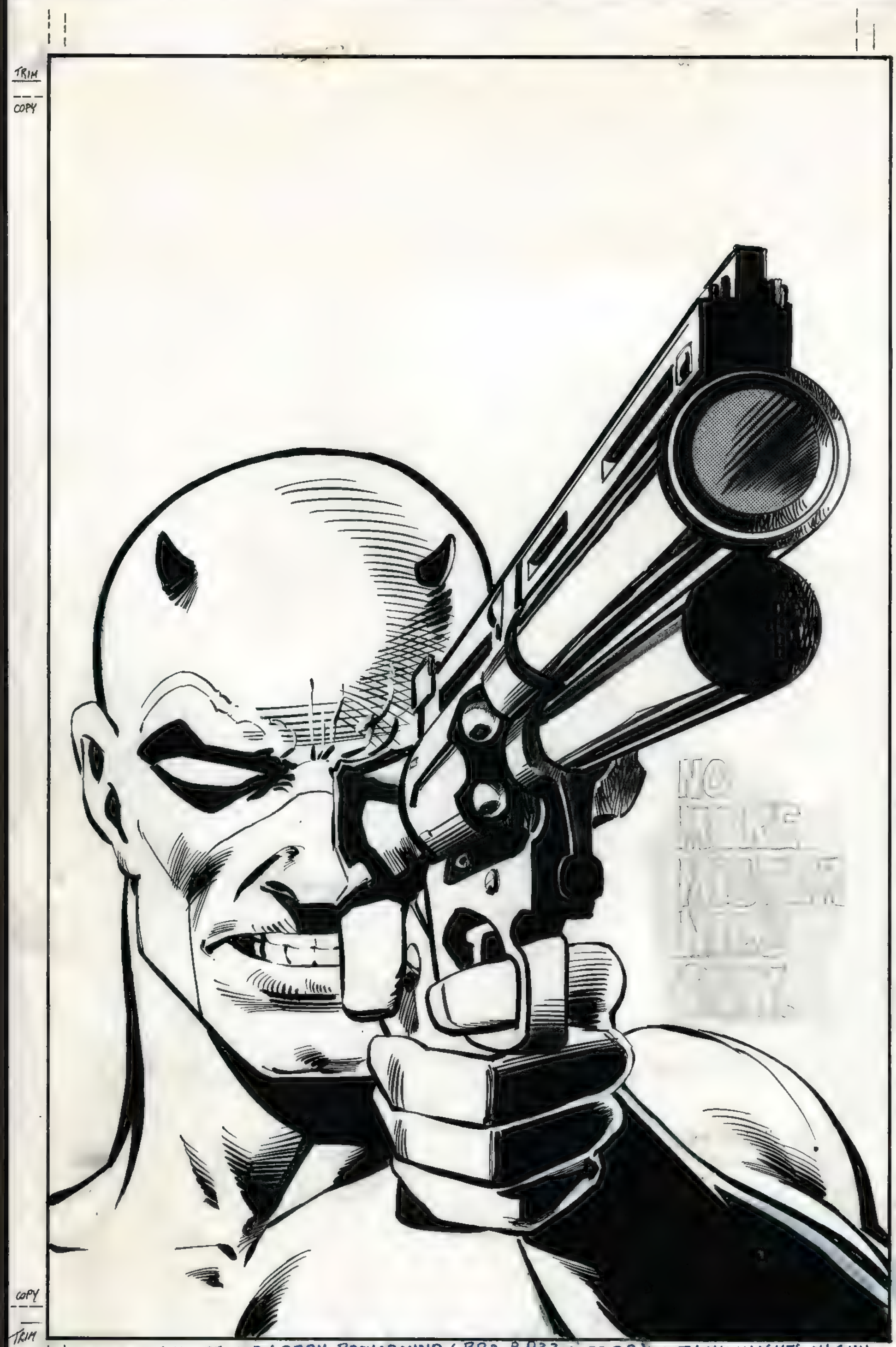
The Comics Code denied approval to *Daredevil* #167's story "Child's Play" for its depiction of drug use. Nearly two years later, the Code revised its ruling and Roger McKenzie and Frank Miller's story was finally published in *Daredevil* #183. *Daredevil* #167's original cover by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson (below) went unused.



For *Daredevil* #183, Miller reworked "Child's Play" from its original 17-page length to the then-standard 22-page format. As a result, what would have been the final page of *Daredevil* #167 was dropped and the scene was redrawn and expanded as *Daredevil* #183, pages 19-20; *Daredevil* #167, unused page 17 original art by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson.

Courtesy Peter Fisico

Daredevil #184 cover original art
by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson



Courtesy Charles Costas

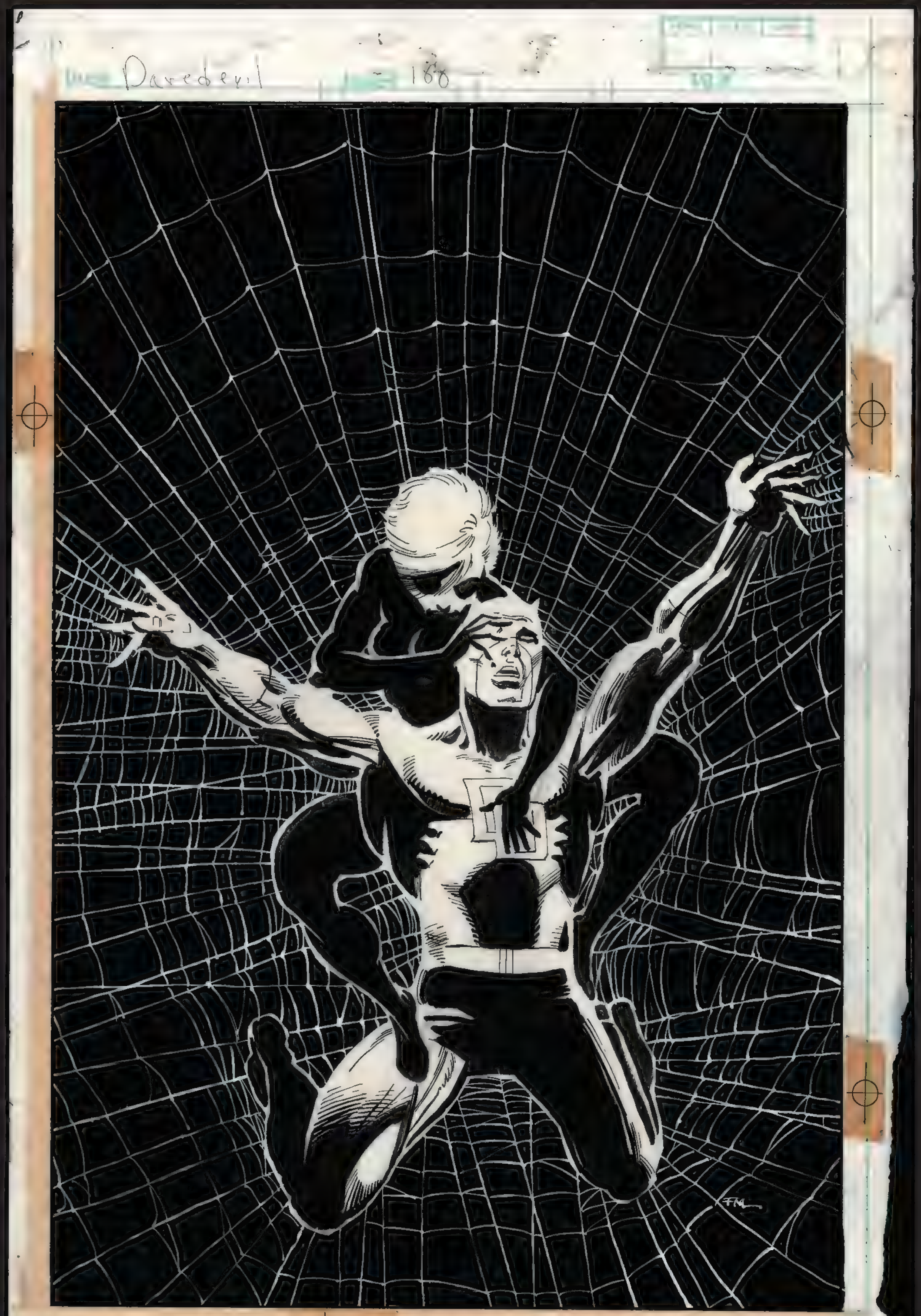
Daredevil #185 cover original art
by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson

GEORGE: EXPLOSION IS B; I THINK THERE SHOULD BE SOME B2; B3, ON THE EDGES OF THE COVER; CENTER OF EXPLOSION LEFT WHITE. THANKS - KLAUS

1h DD 185 6 3/16 x 10 1/2

Courtesy Charles Costas

Daredevil #188 cover original art
by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson



Courtesy Charles Costas

Daredevil #189 cover original art
by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson

Courtesy Charles Costas

Daredevil #185, page 15 pencil breakdowns
by Frank Miller

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Daredevil #185, page 15 finished art
by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson

Klaus Janson

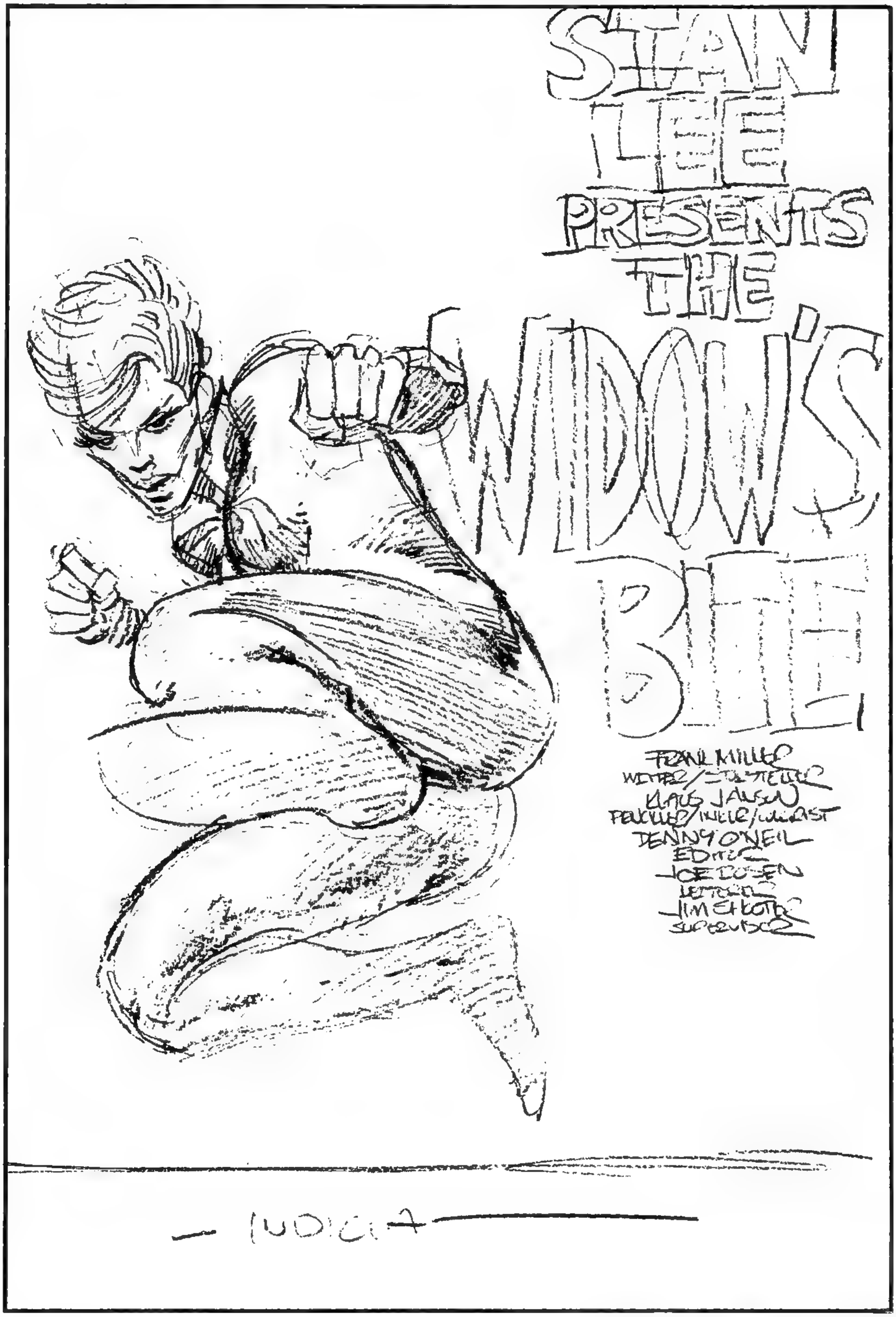
Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Daredevil #188, page 1 pencil breakdowns (from the issue's letters page) by Frank Miller

We interrupt our regularly scheduled letter column for a few words of explanation. Many of you have written in, confused by the credits given in DAREDEVIL #185. Well, folks, times change. And artists grow.

After establishing his credentials as one of the boldest, most innovative embellishers ever to work in comics, KLAUS JANSON has come to try his able right hand at PENCILLING — and the last few issues have amply demonstrated his success. Working over designs furnished by writer Frank Miller, Klaus now brings his own vision to the total look and texture of DAREDEVIL.

For a peek over their shoulders, check out the original 8 ½ x 11" sketch by Frank that is reproduced below, and compare it to this issue's splash page. You'll see that for Klaus — and for DAREDEVIL — the fun has only started!



Our Letters page returns next issue.

Daredevil #188, page 1 finished art
by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson

Daredevil #188

1

STAN LEE PRESENTS THE WIDOW'S BITE

FRANK MILLER
WRITER / STORYTELLER

KLAUS JANSON
PENCILLER / INKER / COLORIST

DENNY O'NEIL
EDITOR

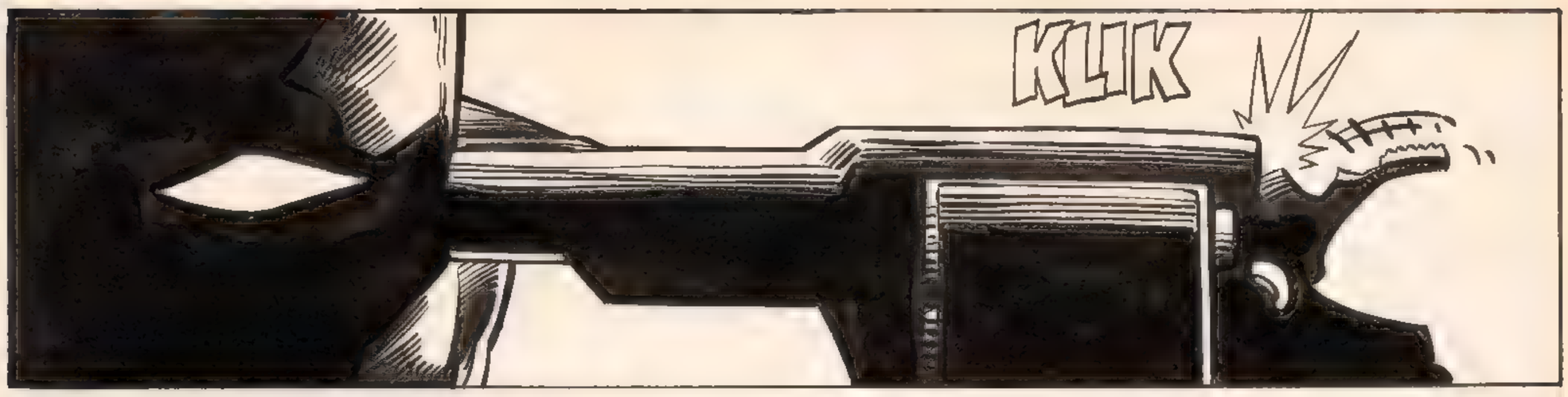
JOE ROSEN
LETTERER

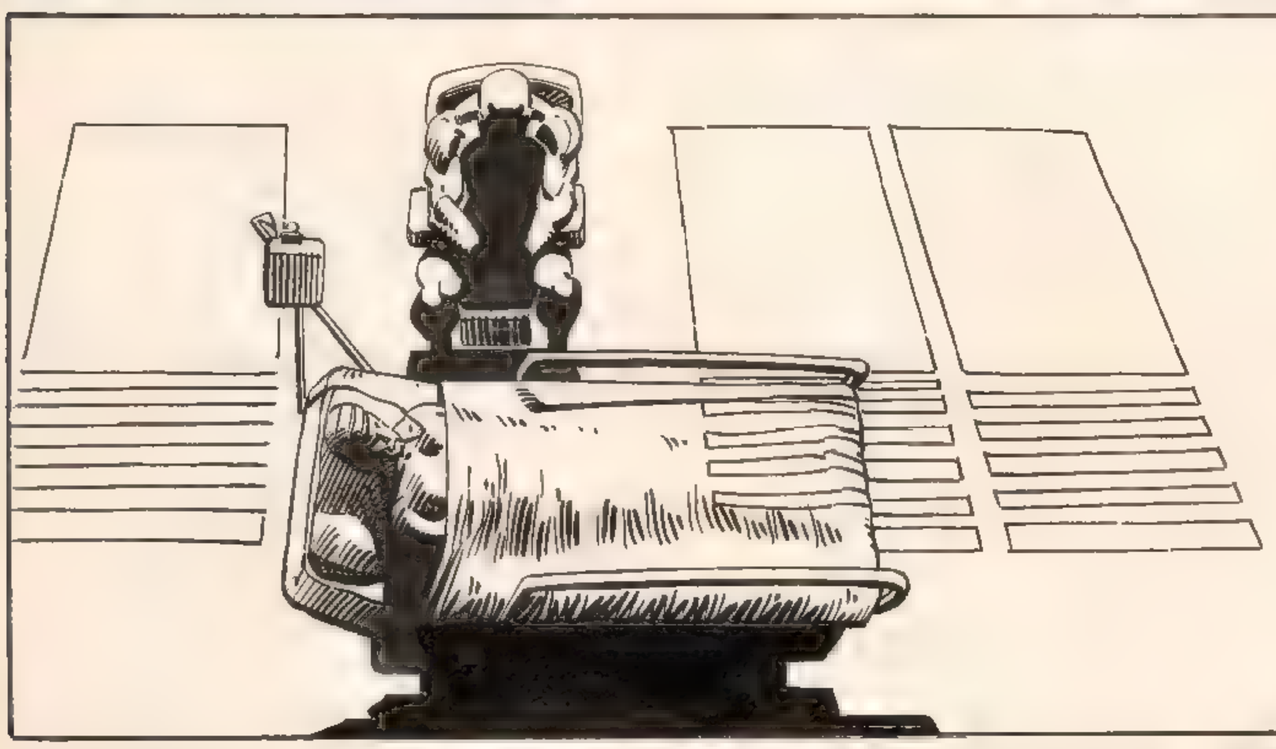
JIM SHOOTER
SUPERVISOR

DAREDEVIL ® **Vol 1, No 188, November, 1982** (U.S.P.S. 148-440) Published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP, James E. Galton, President, Stan Lee, Publisher, Michael Hobson, Vice-President, Publishing, Milton Schiffman, Vice President, Production. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly. Copyright © 1982 by Marvel Comics Group, a division of Cadence Industries Corporation. All rights reserved. Price 60¢ per copy in the U.S. and 75¢ in Canada. Subscription rate $7.20 for 12 issues. Canada and Foreign $9.20. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead persons or institutions is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. DAREDEVIL (including all prominent characters featured in the issue), and the distinctive likenesses thereof are trademarks of the MARVEL COMICS GROUP. Postmaster: Send address changes to Subscription Dept., Marvel Comics Group, 387 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Daredevil #191, page 2 original art
by Frank Miller & Terry Austin





YOU MUST BE WONDERING WHY I CAME HERE, BULLSEYE. WHY *DAREDEVIL*, MAN WITHOUT FEAR, IDOL OF MILLIONS, WASTES A LOVELY AUTUMN EVENING IN THE COMPANY OF HIS DEADLIEST ENEMY.

THE ANSWER'S SIMPLE ENOUGH.

I'M HERE TO PLAY A GAME WITH YOU.

IT'S CALLED *ROULETTE*. BUT NOT THE KIND YOU PLAY IN A CASINO.

Courtesy Terry Austin

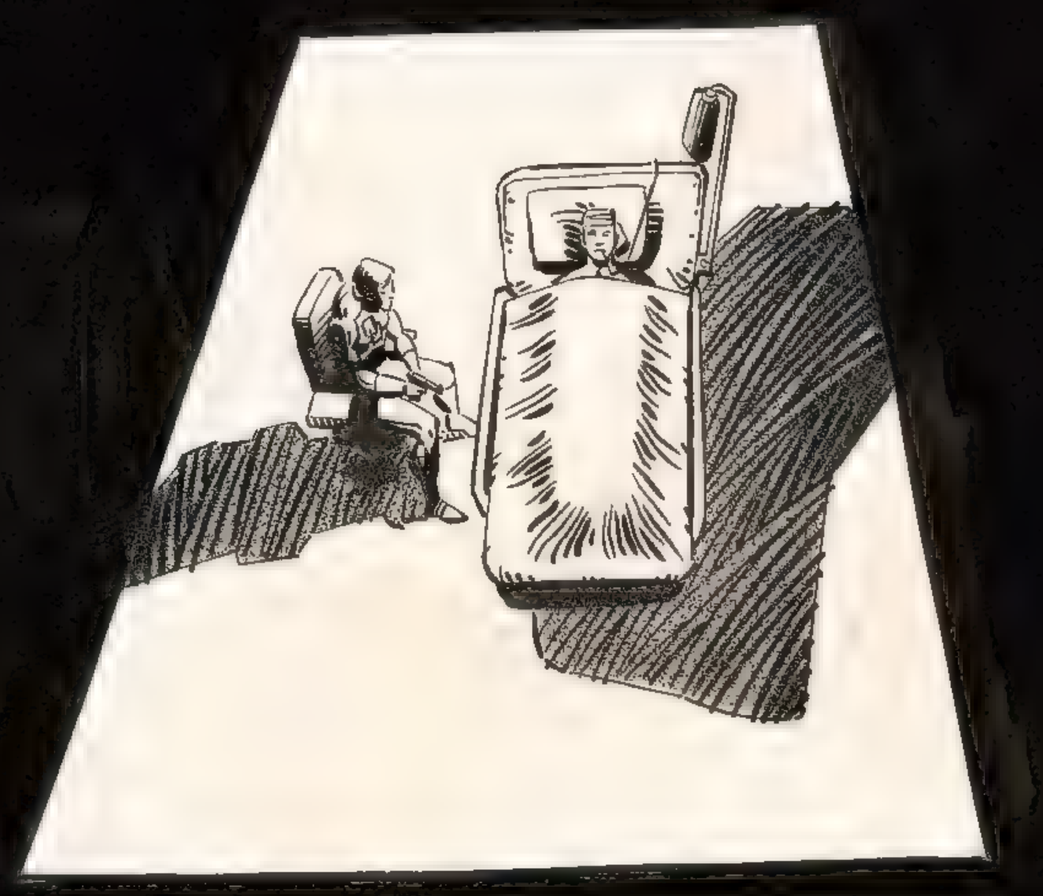
Daredevil #191, page 22 original art
by Frank Miller & Terry Austin

191 30

KLIK

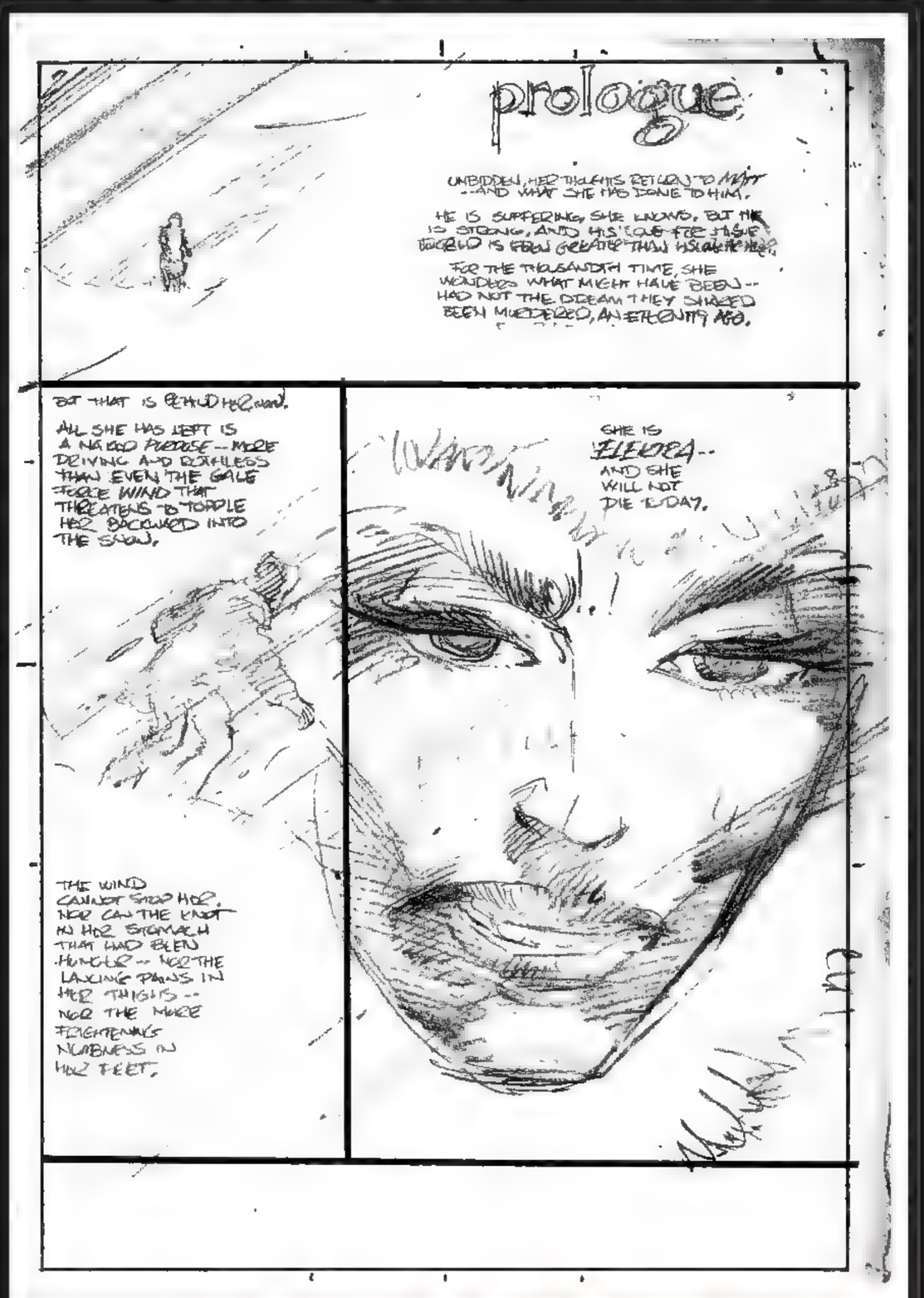
...MY GUN HAS NO BULLETS.

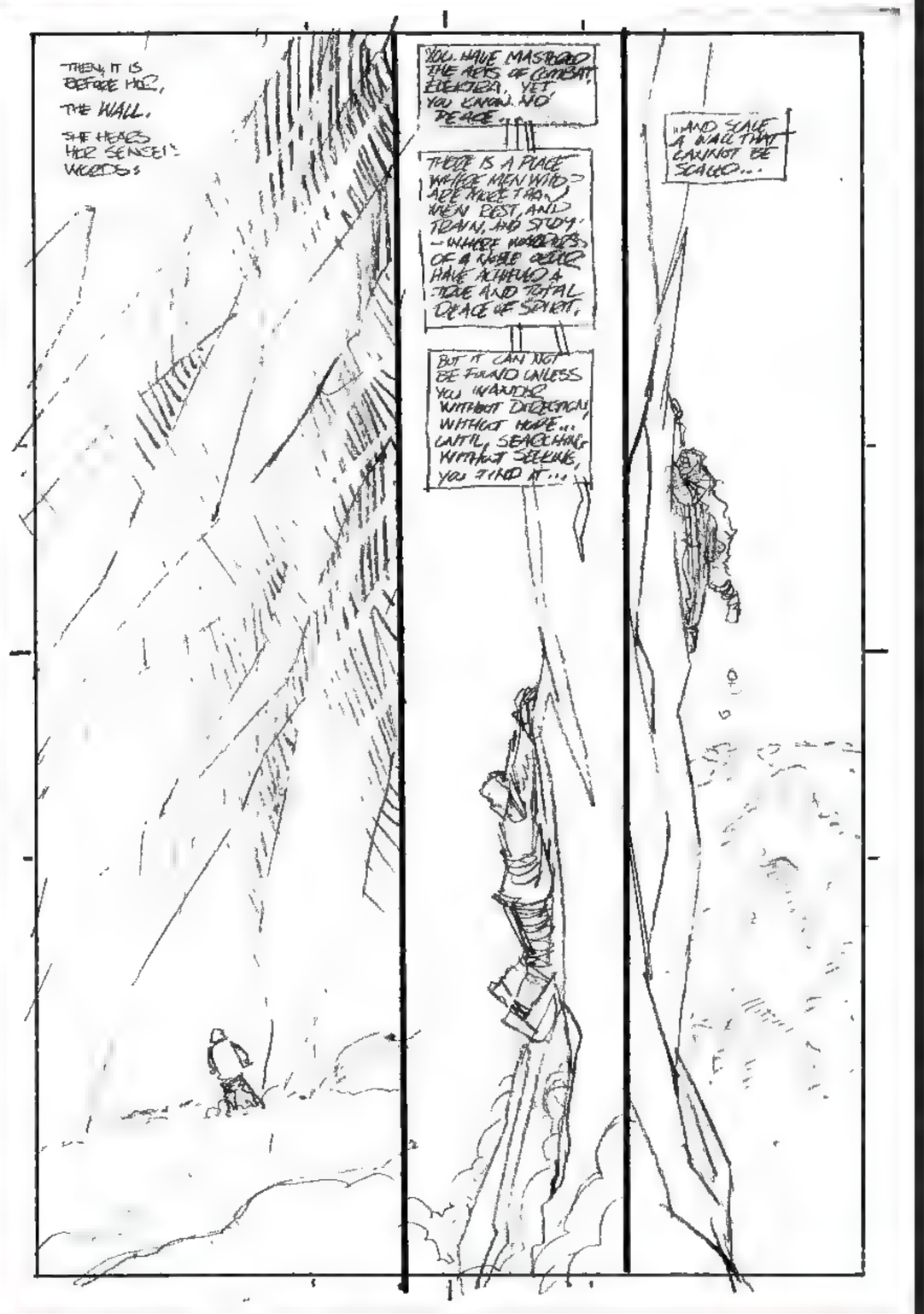
GUESS WE'RE *STUCK* WITH EACH OTHER, BULLSEYE.



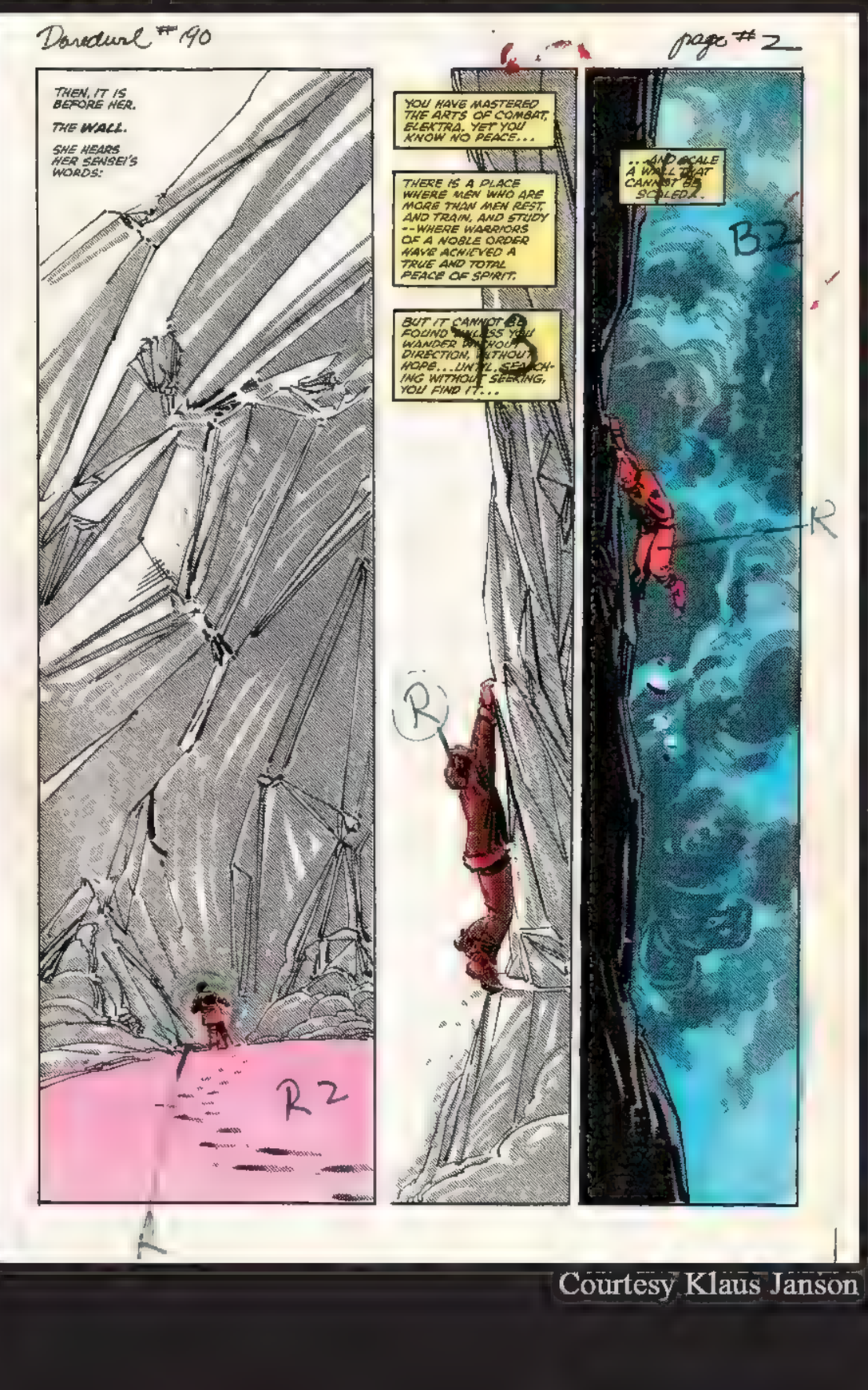
Courtesy Terry Austin

Daredevil #190, pages 1-2 pencil breakdowns by Frank Miller



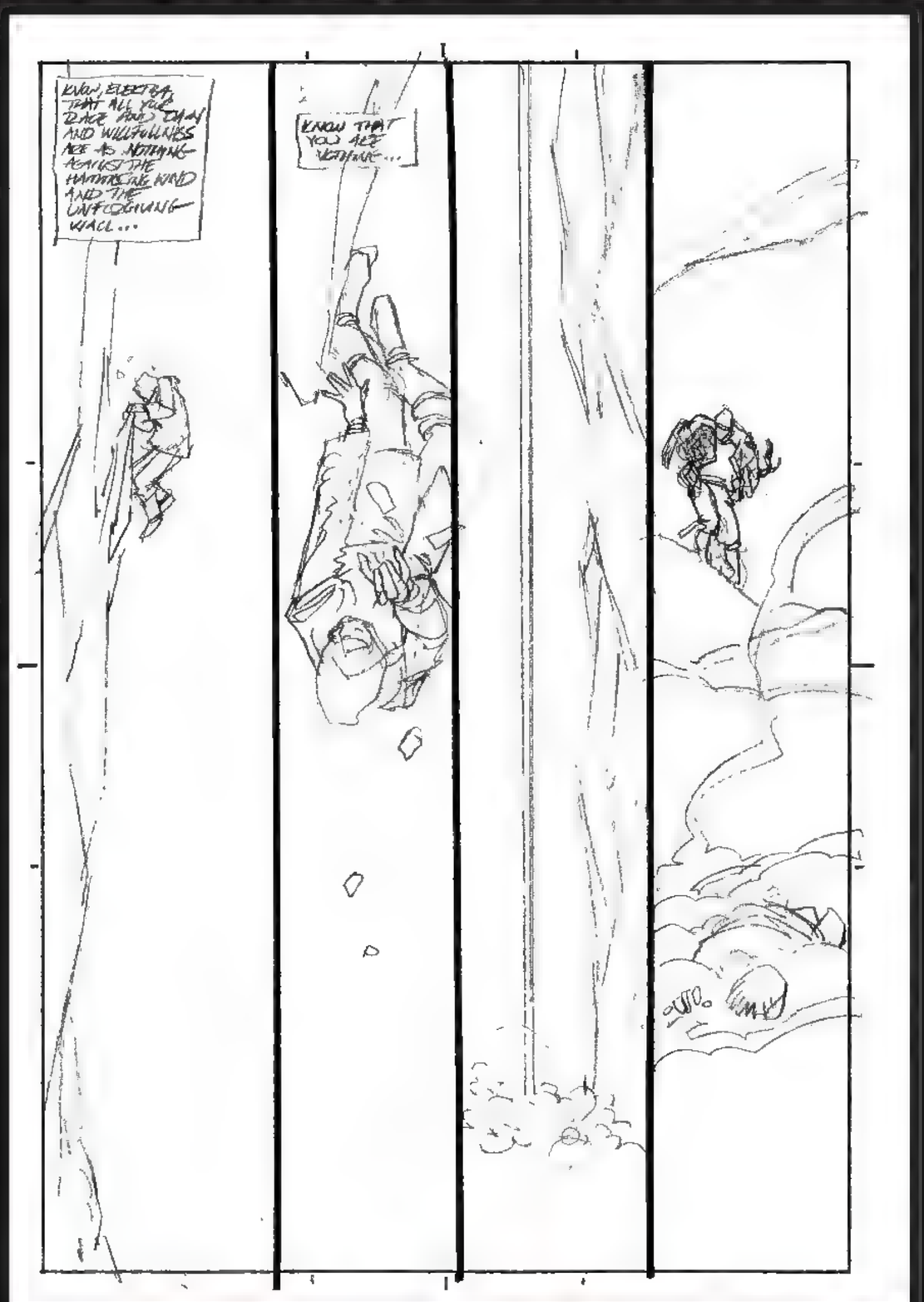


Daredevil #190, pages 1-2 color guides over finished art by Klaus Janson



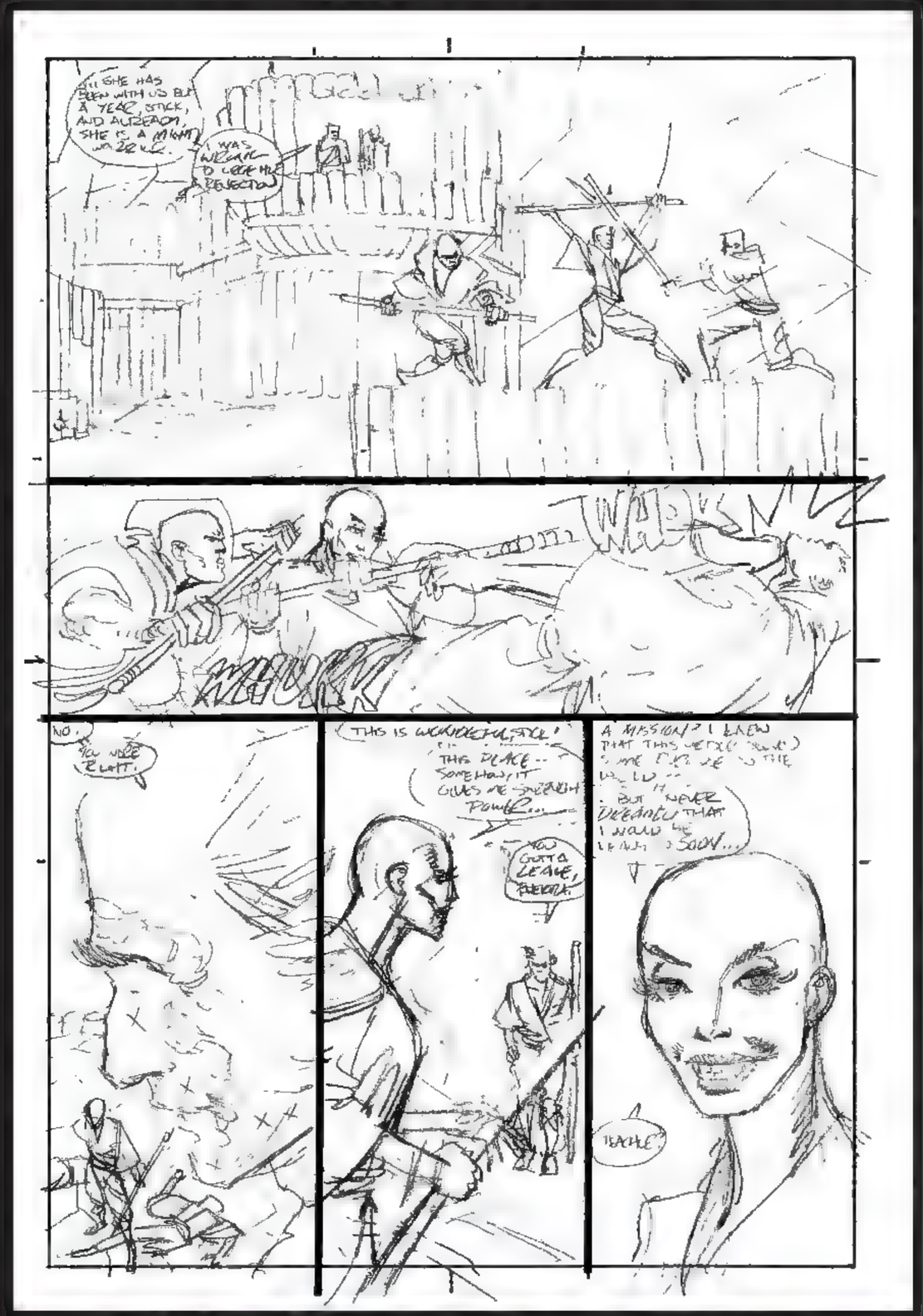
Courtesy Klaus Janson

Daredevil #190, pages 3-4 pencil breakdowns by Frank Miller

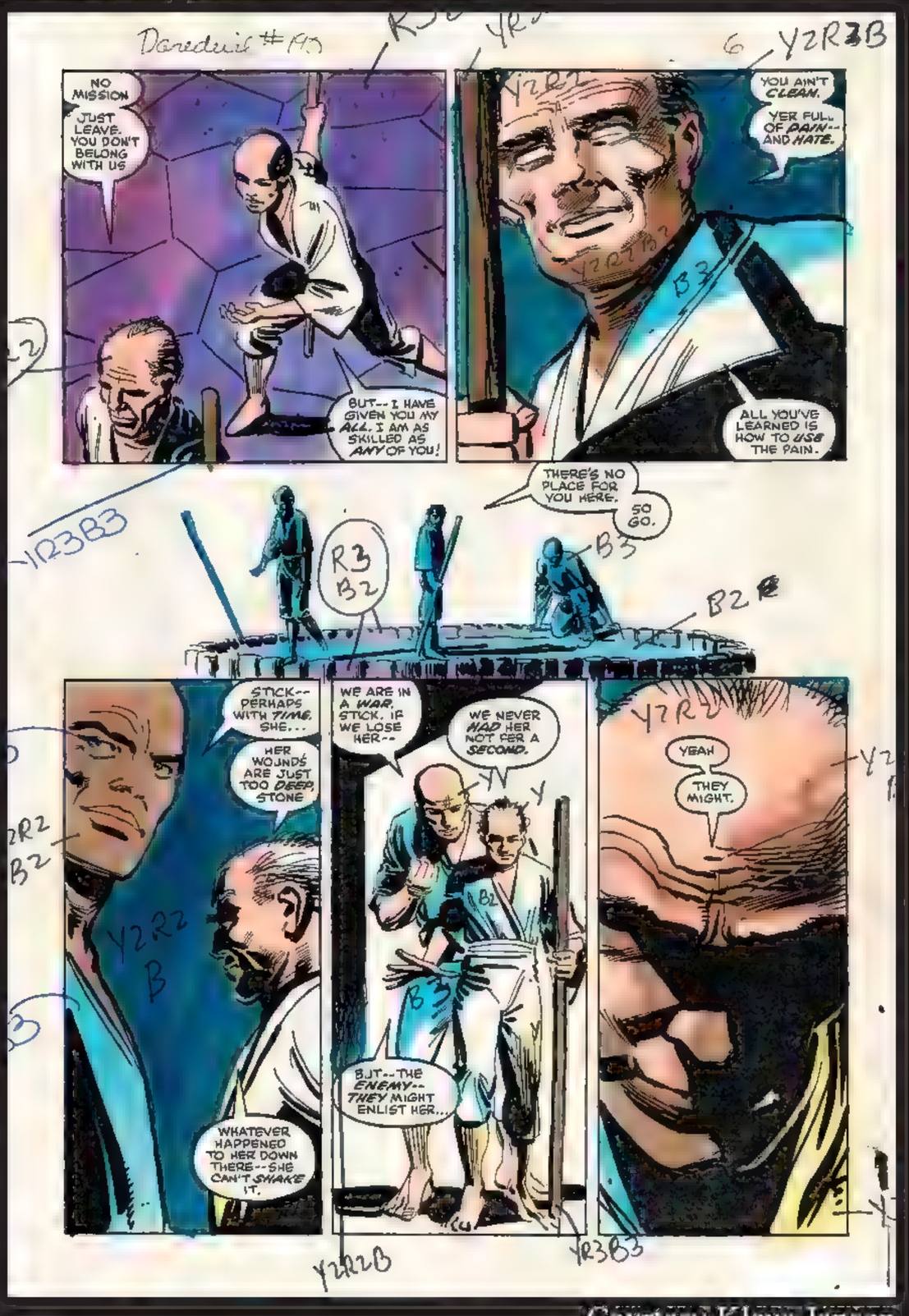


Daredevil #190, pages 5-6 color guides over finished art by Klaus Janson

Daredevil #190, pages 5-6 pencil breakdowns by Frank Miller

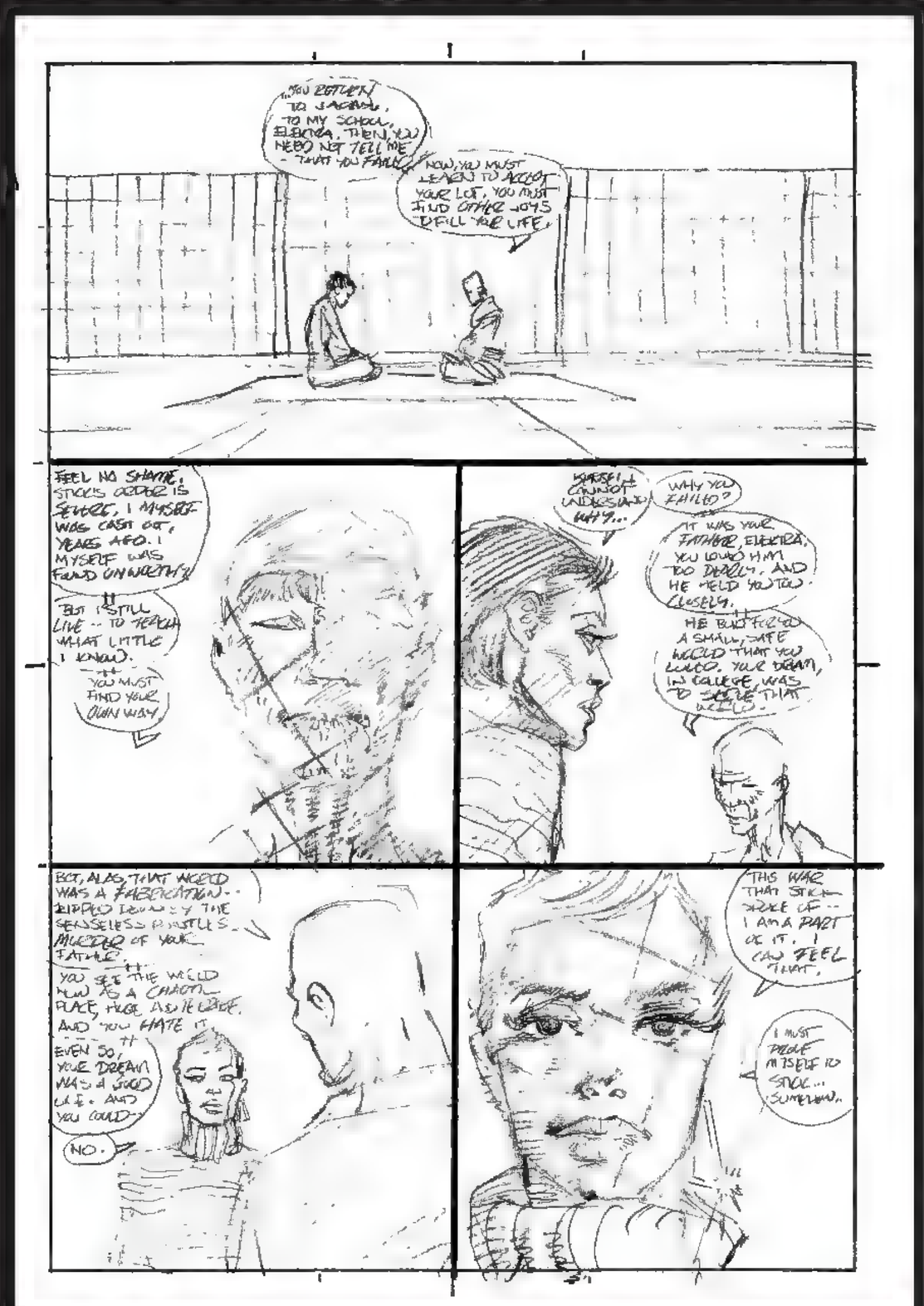


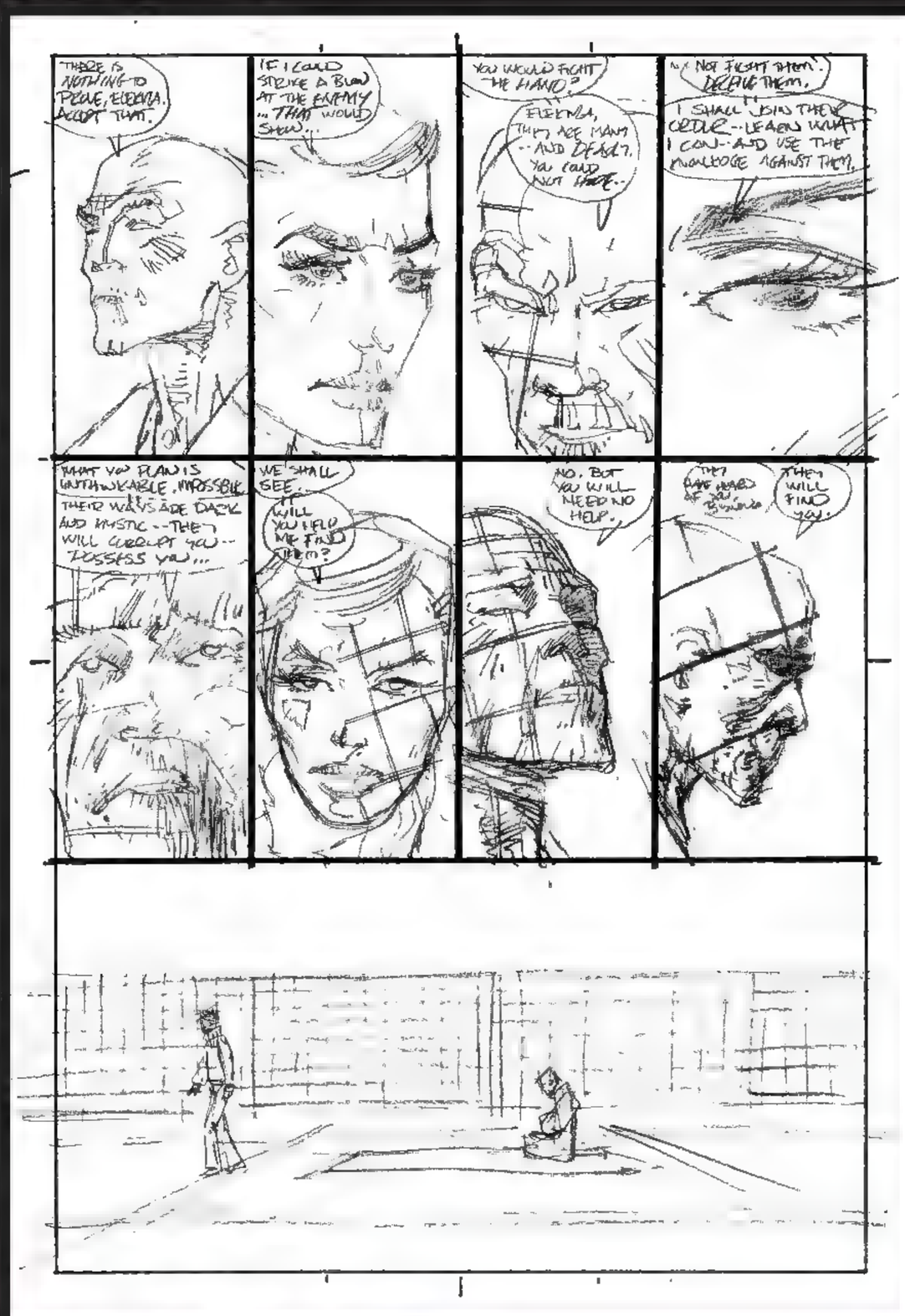
Daredevil #190, pages 5-6 color guides over finished art by Klaus Janson



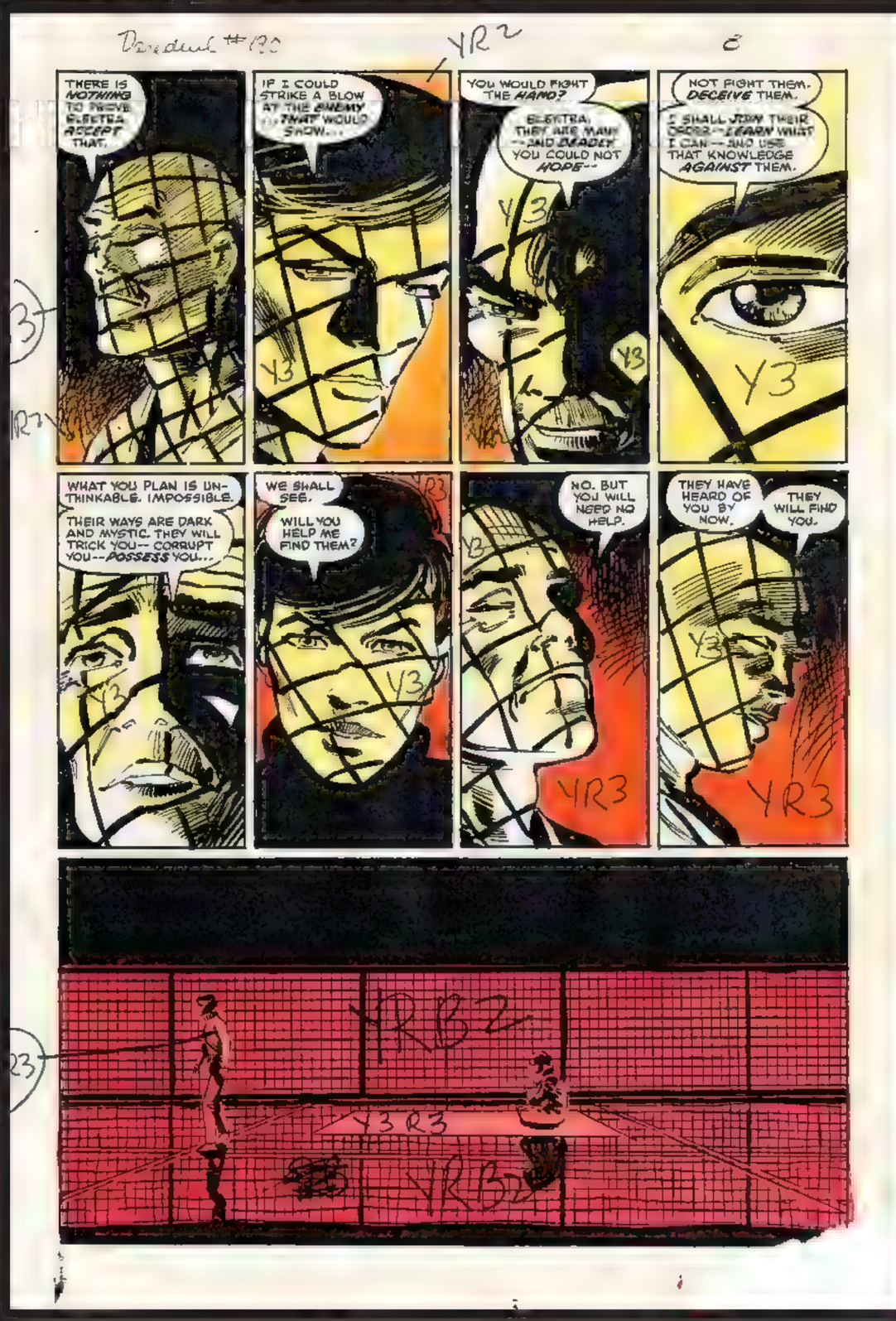
Courtesy Klaus Janson

Daredevil #190, pages 7-8 pencil breakdowns by Frank Miller



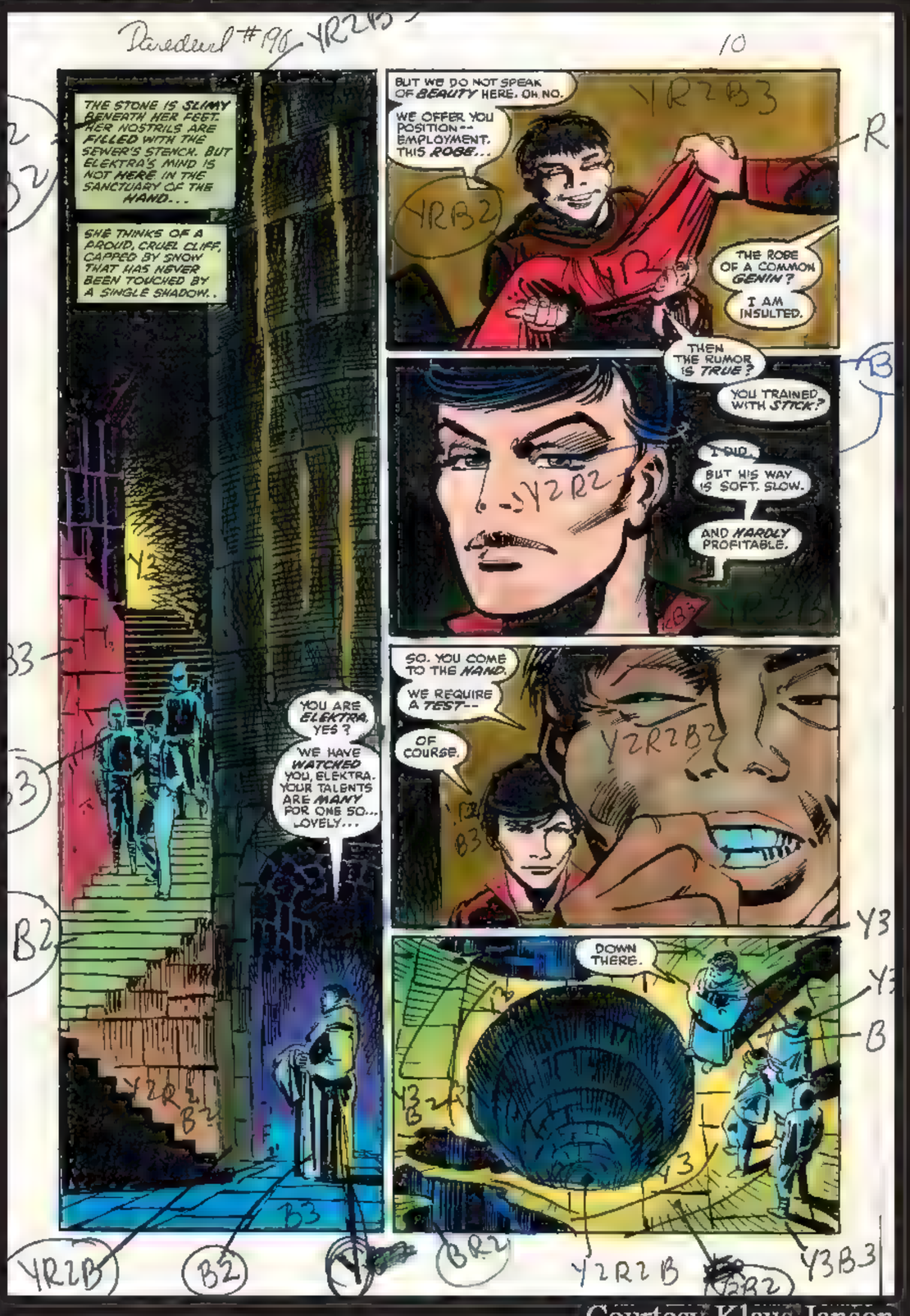


Daredevil #190, pages 7-8 color guides over finished art by Klaus Janson



Daredevil #190, pages 9-10 pencil breakdowns by Frank Miller

Daredevil #190, pages 9-10 color guides over finished art by Klaus Janson



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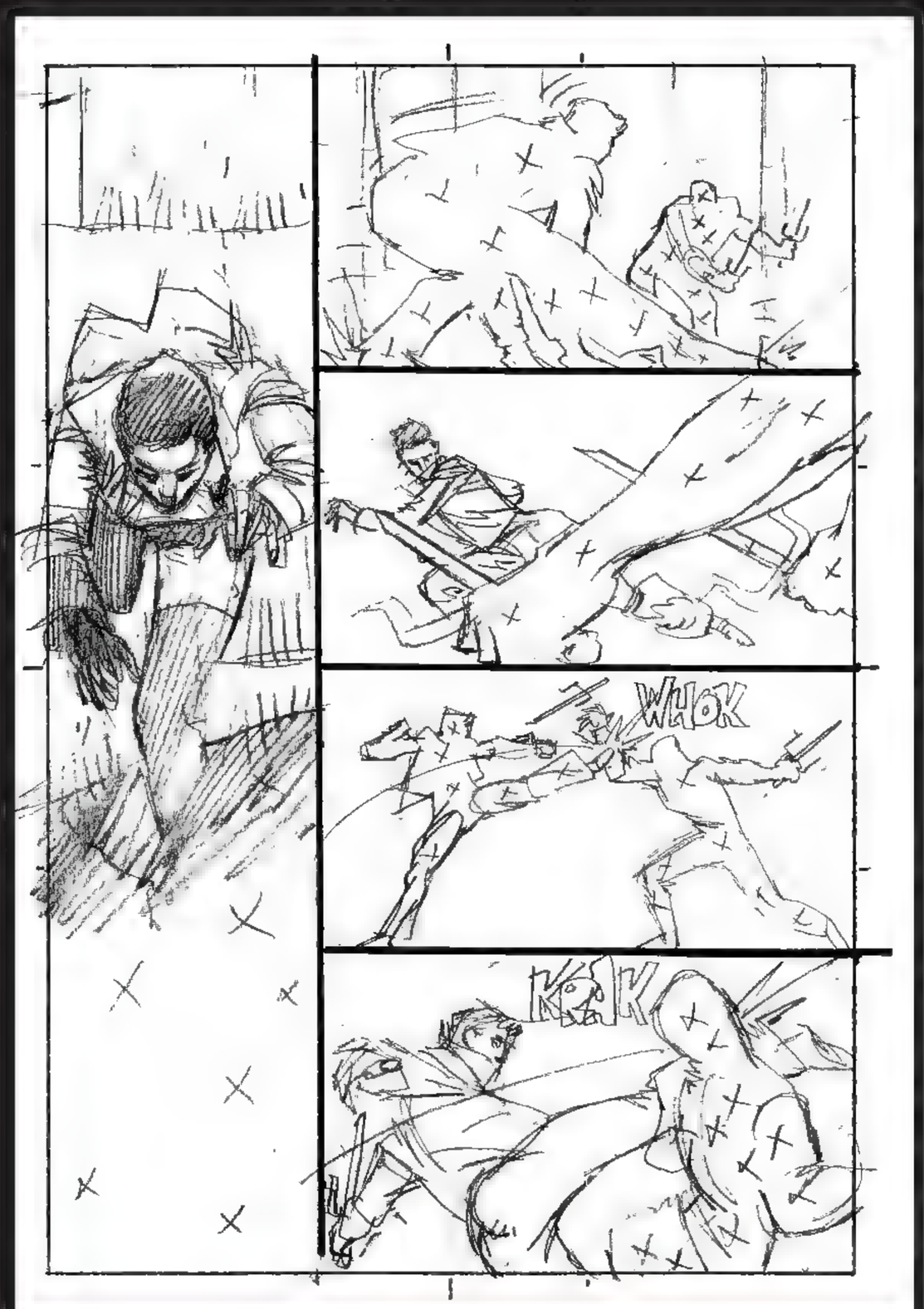
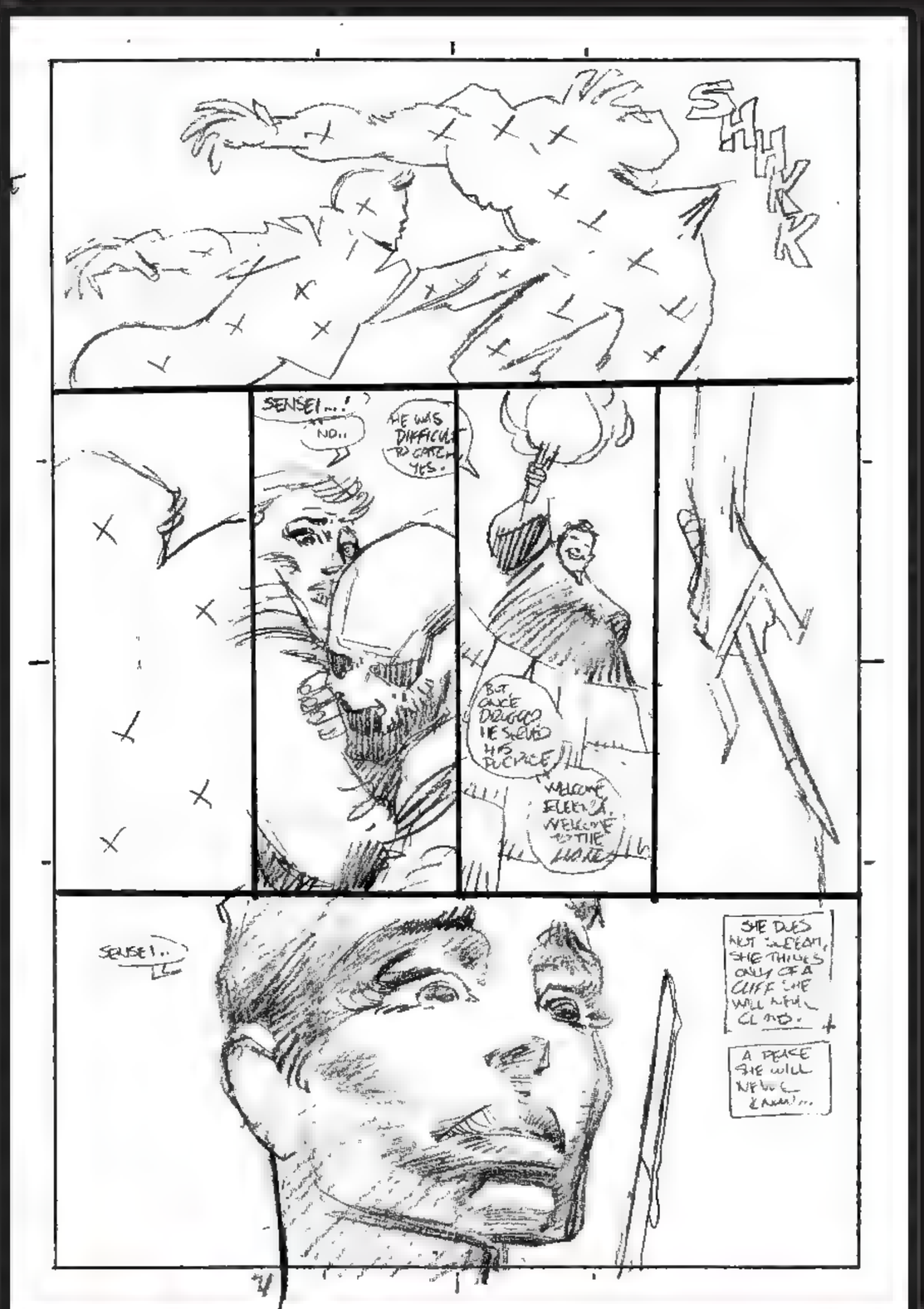
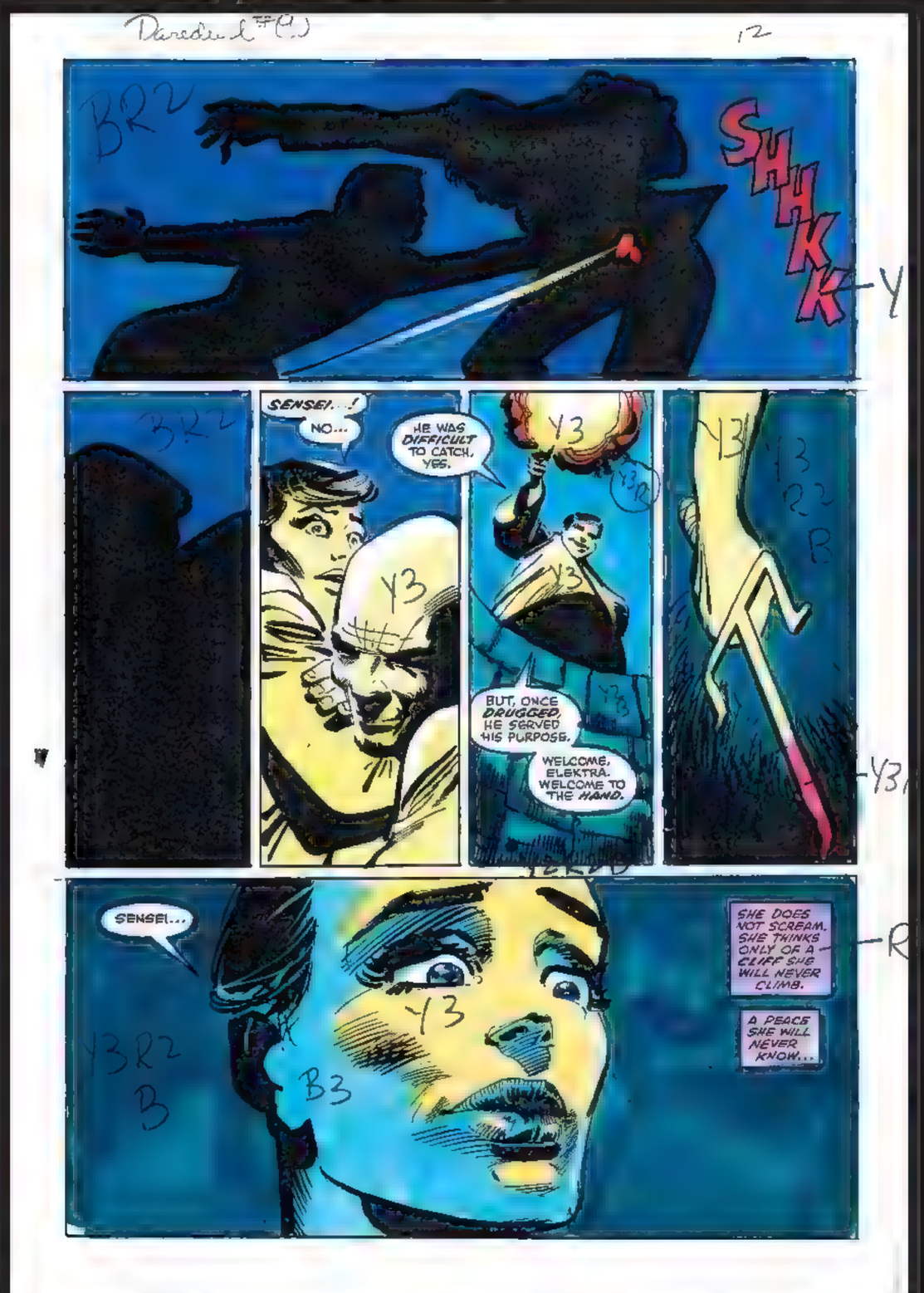
Daredevil #190, pages 11-12 pencil breakdowns by Frank Miller

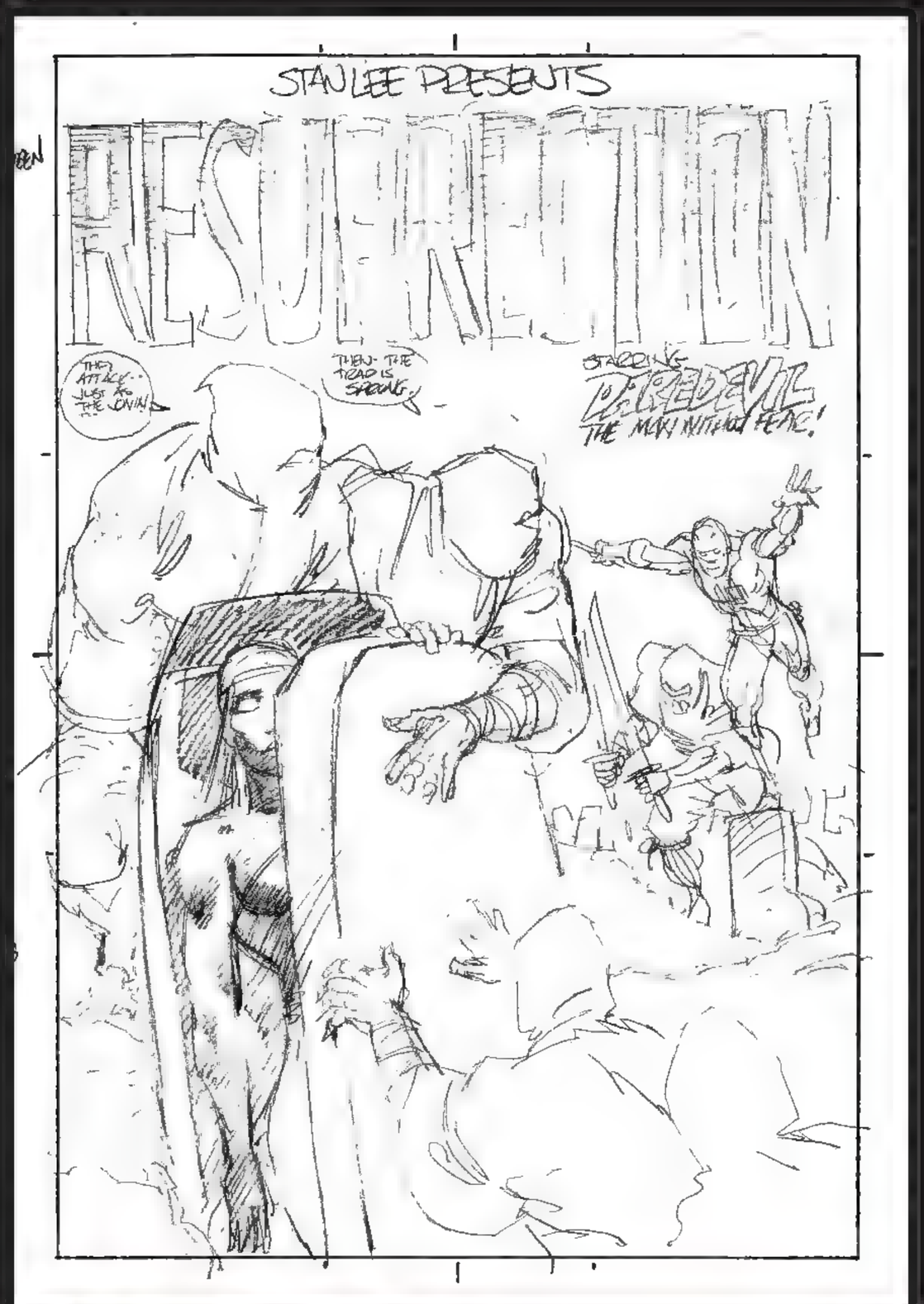




Daredevil #190, pages 11-12 color guides over finished art by Klaus Janson



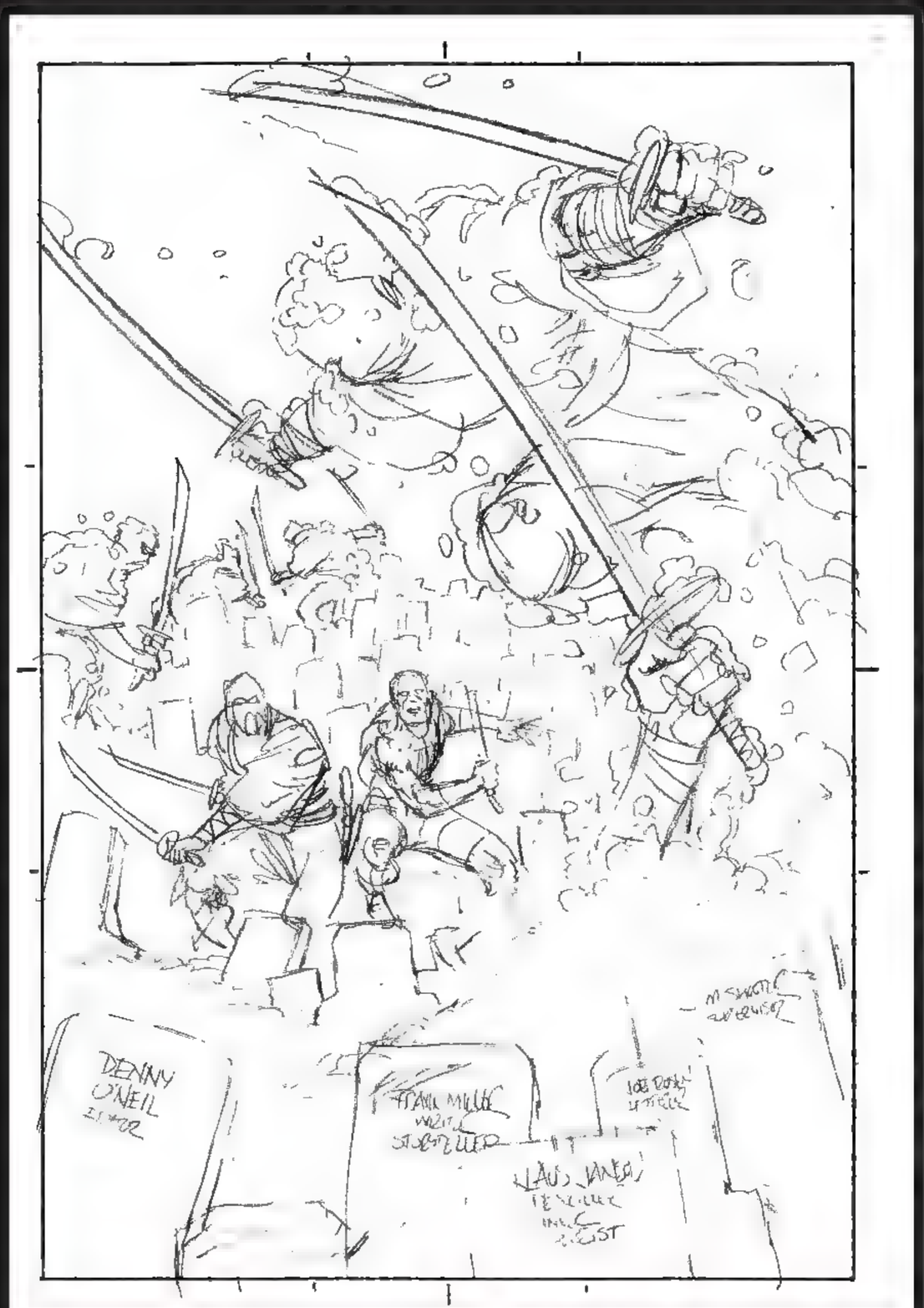
Daredevil #190, pages 13-14 pencil breakdowns by Frank Miller



Daredevil #190, pages 13-14 color guides over finished art by Klaus Janson

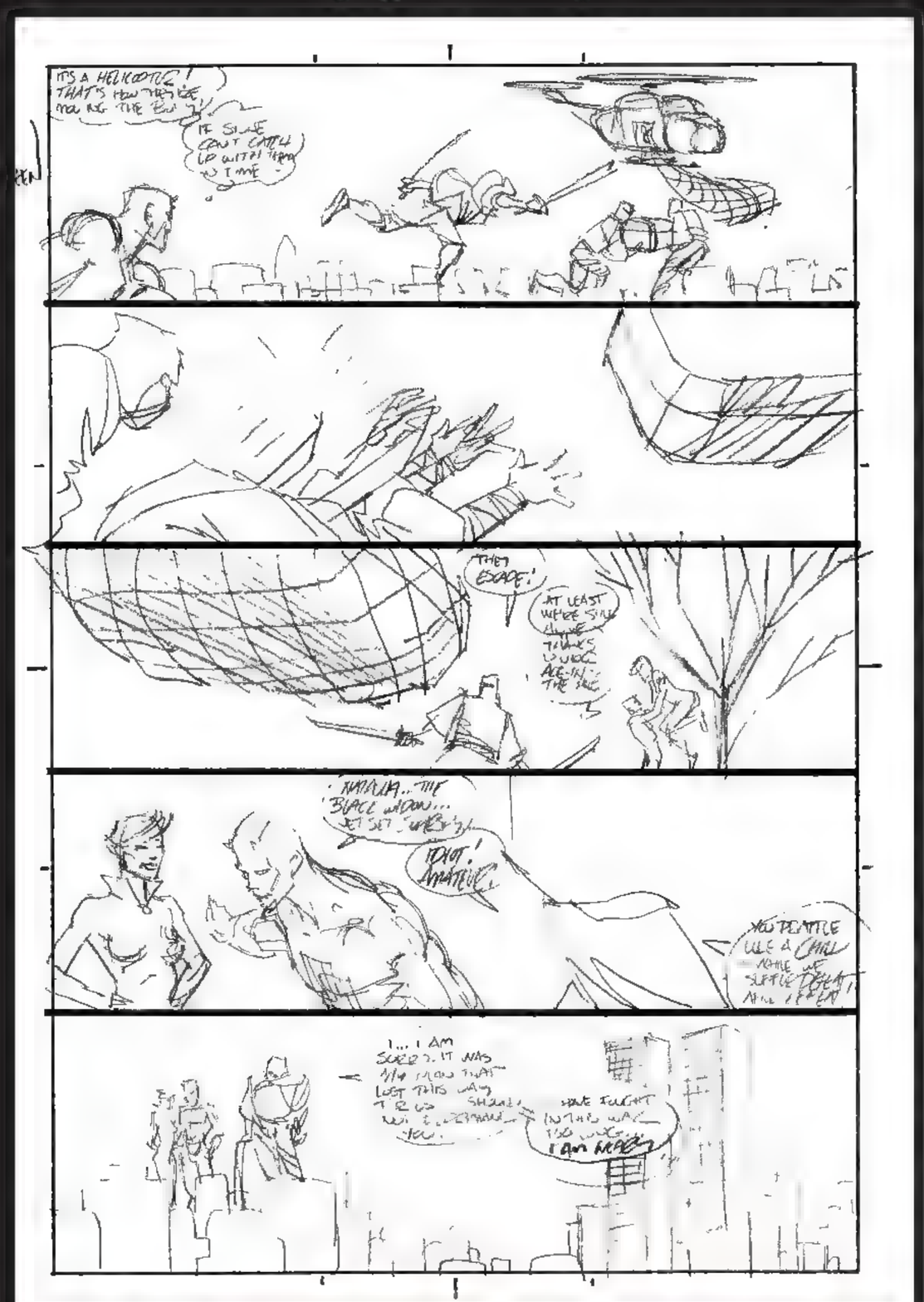
Courtesy Klaus Janson

Daredevil #190, pages 15-16 pencil breakdowns by Frank Miller



Daredevil #190, pages 15-16 color guides over finished art by Klaus Janson

Daredevil #190, pages 17-18 pencil breakdowns by Frank Miller

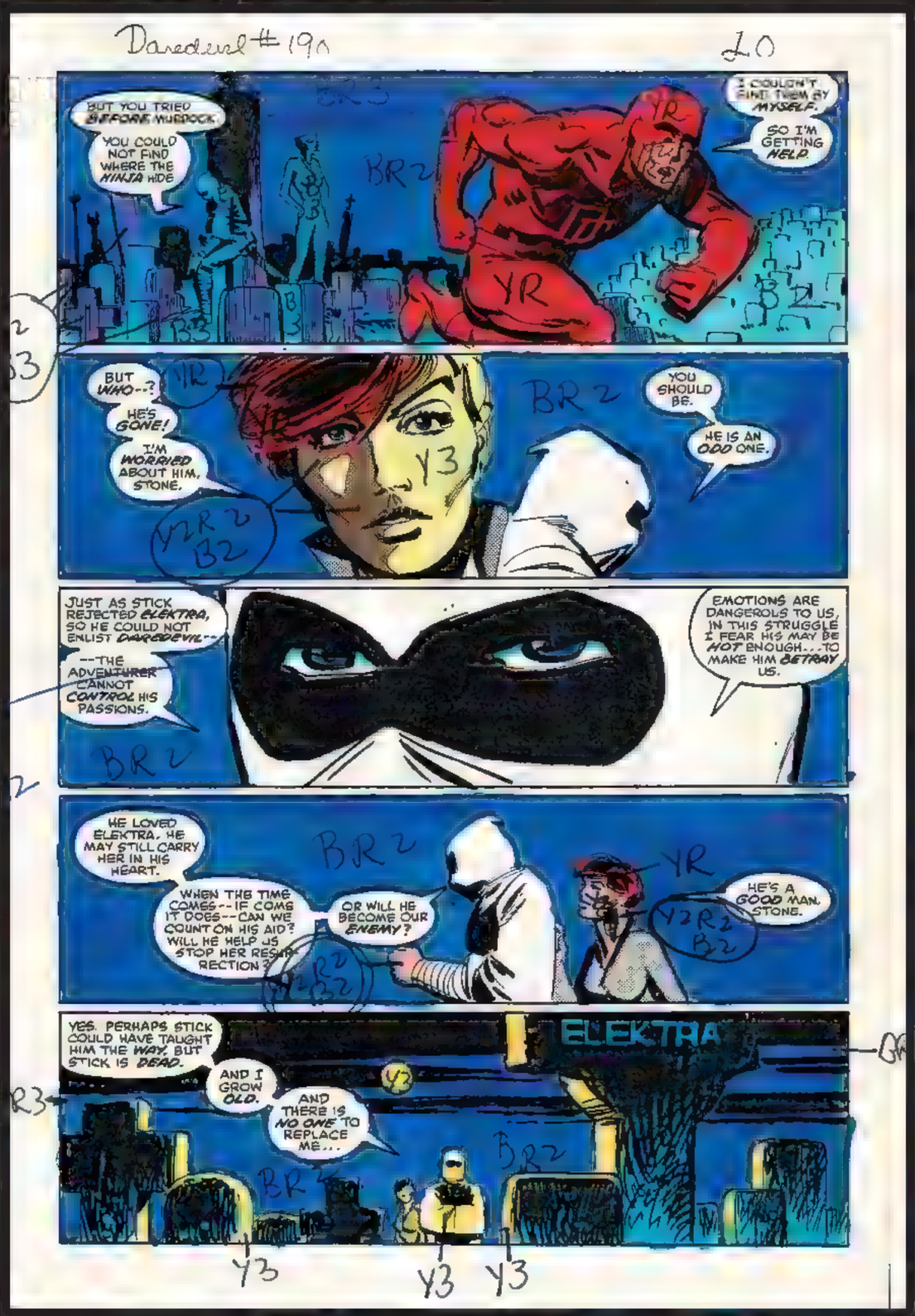


Daredevil #190, pages 17-18 color guides over finished art by Klaus Janson

Courtesy Klaus Janson

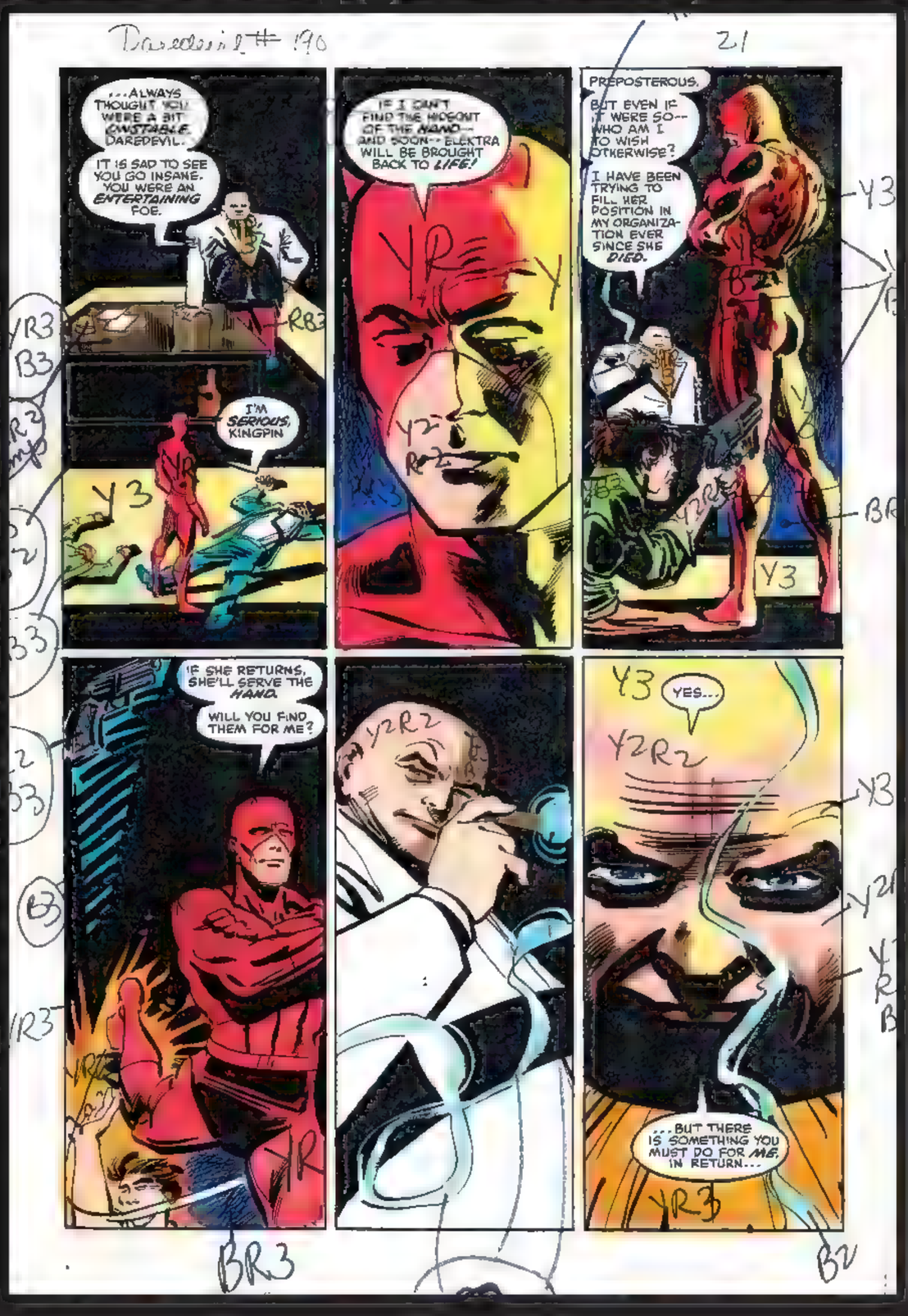
Daredevil #190, pages 19-20 pencil breakdowns by Frank Miller

Daredevil #190, pages 19-20 color guides over finished art by Klaus Janson



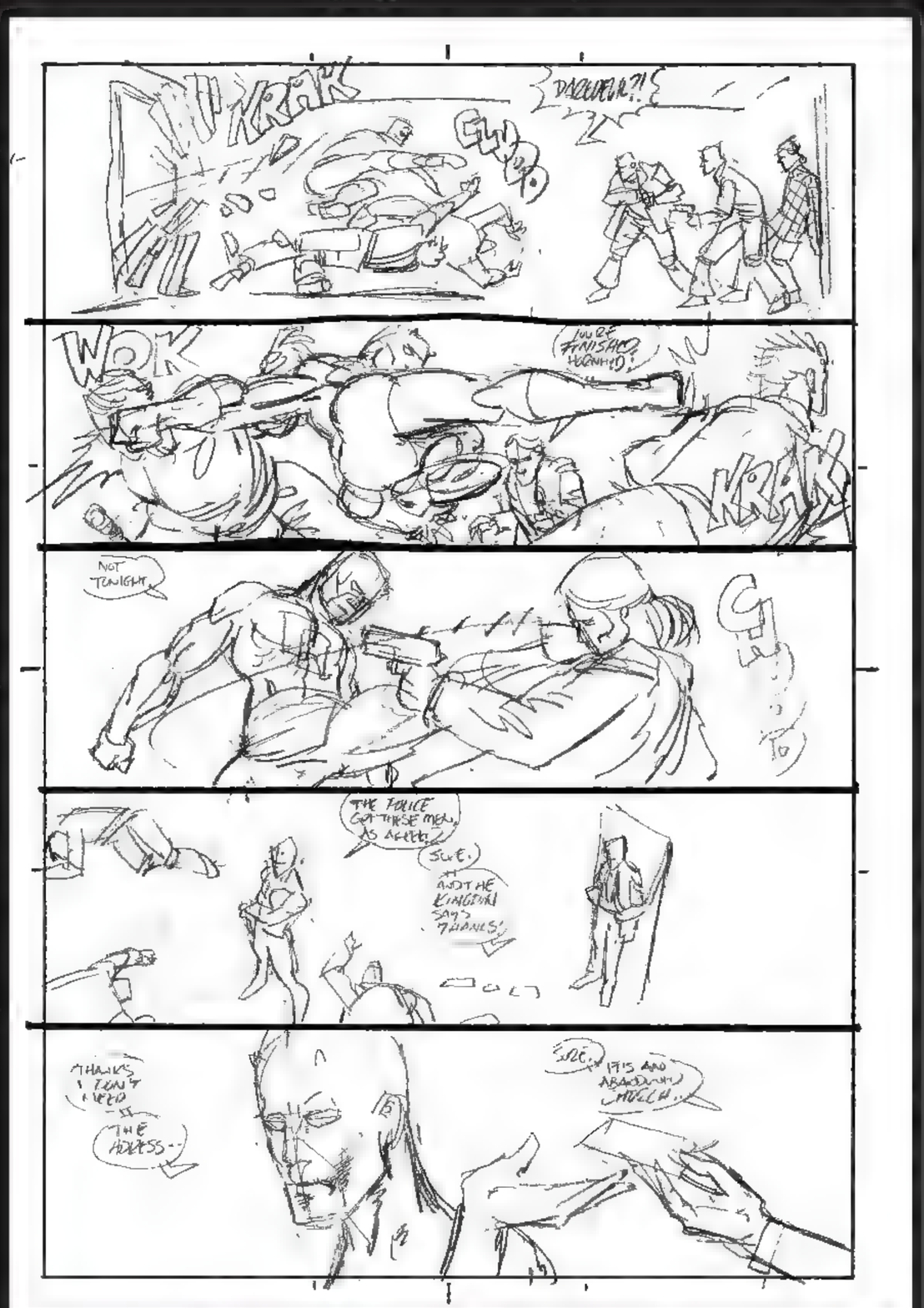
Daredevil #190, pages 21-22 pencil breakdowns by Frank Miller

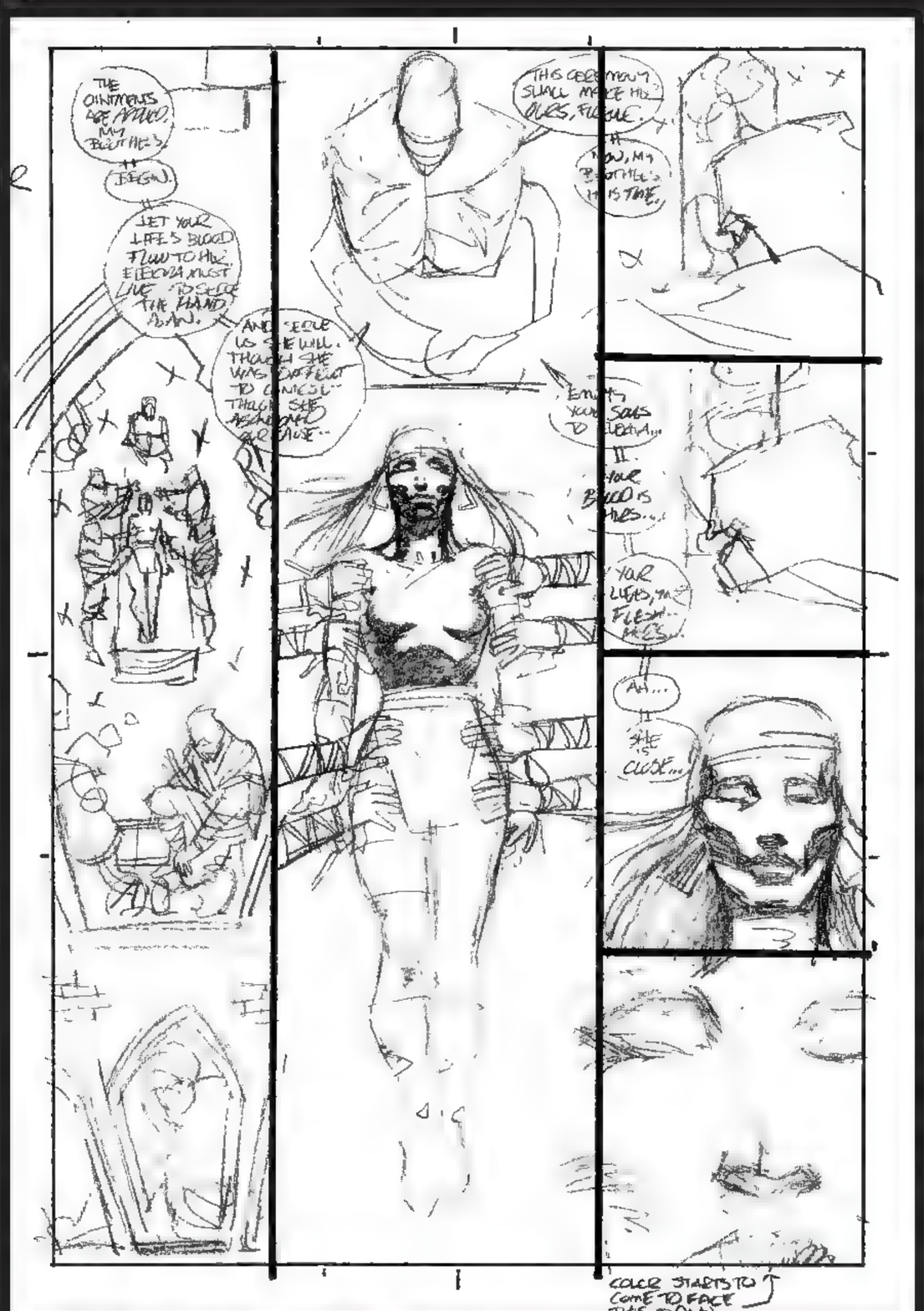
Daredevil #190, pages 21-22 color guides over finished art by Klaus Janson



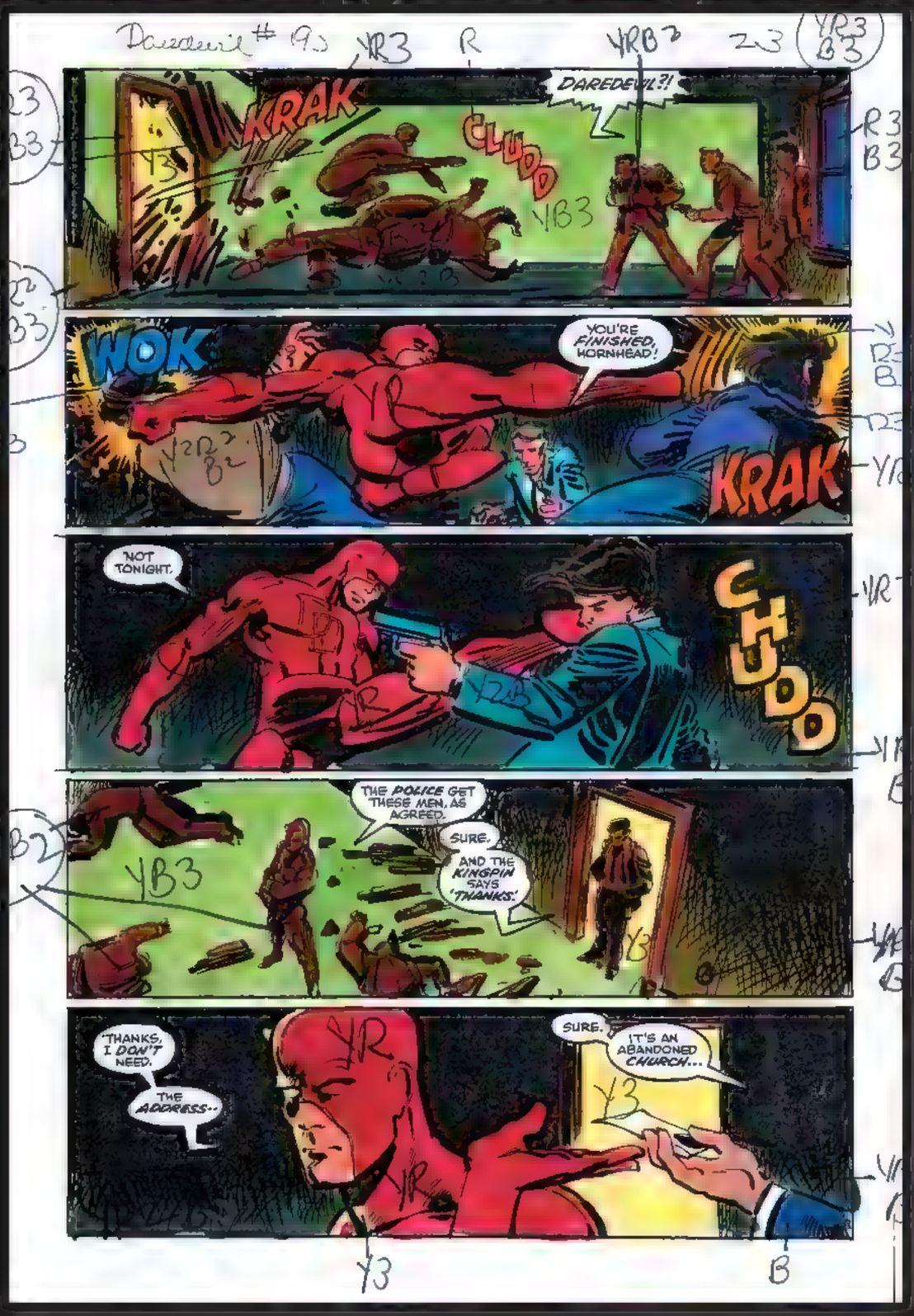
Courtesy Klaus Janson

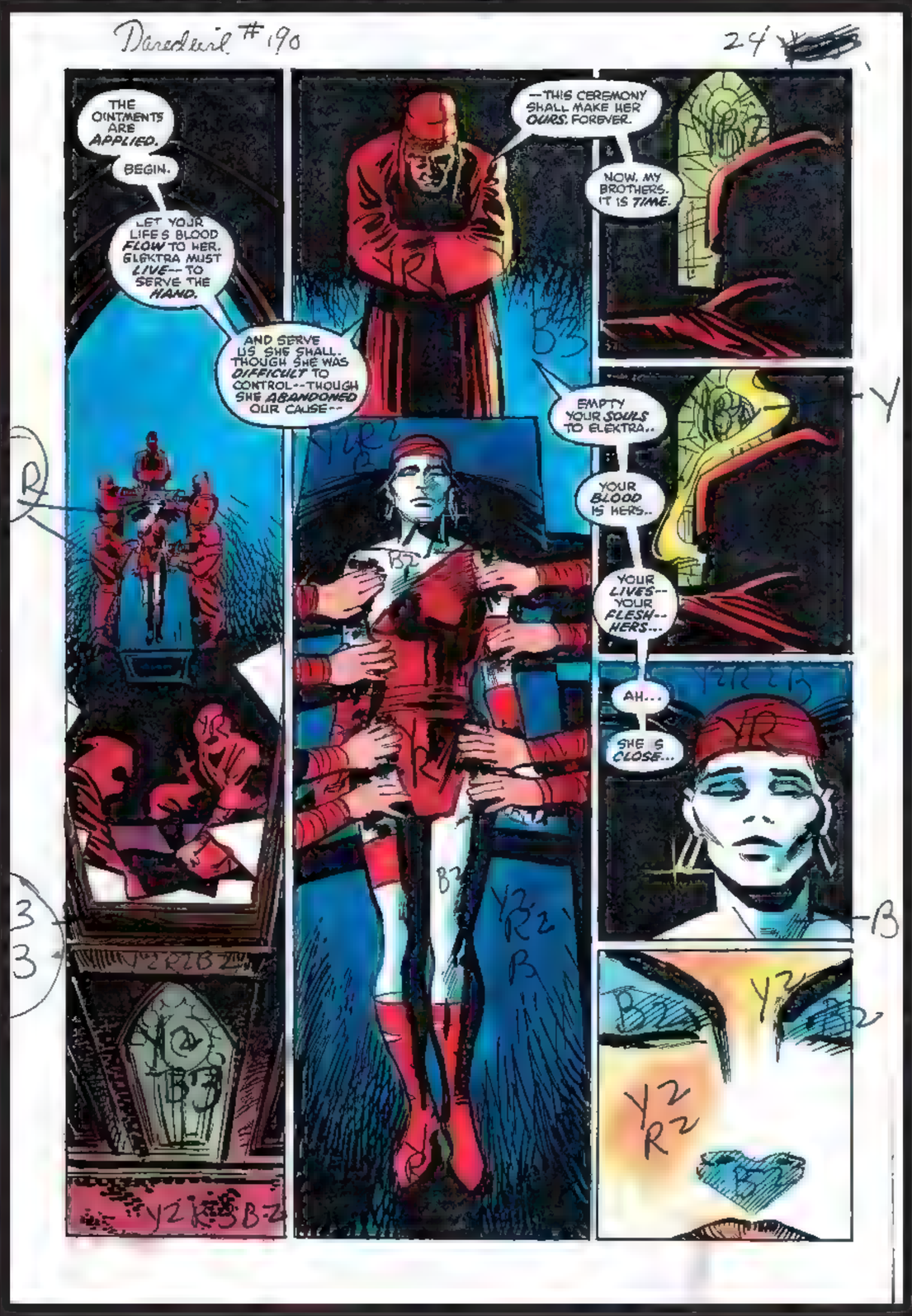
Daredevil #190, pages 23-24 pencil breakdowns by Frank Miller



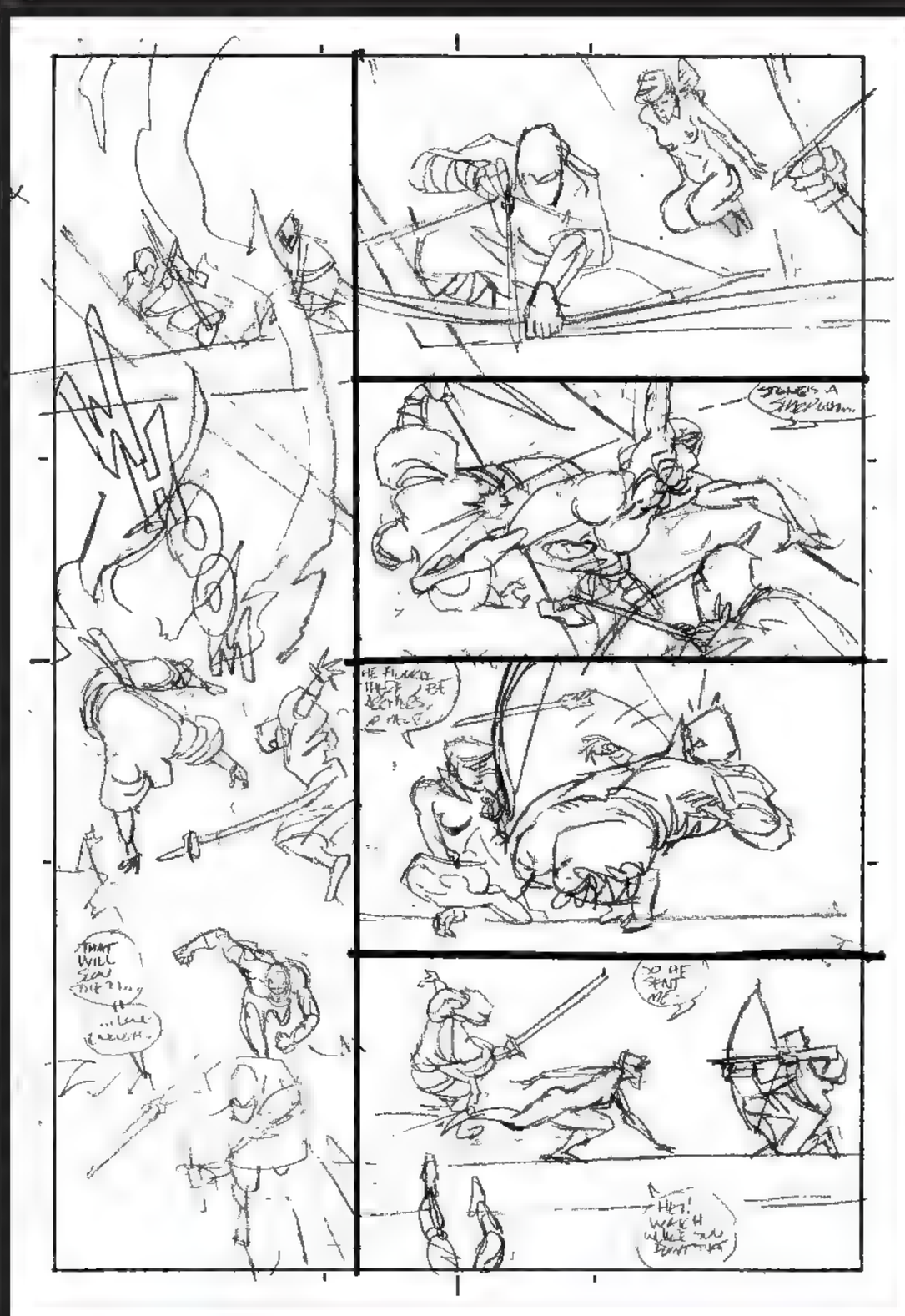


Daredevil #190, pages 23-24 color guides over finished art by Klaus Janson

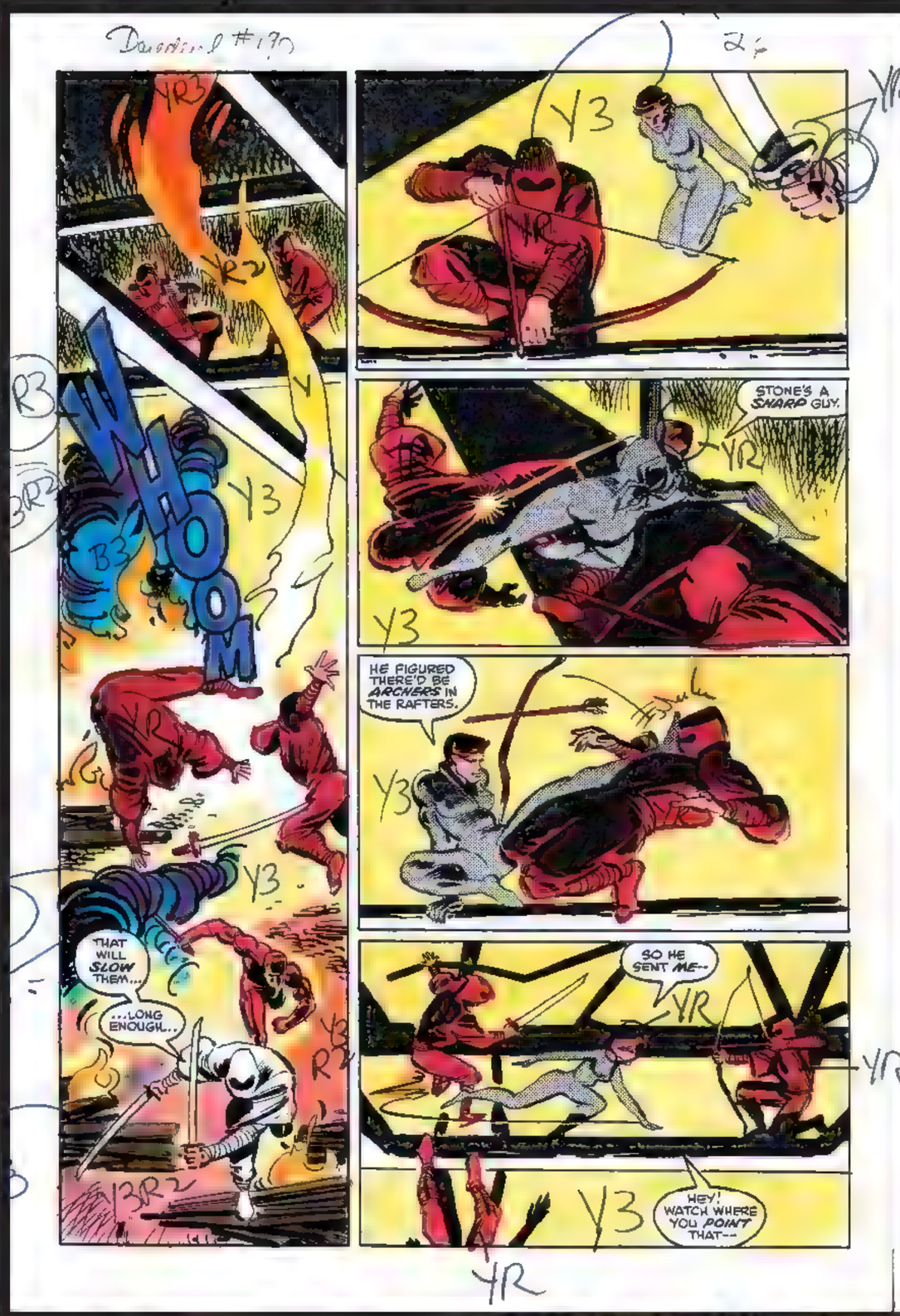




Daredevil #190, pages 25-26 pencil breakdowns by Frank Miller



Daredevil #190, pages 25-26 color guides over finished art by Klaus Janson



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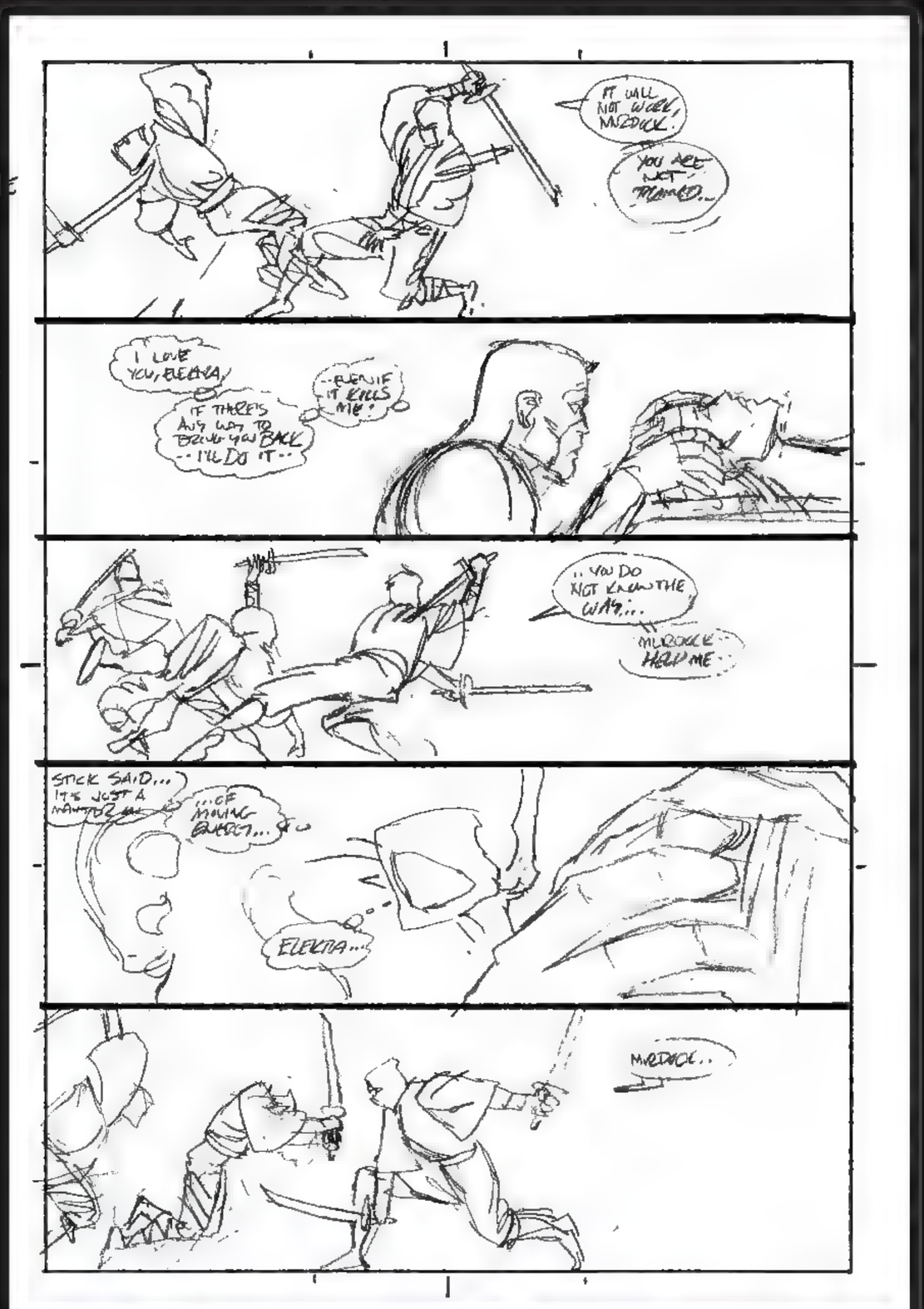
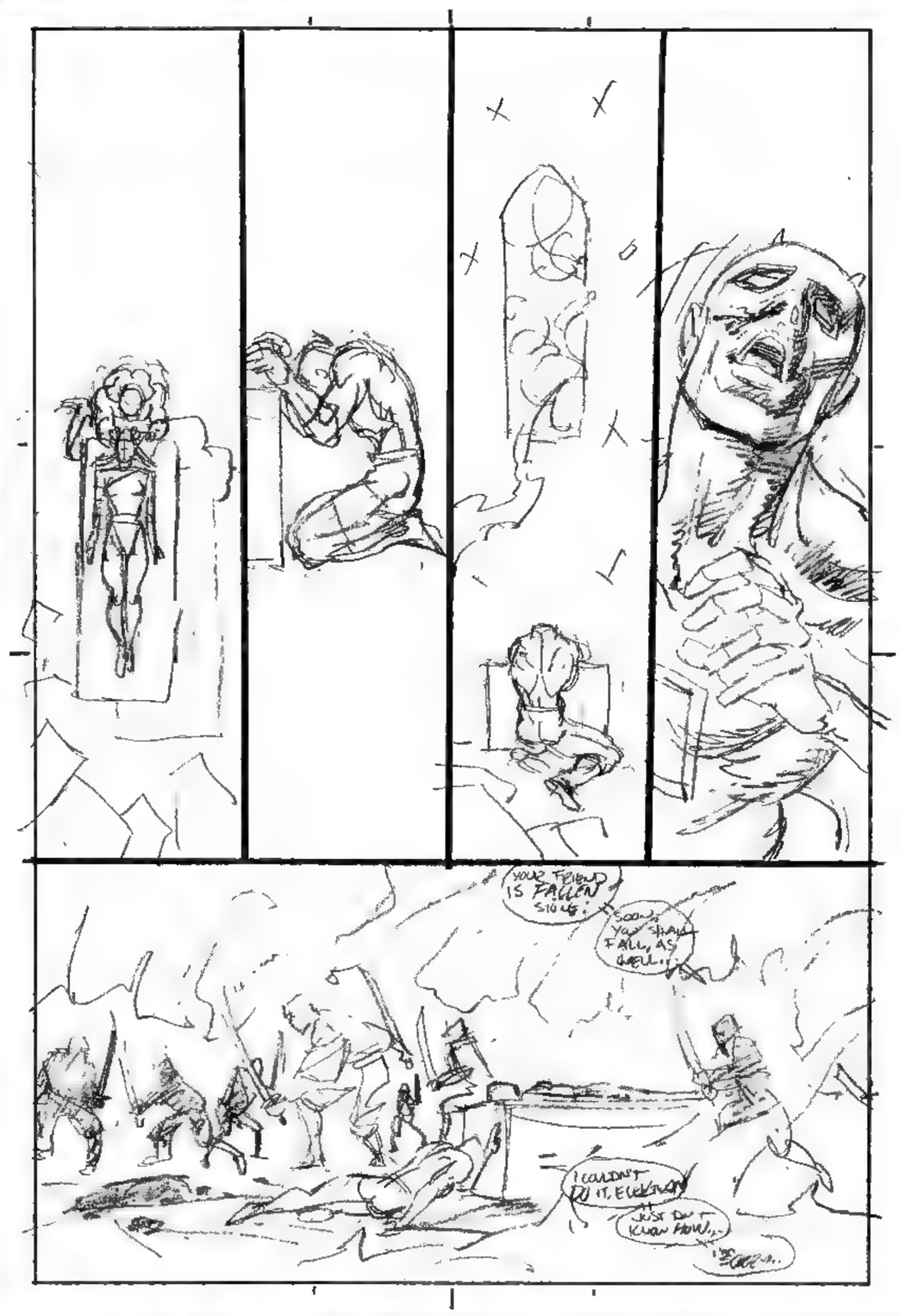
Daredevil #190, pages 29-30 pencil breakdowns by Frank Miller





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Daredevil #190, pages 33-34 pencil breakdowns by Frank Miller

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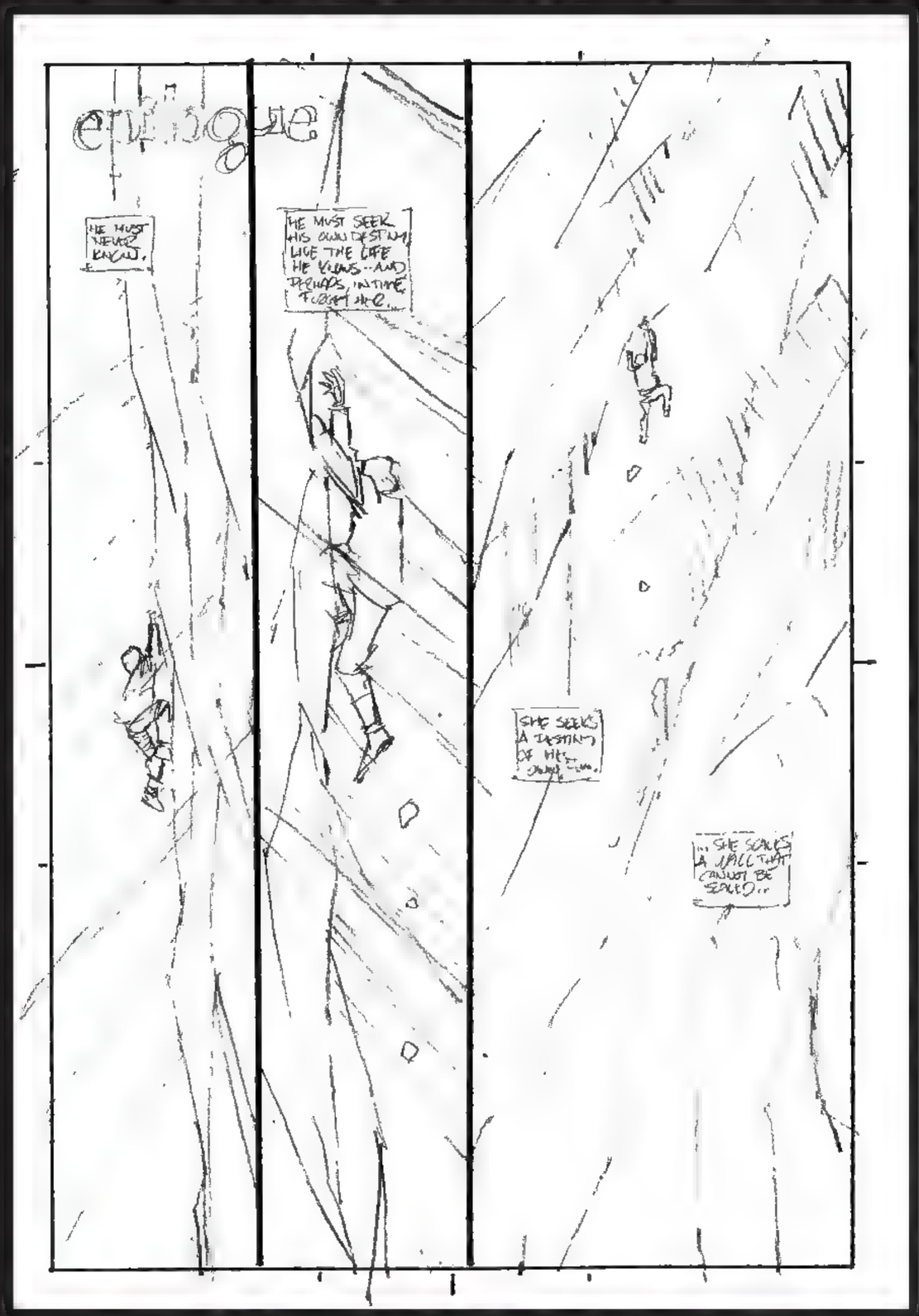
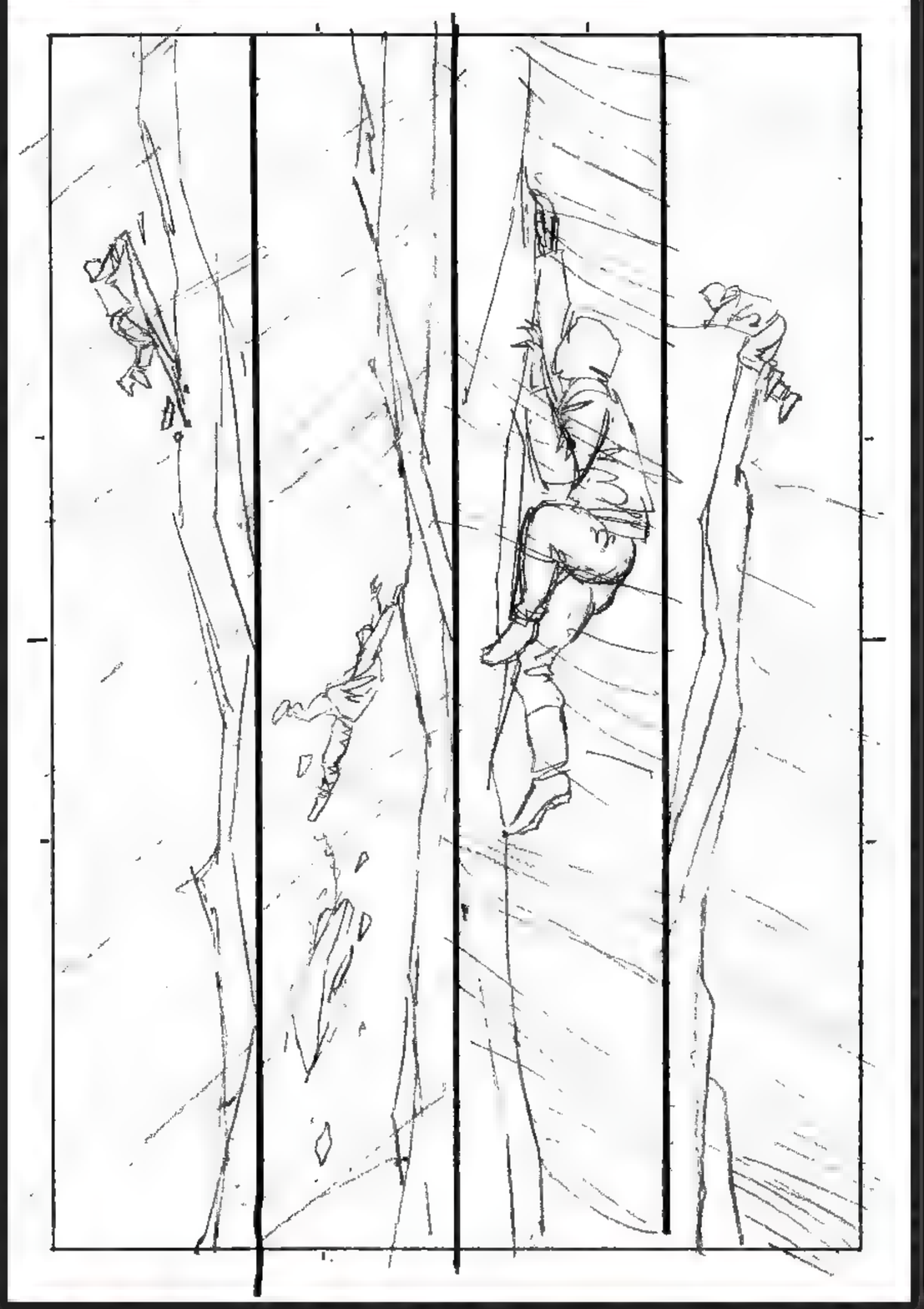
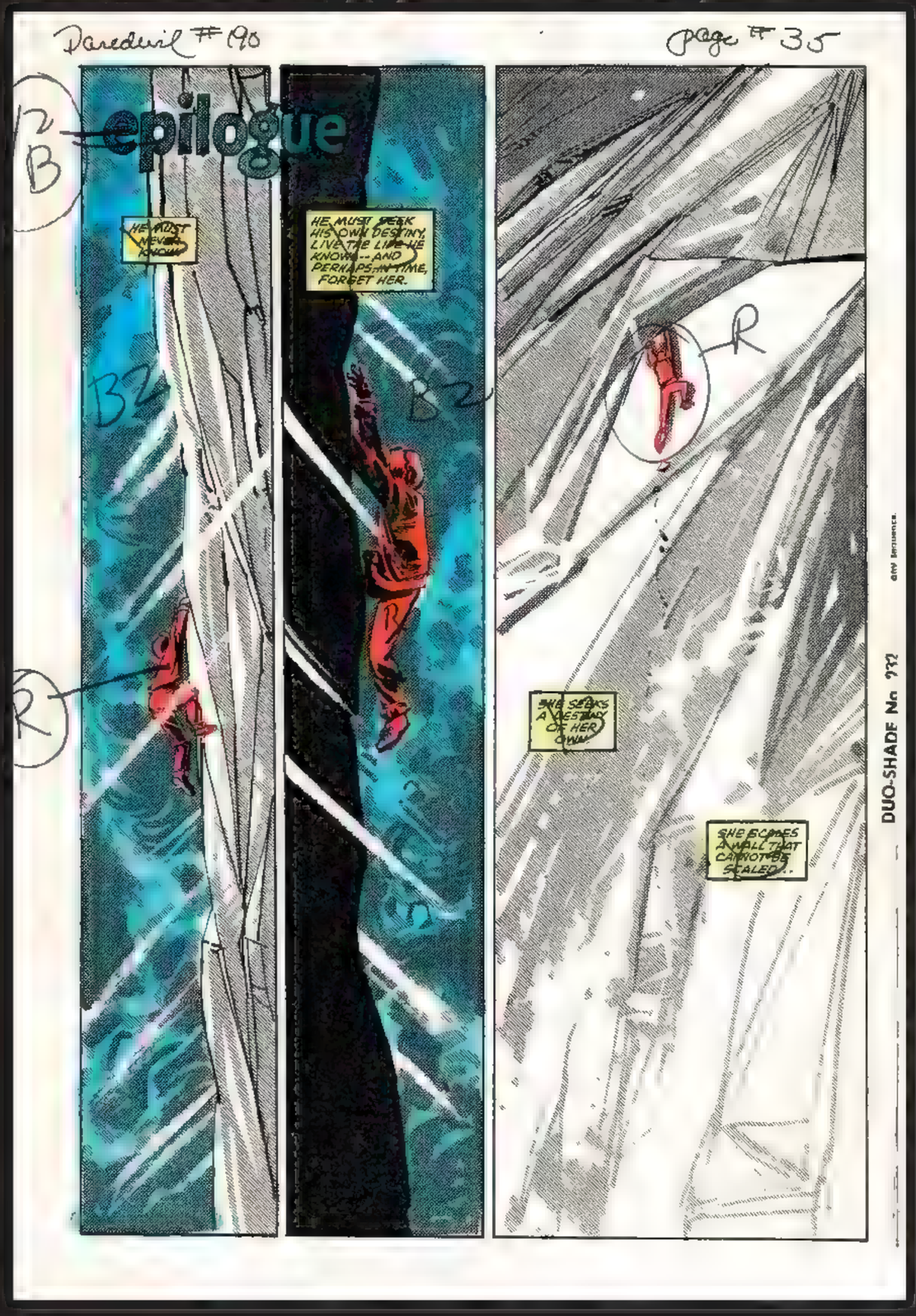
Daredevil #190, pages 35-36 pencil breakdowns by Frank Miller





Daredevil #190, pages 35-36 color guides over finished art by Klaus Janson



Daredevil #190, page 37 pencil breakdowns
by Frank Miller

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Daredevil #190, page 37 color guide over finished art
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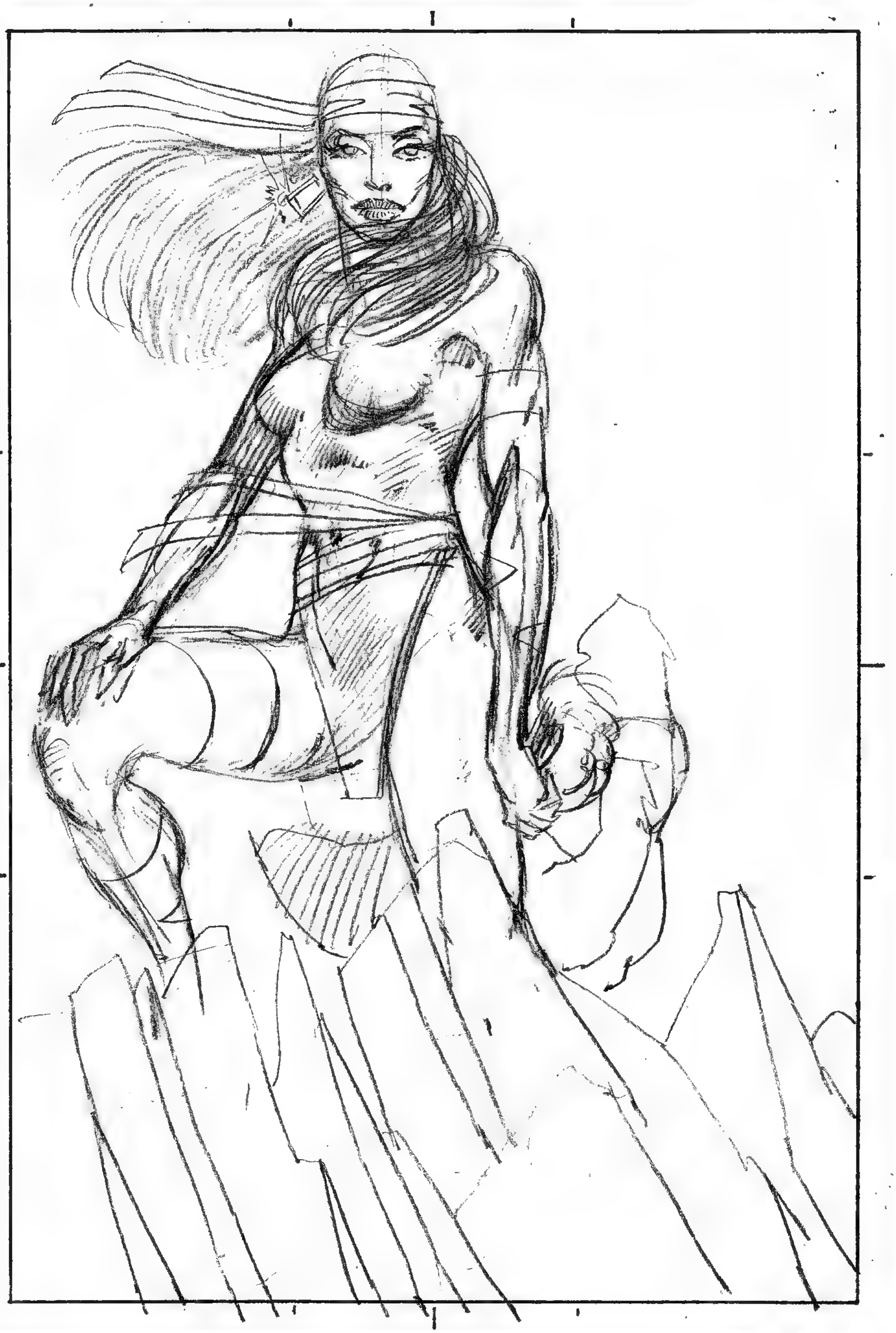
Daredevil #190, page 38 pencil breakdowns
by Frank Miller



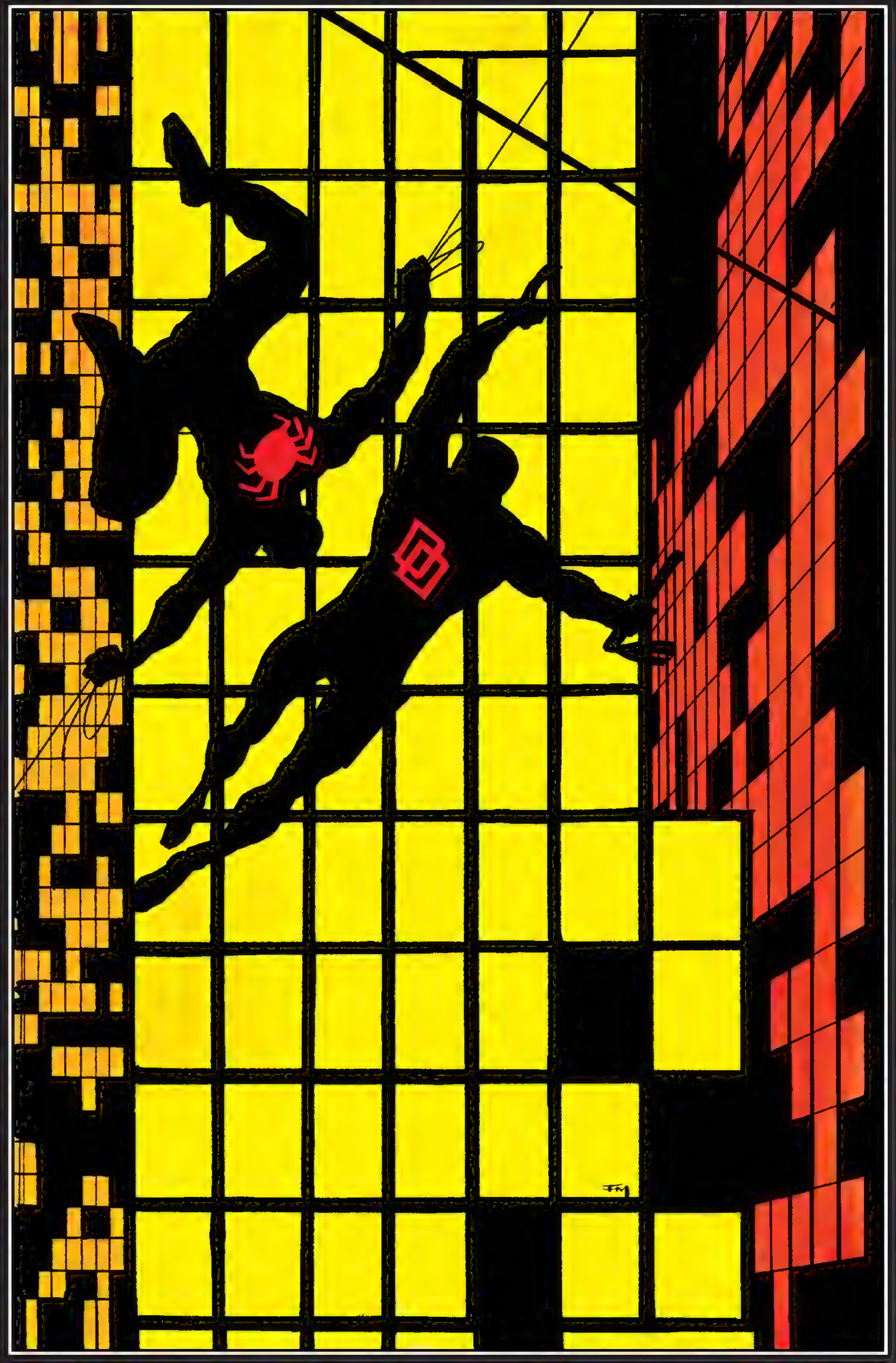
Courtesy Klaus Janson

Daredevil #190, page 38 color guide over finished art
by Klaus Janson

Spider-Man and Daredevil: Special Edition #1 (March 1984) cover
by Frank Miller

Reprinting *The Spectacular Spider-Man* #27-28

Spider-Man and Daredevil: Special Edition #1 (March 1984) back cover
by Frank Miller



Spider-Man and Daredevil: Special Edition #1 introduction
by Jim Salicrup

Stan Lee PRESENTS:

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IN THIS ISSUE

The Blind Leading the Blind 1
Cover Gallery 23
Ashes to Ashes 31

INTRODUCTION

"Frank Miller's Coming to Town"
by **Jim Salicrup**

It seems like it was just last Tuesday that as an Assistant Editor I was stationed outside Associate Editor **Jim Shooter's** office when the surprisingly young and talented **Frank Miller** first waltzed through the hallowed halls of mighty Marvel! Probably was high noon, too! It's difficult to believe that was really several years ago. I still remember Big Jim's excitement and enthusiasm as he poured over, for the first time, Frank's art samples. Jim knew, even then, that he had come upon a major new talent. Almost immediately Jim placed tremendous confidence and faith in this newcomer and spent many hours encouraging and guiding Frank. It wasn't long before Jim was so taken with Frank's ability to tell someone else's story in pictures that Jim suggested that Frank should begin plotting his own stories.

Later, working closely with Editor **Denny O'Neil**, Frank created what is now comic art history. Frank's collaborations with **Klaus Jansen** on **DAREDEVIL** and with **Chris Claremont** and **Joe Rubinstein** on **WOLVERINE** are already considered some of the most outstanding comic book achievements of the eighties!

Within this deluxe Special Edition we're proud to re-present the first two stories Frank penciled featuring the crimson-clad Man Without Fear. Collectors are already paying premium prices for **PETER PARKER, THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN** issues 26 and 27, which originally published these tales. This Special Edition allows serious comic art students an inexpensive look at those issues which featured the nascent, yet already distinctive, Miller style!

We've also added new pages, scripted by **Bill Mantlo**, to fill in readers on what came before this issue's dramatic events! **Mark Bright** and **Vince Colleta** illustrated this special flashback sequence which due to schedule reasons neither Frank Miller nor **Frank Springer** could handle. Frank, however, did manage to find time to pencil and ink this Special Edition's stunning covers and therein lies a tale! Recently I ran into Frank, it may have been last Tuesday, at the Forbidden Planet comics shop in Manhattan. Despite his enormous success Frank hasn't changed much personally. He's still as enthusiastic and concerned about his work as ever. In fact, Frank revealed that he had completed two different covers for this Special Edition. Unhappy with the results he discarded them and started over from scratch! He also had many ideas on how best to prepare this Special Edition. From suggesting the type of paper on which to *print* to offering unpublished pin-ups (which unfortunately couldn't be located before press time, but will be coming your way some time in the future), Frank was incredibly helpful. We hope you enjoy the results!

SALICRUP

Marvel Age #10 (January 1984) article on the chronological collecting of the Elektra storylines from *Daredevil* and *Bizarre Adventures* as *The Elektra Saga*.

THE ELEKTRA™ SAGA

A preview by **D. Jon Zimmerman**

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For days now, Editor-in-Chief **Jim Shooter** and editor **Denny O'Neil** have been cruising the corridors of the House of Ideas with knowing smiles of supreme satisfaction. **MARVEL AGE MAGAZINE** editor, **Jim Salicrup's** fabled nose for news smelled a story of electrifying proportions and ordered me out to get that scoop! Corralled in his office a mere two days before he would fly to California, Denny couldn't keep quiet any more!

ELEKTRA'S back!

But hold onto your hat, because *that* news is only the beginning! For **Daredevil's** greatest love and deadliest enemy returns in a way that has never been done before in the history of comics! Denny leaned forward in his chair and explained excitedly that not only was this special project to be a four-issue Limited Series on Baxter paper, not only would it have a new **Frank Miller** wraparound cover, not only would it have new Frank Miller poster-style Elektra illustrations on the inside covers, not only would it run some material in color for the very first time, and not only would it also have *new* pages of Frank Miller story and art, it would have *more*!

It would be a return to that era of Elektra's life depicted in the now classic issues of **DAREDEVIL** with one major twist – they would this time focus entirely on **Elektra**!

How did Frank and Denny accomplish this? Denny had a quick answer, "We took the old **DD** stories of Frank's and edited out everything that did not deal directly with **Elektra**. Then Frank did new pages for the opening, new bridging material where it was needed to make for a smooth story, in fact, he restructured the story, effectively making it a whole new saga!

"I've seen the penciled wraparound cover that Frank did for the first issue and it looks great!" continued Denny. **Klaus Janson** will be inking the new material as well as coloring the whole shebang.

"This is a direct sales title that will be on the stands October 11. We've got it on a monthly schedule, with each of the four issuse being 48 pages long."

And, as to his own feelings about the series, Denny exclaims, "I think it's a terrific project! It brings together everything about **Elektra** into one set of stories – it fills in all the gaps. It was an interesting challenge to bring everything together and I'm very happy with the results. I'm sure the fans will be, too!"

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THE ELEKTRA SAGA™

THE WALL

BOOK ONE OF FOUR

BY
FRANK MILLER
WITH
KLAUS JANSON

Reprinting material from *Daredevil* #168 & #190 and *Bizarre Adventures* #28

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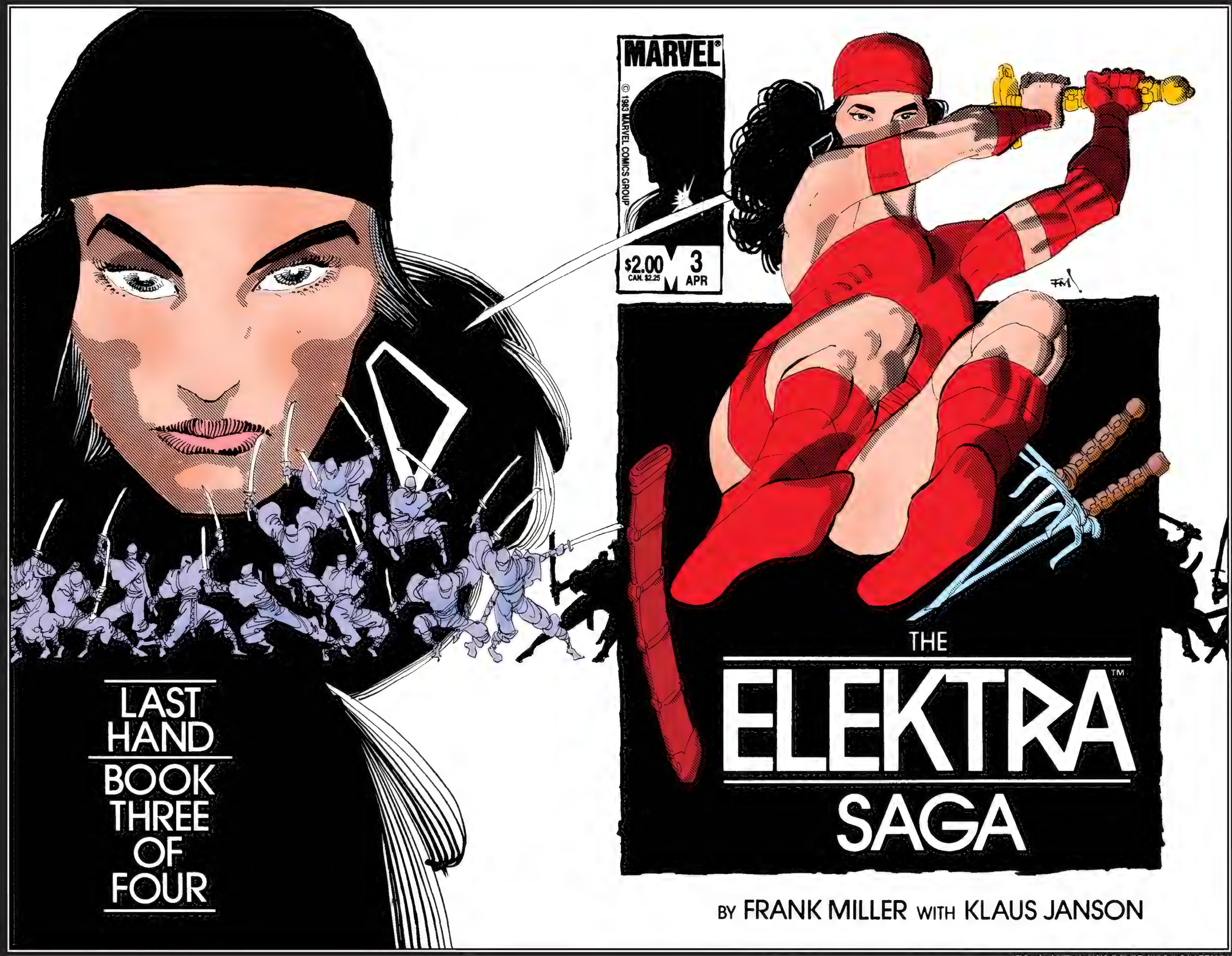
2 MAR

THE ELEKTRA™ SAGA

THE GANTLET BOOK TWO OF FOUR

BY FRANK MILLER WITH KLAUS JANSON

Reprinting material from *Daredevil* #174-176



Reprinting material from *Daredevil* #177-181

Reprinting material from *Daredevil* #182 & #187-190

The Elektra Saga #1 (February 1984) frontispiece
by Frank Miller

The Elektra Saga #1 (February 1984) pinup
by Frank Miller

The Elektra Saga #2 (March 1984) frontispiece
by Frank Miller

The Elektra Saga #3 (April 1984) frontispiece
by Frank Miller

The Elektra Saga #4 (May 1984) frontispiece
by Frank Miller

The Elektra Saga #4 (May 1984) pinup
by Frank Miller

The Elektra Saga #1 (February 1984) creator biographies

FRANK MILLER was born in 1957 in Olney, Maryland. He grew up in Montpelier, Vermont and moved to New York City when he was 19. Within a week of his arrival he found work as a comic book artist, a profession he has followed ever since. In 1981, he began writing as well as illustrating stories. His interests include the martial arts and samurai drama.

KLAUS JANSON was born in Coburg, Germany in 1952. His family migrated to Bridgeport, Connecticut, 1957 and he became a United States citizen in 1963. Before beginning his career as a penciler, inker and colorist, he worked as an assistant to Dick Giordano and Richard Buckler.

The Elektra Saga #2 (March 1984) introduction
by Mike W. Barr

FRANK MILLER SAID
by
Mike W. Barr

"I'm writing a *Daredevil* plot," Frank Miller said, in early 1980, "and I'd like you to read it."

Now my ego, hopping about like a tic on a hot plate, demands I say I saw Frank's tentative step into writing coming a mile away. After all, I knew Frank had been dissatisfied with the stories he'd been drawing up to that point, and I knew he had taken it upon himself to plug many holes in those stories, and had done it well. So to predict that Frank would begin writing his own material would hardly have been a task worthy of Nostradamus. But the memory of *1984*, and Orwell's history rewriters rises ominously, and my ego must go unsatiated.

However, given the facts above, neither was I taken by surprise when he announced he was writing his own plot. I said I'd gladly read it, and give him an unvarnished opinion.

Not too much later, he handed me a sheaf of several photocopied pages. The plot was entitled "Elektra," and again Ol' Mr. Ego horns in, suggesting that a slight embellishment of the truth — that I found several errors in Frank's plot that had slipped by him — would hurt no one.

Again the ego starves, for such is not the case. "Elektra," which eventually became *Daredevil* #168, was a good, solid plot, and whatever minor caveats I had were covered in the art — as Frank said they would be. But it was not until after "Elektra" was published that I realized what a fine job it was. Implanting events into the past of an established character or series is easy to do, but making it *work* is the trick. (A quick show of hands, please: Who in the audience did *not* visit the planet Krypton before it exploded?) In "Elektra," Frank showed us some of Matt Murdock's hitherto unrevealed college days, and his all-important first love, but the trick is that he did it *well*. Upon reading "Elektra" as a comic, I realized it was more than a "good, solid plot;" it was touching and memorable . . . and it was, in the best sense of the word, a *sweet* story, in its first look at love. "Elektra" remains for me one of Frank's finest efforts, and I was eager to see what he'd do next.

★ ★ ★

"I'm bringing Elektra back," Frank Miller said, early in 1981. This time, he was not asking for advice.

"You're asking for trouble," I replied, never one to maintain a discreet silence. "Elektra" was, I felt, such a well-realized story that any attempt to do a sequel would surely result in failure, and drag the earlier story down with it. I was, I am delighted to report, utterly wrong (tell the truth and shame the ego). Elektra's return in *DD* #174, and the issues that followed combined — combine — to make one of the most consistently involving storylines I've yet come across. In his run on *Daredevil*, Frank took the book out of the shadow of *Spider-Man* and back to the streets, then, unexpectedly, plunged it deep into the waters of a totally convincing Zen-like mysticism. He had also set into motion events and conflicts that could only end in one way.

★ ★ ★

"I'm going to kill Elektra," Frank Miller said, in late 1981. I shook my head and sighed, yet realized that the inevitable had happened, that something had to give. And that was, I was sure, the end of it.

★ ★ ★

I'm going to resurrect Elektra," Frank Miller said, in the middle of 1982. He was smiling.

And, after an astonished gasp, and a look at the audacious gleam in his eyes, I was smiling, too. In anticipation.

The Elektra Saga #3 (April 1984) introduction
by Jo Duffy

Knowing Frank Miller for the past seven years — since just about the time he came to New York and broke into professional comics — has been a humbling experience, for any number of reasons. Chief among these is that he is intensely committed to and therefore extremely good at any project he undertakes.

I first met Frank when he and I were assigned to do a short "tryout" story for Marvel. That was my year for tryouts . . . as the newest writer in the office I worked on a number of short stories with a number of aspiring artists. In comparison to the others I worked with, Frank's potential — and his talent — shined. That's why I like to say I knew him when. I was the first person at Marvel Comics, and one of the first in the industry, to have the opportunity to recognize how very good Frank Miller is.

A year or so later, I got a chance to put my money where my mouth was. During my relatively brief stint as editor of *Daredevil*, I made what everyone, with the complacency of hindsight, would now be quick to call an obvious choice. I made Frank an offer he couldn't refuse — the regular penciling assignment on his favorite character's title.

Sometime later, Denny O'Neil, who'd taken over editing of the book, gave Frank the additional assignment as writer of *Daredevil*. The first time out, he created Elektra.

To this day, I am filled with a mix of admiration, envy, and awe at how quickly and thoroughly Frank Miller, a man who had trained and been working solely as a penciler, came to equal and then to surpass most of the full-time, dedicated-to-their-one-craft writers in the business.

Nowadays, he's still creating characters, still writing, still drawing. He's also taken to inking. That means that another big segment of the people in this industry will have to keep on their toes from now on. Kind of makes you wonder what he'll take on next.

It's become popular to criticize Frank Miller. People like to take stabs at him because they know he's good. He's still proving it.

He proved it first on these stories. With Elektra.

Jo Duffy

The Elektra Saga #4 (May 1984) afterword
by Dennis O'Neil

It was one of those days when the world seems to be made of sunshine. Frank Miller and I were sitting on the porch of a handsomely weathered house at Montauk Point looking out at the most glittering ocean I'd ever seen. We were discussing Elektra. I remember thinking that setting and subject were incongruous: Elektra is Frank's recreation of the eternal mythological yin figure, the dark Earth female — Kali, Medusa, the Harpies — and as such surely no fit topic for a splendid summer day.

So I thought then. I don't now. For I have come to agree with eastern mystics, western philosophers and physicists from all over that the universe exists on the interface of opposites, and Elektra reflects that duality. She is equal parts pleasure and destruction, musk and decay, womb and grave. Her violence was caused by thwarted love and, eventually, love redeemed her from violence. Her fury is a perversion of her idealism and that same idealism keeps her from total ruthlessness. She is a woman constantly torn between the poles of her own divided nature.

I don't know how much of this Frank was aware of when he created her, and finally it doesn't matter. What *did* matter that sunshiny day — our reason for meeting — was the problem of how we could rescue her from being a supporting character in a magazine bearing another character's name and present her, pure, to an audience that might appreciate her. After an hour's discussion, Frank convinced me that he could extract the Elektra story from the larger continuity it was embedded in and, with some additions and a little rewriting and a lot of restructuring, it would stand by itself. The four volumes of *The Elektra Saga* — this is the last of them — prove Frank right.

For me, it has been an educational project to edit. I'm astonished at how much Frank's change of emphasis alters my response to the basic narrative — valuable information for a writer-editor to have, and a possible tool for the future.

The last thing we talked about that morning at Montauk was Elektra's fate. Would she remain secluded in her mountain retreat? Or would something force her again into the corruption, the ugliness, the havoc she knows so well? Well . . . there *is* an Elektra tale yet to be told. Only Frank Miller can tell it. What you and I can do is hope he does.

Dennis O'Neil

To address gaps in the chronological presentation of Elektra's story, *The Elektra Saga* #1 featured a new five-page bridging sequence by Miller & Janson.

GENIN-- THE ORDER IS *GIVEN!*

I...

SET UP-- WE'VE BEEN--

AAAA

YOU *MOTHERS!*

YOU *MOTHERS...*

I...

...YOU MOTHERS WON'T GET *ME...*

BLAM

WHAT THE HELL WAS TH...

IT'S THOSE *NINJA!* THEY--

YOUR FAILURE ENDANGERED OUR *MISSION*, GENIN.

DO NOT LIE. YOUR HESITATION WAS NOT DUE TO INEXPERIENCE.

IT WAS *CONCERN*. YOU DID NOT *WANT* TO KILL.

TELL ME, GENIN--HOW DID ONE SO *WEAK* BECOME ONE OF THE *HAND*?

MY STORY... WOULD MEAN *NOTHING* TO YOU, ELEKTRA.

BUT I HAVE HEARD...THAT YOU ARE AS *TRAPPED* IN THIS ORDER AS I...

THAT IS HOW THE *HAND* WORKS, ISN'T IT?

BUT MY CORRUPTION IS NOT YET COMPLETE --AND, PERHAPS, NEITHER IS *YOURS*.

PERHAPS... THIS IS OUR *CHANCE*...

I SHALL *SEAL* THE CABIN-- AND WE HAVE A *PLANE*...

NO.

GO TO YOUR BROTHERS.

ANOTHER SUCCESS, ELEKTRA. YOU RISE THROUGH OUR RANKS SO QUICKLY...

I AM *HUMBLED*, JONIN!

HUMBLED? NO, NOT YET...

YOUR REPORT IS *COMPLETE*, THEN?

...YES, JONIN.

THEN LET ME PRESENT YOU...WITH A *GIFT.*

...A *SPECIAL* GIFT FRESHLY *PREPARED*, JUST FOR YOU.

YOU *RECOGNIZE* HIM, YES?

AH, ELEKTRA ... STILL YOU ARE NOT *WITH* US. NOT TRULY, ELSE YOU WOULD HAVE *REPORTED* THE GENIN'S BREACH.

HIS WEAKNESS ...

WHAT WILL BE MY *PUNISMENT?*

GENIN-- YOU ARE DISMISSED ...

NO PUNISHMENT, ELEKTRA. A *DEMONSTRATION* IS ALL I SEEK.

A DEMONSTRATION OF YOUR *DEDICATION*-- YOUR *FIDELITY* TO THE HAND...

REJOICE, ELEKTRA--

I SHALL *HONOR* YOU--

--MAKE YOU THE *CHALICE* OF MY SPIRIT...

JONIN, YOU HAVE BROKEN ME, IN *MANY* WAYS...

HKKKK--!

STILL, I HAVE LEARNED *MUCH* FROM YOU...

D--DON'T--

...ENOUGH TO SERVE ME WELL...

UUUUUEEEEEE

JONIN--!

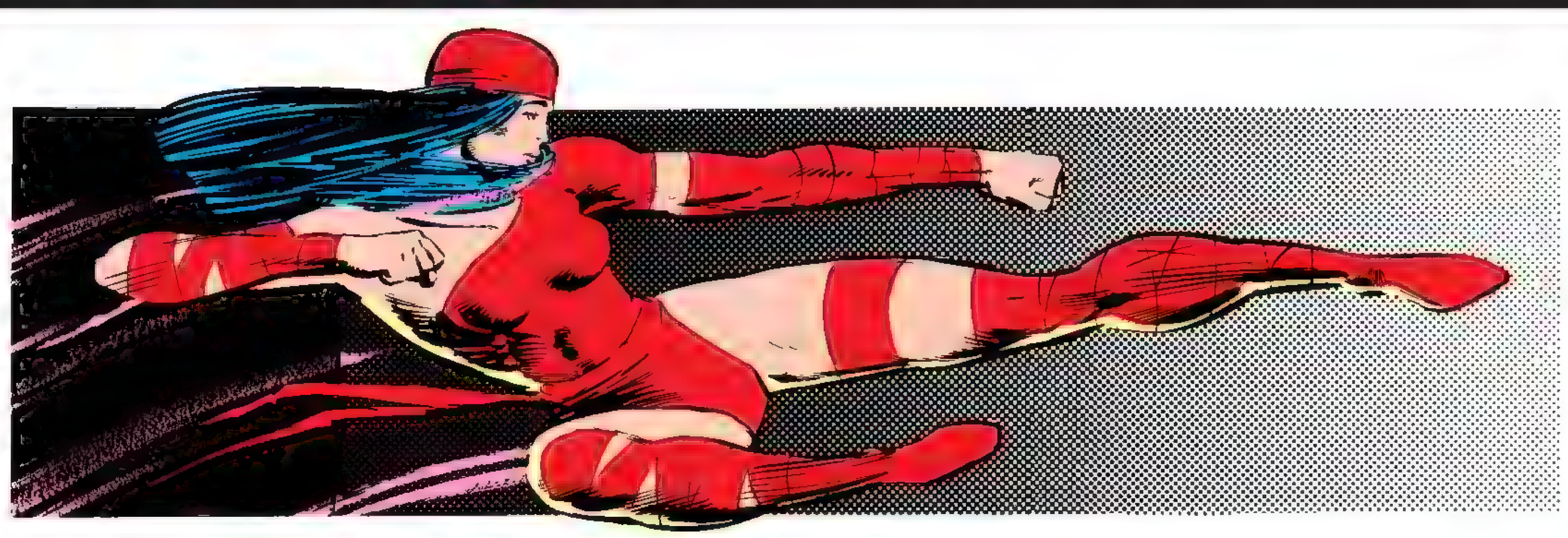
SHE... HAS *LEFT* US, GENIN. SHE... HAS *BETRAYED* OUR ORDER...

SHE IS *PROUD*, THAT ONE. *PROUD*. BUT WE WILL FIND HER, IN TIME...

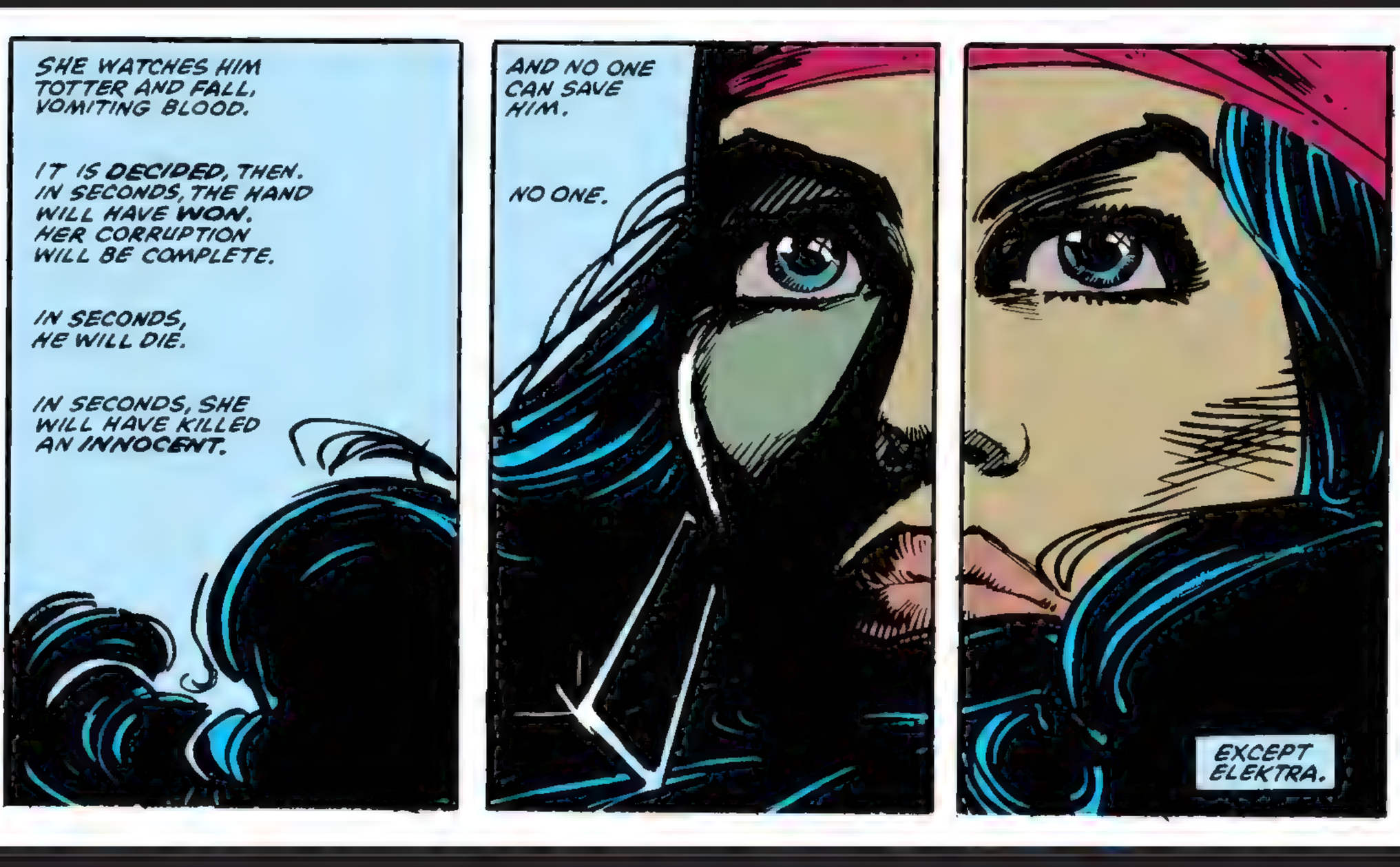
I WILL SEE HER DIE...

*THEY WILL **NOT** FIND HER, NOT FOR YEARS. SHE FLEES JAPAN...*

The Elektra Saga #1 featured this new shot of Elektra across the top of its opening double-page spread. The image was followed by a reconfiguration of *Daredevil* #168, page 6 and page 7, panels 1-2 where Elektra first met Matt Murdock.



The Elektra Saga #3 featured a new three-panel sequence following Elektra stabbing Ben Urich on *Daredevil* #179, "Spiked!", page 22, panel 8.



Elektra Megazine #1 (November 1996) cover
by Claudio Castellini

Reprinting *The Elektra Saga* #1-2

Elektra Megazine #2 (December 1996) cover
by Claudio Castellini

Reprinting *The Elektra Saga* #3-4

Marvel Press Poster #14 — *Daredevil* (1985)
by Frank Miller & Klaus Janson

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Daredevil and the Punisher: Child's Play (1988) cover
by Geof Darrow

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Child's Play

FRANK MILLER • KLAUS JANSON

Reprinting *Daredevil* #182-184

Daredevil and the Punisher: Child's Play (1988) foreword
by Ralph Macchio

FOREWORDS

IT'S MILLER TIME

What's that they say about a story that just *has* to be told? Well, it's certainly true of the *Daredevil* story which ran through three issues of his own magazine (#'s 182–184). It was a streetwise, gritty tale that dealt with an often verboten subject in comics—hard drugs. To be fair, it had been examined before in a couple of magazines. Stan Lee's groundbreaking 1970's issues of SPIDER-MAN, in which one of Peter Parker's closest friends had a severe pill problem, was released by Marvel without the ubiquitous Comics Code seal. Stan believed the suject too important to be diluted or scrapped becuase of regulatory actions. And Editor Denny O'Neil's acclaimed work at our competition, on GREEN LANTERN/GREEEN ARROW, was also among the few series to concern itself with narcotics addiction. Denny, of course, with my small assistance, edited the trio of issues, collected herein, during his stay at Marvel.

Still, drug abuse was not—nor is—your garden-variety subject for monthly comics. And so, in 1981, when Frank Miller, then D.D.'s incredibly talented writer/artist, first put together his drug story, it was, for a variety of reasons, shelved. Not canned. Shelved. About a year later, circumstances seemed ripe, and Frank, aided and abetted by the invaluable Klaus Janson, reshaped certain sequences to fit in current continuity, and re-submitted the story. The result is a powerful, realistic look at hard drugs and what they've done to the very fabric of our society. Especially the children.

But this is a comics magazine, not *Kojak*, and so, enter Daredevil, The Man Without Fear, righter of wrongs and seeker of justice. But he doesn't enter alone. Another justice-seeker follows, demanding retribution for evil done—The Punisher! I like this guy; he makes me feel mighty uncomfortable. Created by Gerry Conway, and now star of his own wildly successful monthly title, the Punisher disturbs me because he stretches the concept of the costumed do-gooder to a most unpleasant—yet fascinating—extreme. He's the dark side of the super hero biz. Y'see, though Daredevil works outside the law, he's still a creature of great compassion and welcome familiarity. We know that when he goes into action he'll exercise restraint, generally using only the force necessary to subdue—not slay. But get on the wrong side of the Punisher, baby, and you're history! No questions asked. And yet, he claims to work in society's overall interest, much as does a certain horn-headed hero. Disturbing.

Daredevil makes us comfortable with the concept of the vigilante. The Punisher does not. And let's face it, what's most frightening about this gent is that he's the "super hero" we'd all be if we were ever crazy enough to slip on some spandex duds and go off and fight crime. Come on, we wouldn't mess around with billy clubs or batarangs. Fight fire with fire—use guns, son. Big ones.

Frank Miller has superbly mixed these two variant approaches to crimefighting while tackling a very topical issue in a mature, sensitive manner. We couldn't have asked for firmer hands at the helm than Frank, Denny O'Neil and Klaus Janson. Read on and see why. And keep that trigger-finger ready.

Ralph Macchio
December, 1987

Daredevil and the Punisher: Child's Play (1988) foreword by Mike Baron

There was always a hot book at Marvel — at least one, sometimes more than one. In 1982, Frank Miller's version of *Daredevil* was the class act, comic craft of such astonishing visual daring and guileless simplicity, it became the ideal toward which all other action comics aspired. Your standard Marvel was 60¢ in those days, so I'd scoop up multiple copies. When Potts asked me to write an afterword to this edition, I told him not to bother to send me copies. I went to my shelf and pulled out my own.

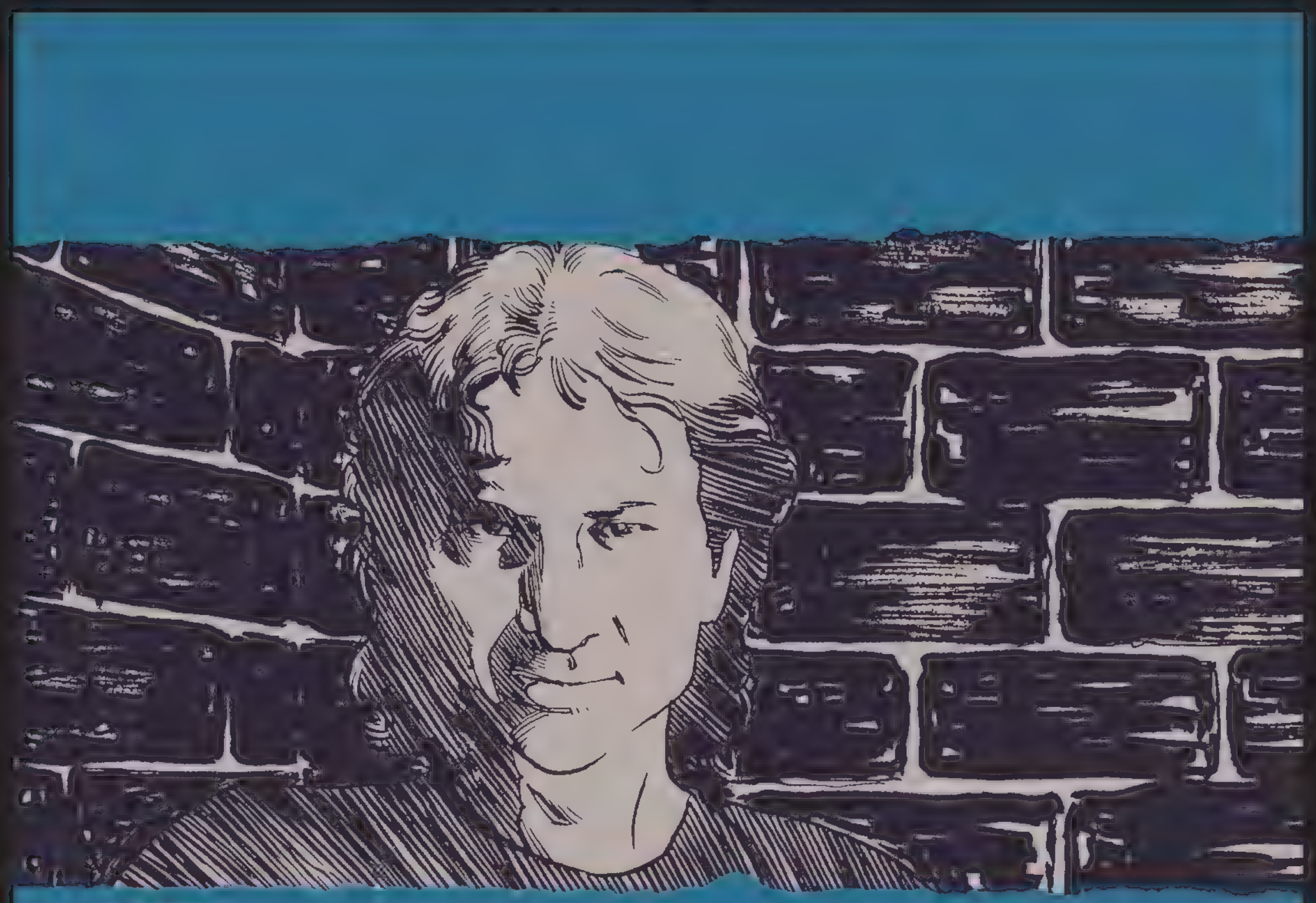
The three issues involving Punisher, like most of the Miller/Janson *Daredevils*, are simple stories. Compared to the Laocoon-like plots of its contemporaries, the *Daredevils* seem basic — a distillation of plot fundamentals through a film noir lens. Yet, simplicity can be the hardest of virtues. From that first opening shot of Matt Murdock staring blindly out with his huge eyes in issue #182, Miller and Janson chat out a master rhythm between words and pictures. Frank's lay-outs have a Bauhaus simplicity — two columns of pictures, one a full vertical illustration to set the scene, the other a stack of horizontal panels for exposition. The black areas plopped down on the page with almost insouciant skill — the effortless knowledge of instinct that comes from one million hours of anatomy, drawing, and inking. And the blank space — did I mention the blank space? Like the splash page to "Child's Play" (#183) and that crazy free-form Manhattan office of Glenn Industries, in #182, where the only "outside" is framed in the black squares of the office window, and Klaus has painted the Manhattan skyline in blue, in the snow.

The Punisher came on the scene in #182, freed from prison by one of those shadowy government organizations that dote on right wing vigilantes. Daredevil was still getting over Elektra's death, but by #183 we've moved into a new story-line, with both Punisher and Daredevil on the trail of angel dust pushers. The opening to "Child's Play," with the little girl foaming at the mouth and throwing herself out the window, delivers the urgency and horror of drug abuse that's missing from most popular "cautionary" entertainments. It's rub-your-face-in-it stuff, the kind of gritty realism for which Miller has become known. Miller's Punisher was my kind of guy — shoot first, ask questions later. He tended to preach a little, but compared to past Punishers, he was laconic. Frank was one of the first guys to choreograph his fights (along with Neal Adams), and that really impressed me — especially after years of wretched kung fu comics which displayed their ignorance proudly. Not that the Daredevil's featured realistic fights — they weren't. But they were very good action entertainment, a more demanding discipline than most people imagine.

It's interesting to note that when Frank wrote Daredevil, he tended to make Punisher the more formidable hand-to-hand combatant (with the aid of a tranqulizing gun). He was a gracious host. When I put the Daredevil into the Punisher's own title, I made Daredevil the deadlier fighter. It just didn't seem right to invite a great superhero into your book to kick the tar out of him. It's also interesting to contrast Klaus' version of Punisher with the version he inked over Frank's pencils. Klaus' Pun is more massive — more an icon than a man. But one thing hasn't changed — the absolute drop dead arrogance of those perfect inks.

— MIKE BARON

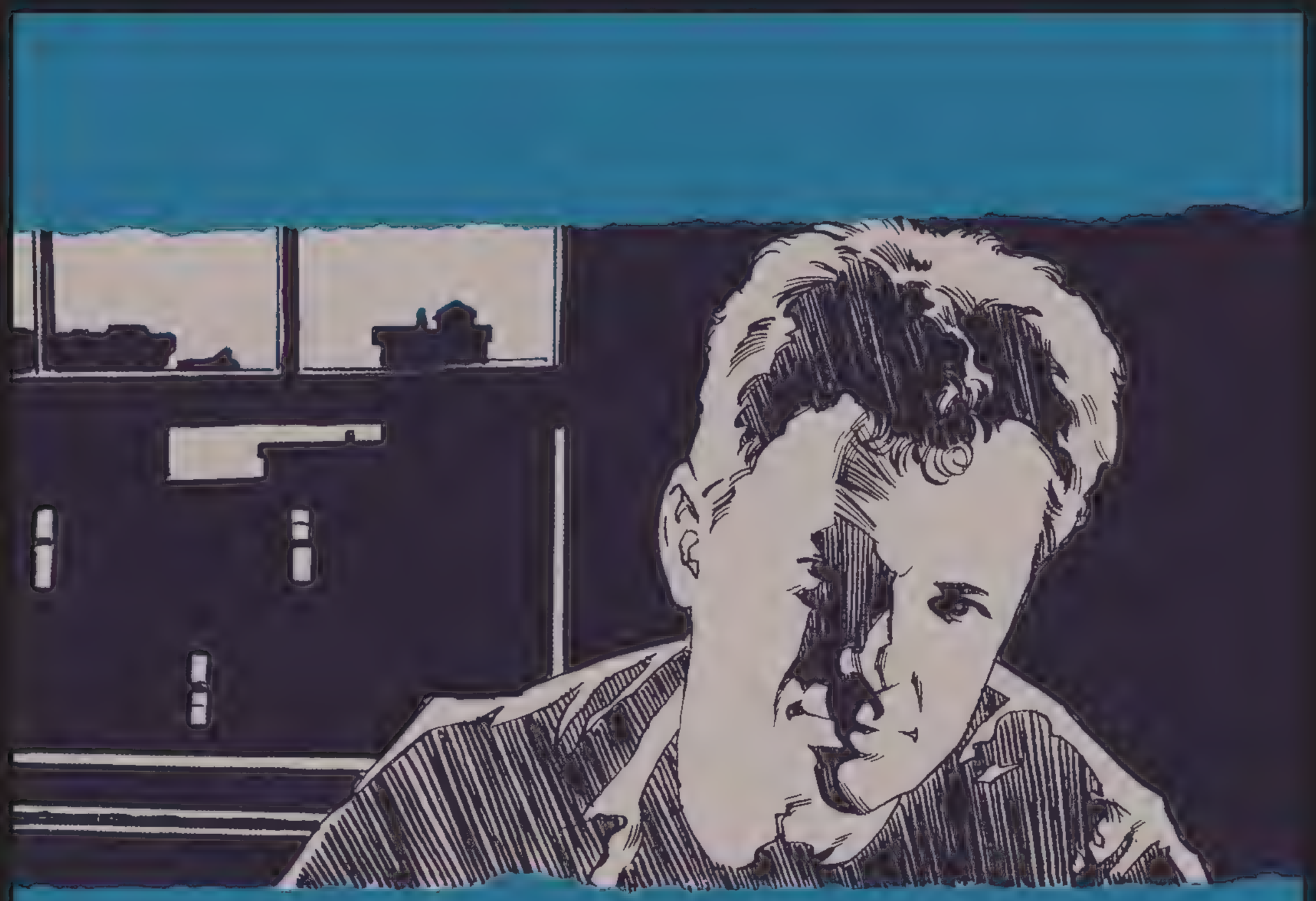
Daredevil and the Punisher: Child's Play (1988) Frank Miller biography
art by Rodney Ramos



FRANK MILLER

The mid 1970's brought a host of talented newcomers into the ranks of professional comic book artists. Among this group was a quiet lad from Vermont named Miller. After doing a variety of one-shot stories for several publishers, Frank was assigned the regular penciling chores on *Daredevil*. It was on this title that Miller's artistic and writing talents grew in leaps and bounds — thrusting him into the limelight. To date Frank has had two highly acclaimed stints on *Daredevil*. He's also written several Graphic Novels, the *Elektra: Assassin* limited series, and some high profile projects for our *D*istinguished *C*ompetition. *M*r. *M*iller has become one of the field's most influential creators.

Daredevil and the Punisher: Child's Play (1988) Frank Miller biography
art by Klaus Janson



KLAUS JANSON

Since the early 70's this inker/colorist extraordinaire has been working in the comics field to much fan and professional acclaim. Klaus seems to have a special affinity for Daredevil. Having first teamed up with penciler Bob Brown in the mid-70's for a long and glorious run on Marvel's Man Without Fear, in the early 80's Mr. Janson really stepped into the limelight when he began to collaborate with writer/penciler Frank Miller on *Daredevil*. Eventually Klaus took to penciling the strip, and he's been inking his own work on a variety of titles ever since.

Daredevil and the Punisher: Child's Play (1988) afterword
by Ann Nocenti

AFTERWORD

A daredevil. A punisher. Both walk the same razor's edge of justice. Two soldiers in a warzone called New York City. One believes in ideals, in ideal justice, the other believes the war has gone too far for that. Punisher justice is pure instinct and fast bullets. A meeting between these men is like tossing two grenades at the same spot. They tend to pull each other's pins, and then, well, us ordinary mortals better just stand back and watch the fireworks. They both have thier own hard won points of view, and sometimes it's difficult to see clear right or wrong in there anywhere. There had just better be a lot of right in there somehow, because when you get down to it, they're not just men with opinions, they know how to inforce their beliefs. And who's to bully the bullies? Who judges them? Do they even need to be judged? Perhaps it is good enough that they have passion, and that they are trying to make the world a better place for the rest of us. As Nietzsche says—some concepts are beyond good and evil. A daredevil. A punisher

In these stories, in gallant brushstrokes and broad dramatic gestures, Frank Miller paints a portrait of Justice, and just when you feel the scales are balanced, he flips justice over and shows us its underbelly, and reminds us that justice is blind. Perhaps the blindness is part of what keeps the scales balanced.

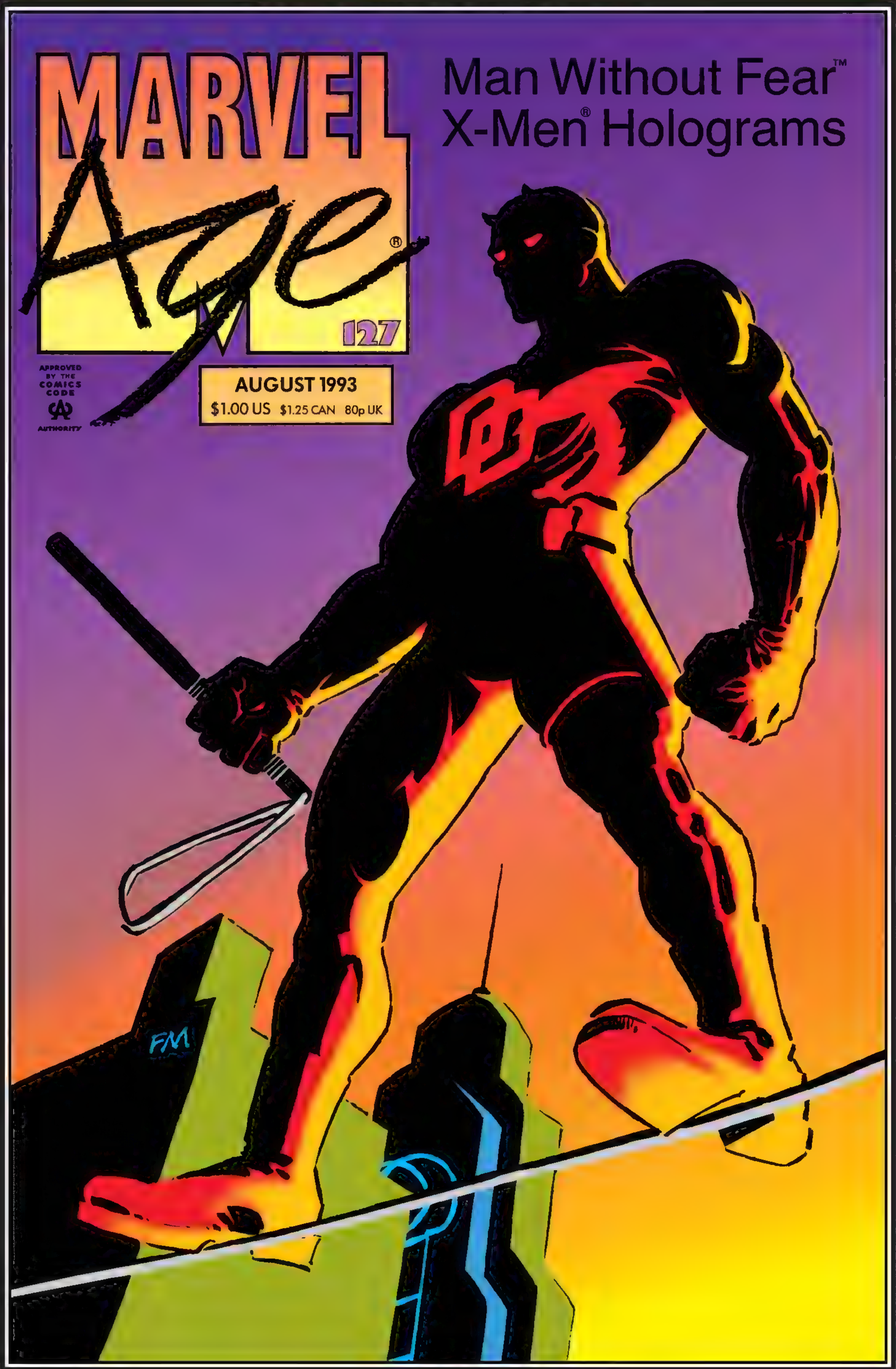
Add to this powerful backbone the killer inks and riviting coloring of Klaus Janson, and you've got, simply, great comics.

—ANN NOCENTI

The Punisher vs. Daredevil #1 (June 2000) cover

Reprinting *Daredevil* #183-184 & #257

Marvel Age #127 (August 1993) cover
by Frank Miller & George Roussos



Marvel Press Poster #152 — *Daredevil* (1993)
by Frank Miller & Paul Mounts

Daredevil Visionaries: Frank Miller Vol. 3 (2001) cover
by Frank Miller & Steve Buccellato

Reprinting *Daredevil* #182-191, *What If?* #28 & #35 and *Bizarre Adventures* #28

Daredevil Visionaries: Frank Miller Vol. 3 (2001) frontispiece
by Frank Miller

INTRODUCTION

BY KLAUS JANSON

(FROM *DAREDEVIL VISIONARIES: FRANK MILLER VOL. 3*, 2001)

Daredevil has always been a character for whom I have great affection. After my first collection of *Spider-Man* was thrown away (thanks, Mom!), I had to start collecting another series. When *Daredevil* #1 came out in mid-1964, I knew this book was the one. None of my friends liked the character. We'd argue for days but I would not relent. I discovered him, I collected him and I was going to defend him like family.

Many calendar pages later, I was very excited to be asked to ink *Daredevil*. It was the first time I let myself think that maybe I could be part of an art form that I loved and respected so much. I worked with some very talented artists: Gene Colan, Bob Brown, Carmine Infantino and Gil Kane. Some are gone and some remain, but they are all deserving of our collective respect.

Daredevil at that time was a series that had a high turnover rate. That meant that the talent wouldn't hang around too long. Of course, they couldn't dynamite me out of there. My job was to keep the characters and look of the book consistent in spite of those personnel changes.

So when I heard there would be another artist taking over, it was a matter of just another day for me. And to a degree, it was. Frank Miller and I started with a whimper, not a bang. I look at *DD* #158 and I see two artists trying to fit into a mold neither was very comfortable doing. Frank was doing what Marvel wanted: middle-of-the-road storytelling that would not scare the older readers away. I was trying to force the work into some consistency with what had come before. The work was good but not inspired.

That first year, in retrospect, was a process of proving ourselves to Marvel and to each other. As a team, Frank and I had to develop some artistic trust between each other.

It was twelve months later that the first sign of greatness poked her head out: Elektra. When Frank introduced Elektra in *DD* #168, it was the culmination of Frank's intent to rebuild Daredevil and his supporting cast. Admit it, wasn't the series as fun to read for the adventures of our hapless Turk as it was to catch up on DD? Where was Ben Urich before Frank? Didn't you just love it when someone went flying through Josie's plate glass window?

Frank's writing turned the series into a comic book that did not talk down to the readers. It was smart. That approach was unique at that period of time. We take it for granted, I think, that so many writers working today can trace their origins in style and tenor right back to Frank Miller.

We were picking up steam individually as artists on the series by DD #168. The book generated lots of fan response. We went monthly with issue #171. More mail, more sales, more enthusiasm. We never took the audience for granted. We earned every new reader and were appreciative of that fact. There was never a thought given to doing less than our all. It was never an option. And I'll tell you a secret: We loved entertaining the fans. It was a great time.

But above all else came the work. The final phase of what Frank and I became as a team started with *Daredevil* #179. I knew, even then, that book was the best work we had done together to date. Frank and I had finally found our collective artistic voice. We were two people working as one. We grabbed the opportunity and ran like hell without once looking back. I was impressed then. I am amazed now.

I remain so very proud of our run on *Daredevil*. Both of us were profoundly affected by the time we spent on this character. It gave us the chance to develop artistic identities. To this day, we still refer to and call up the theories and lessons learned during that time. I think Frank would agree that within these pages lies our artistic DNA. It is certainly true for me. For that opportunity, I will always be grateful to Marvel, Jim Shooter and Denny O'Neil.

Daredevil holds a very fond spot in my heart.

It was a great time.

Maybe the best.

— Klaus Janson
New York City
March 2001

BIOGRAPHIES

FRANK MILLER

One of the boldest voices of a generation that pushed American comics into new creative and literary frontiers, Frank Miller broke into comics in 1978 illustrating stories in *Twilight Zone*, *Weird War Tales* and *John Carter, Warlord of Mars*. A Will Eisner acolyte ready to challenge the mainstream, Miller quickly moved on from short stories and single issues. With only his fifth Marvel credit, he took over as penciler on *Daredevil*. Teamed with inker/colorist Klaus Janson, Miller developed a dark and gritty world that brought the series back to its Hell's Kitchen roots. Miller's *Daredevil* was revolutionary, reintroducing pulp and crime genre elements into comics. Eleven issues into his run, Miller took over as writer and introduced the Greek assassin/love interest Elektra, who grew to become a major character in her own right.

As his *Daredevil* tenure came to a close in 1982, Miller penciled Wolverine's first solo series before moving to DC for the creator-owned *Ronin*. He returned to *Daredevil* in 1986 as writer of the acclaimed "Born Again" with artist David Mazzucchelli. Meanwhile, Miller was also making history at DC. He reunited with Janson to write and draw the landmark graphic novel *Batman: The Dark Knight Returns*. Depicting the resurgence of a retired, middle-aged Batman, *Dark Knight* pulled no punches in exploring the character and the era's politics. The resultant acclaim brought new literary regard to the medium and Miller's take still influences the character today. Miller returned to the Daredevil mythos again by scribing the *Daredevil: Love and War* graphic novel and *Elektra: Assassin*, both painted by Bill Sienkiewicz.

After writing the seminal origin story *Batman: Year One*, Miller began a relationship with the upstart independent publisher Dark Horse. There, he wrote *Hard Boiled*, *Give Me Liberty*, *Big Guy and Rusty the Boy Robot* and *RoboCop vs. The Terminator*, which parlayed from his scriptwriting the *RoboCop 2* and *RoboCop 3* movie sequels. He also launched his crime series *Sin City* in *Dark Horse Presents*, which Miller has since co-directed with Robert Rodriguez in two feature film adaptations. In the meantime, Miller again revisited Marvel and Daredevil with the *Elektra Lives Again* graphic novel and the five-issue origin retelling *Daredevil: The Man Without Fear*. Miller's success at the movies with *Sin City* led to his graphic novel *300* being adapted into a blockbuster, and he also directed *The Spirit*. A recent return to DC resulted in *Batman: The Dark Knight Strikes Again* and *All Star Batman & Robin, the Boy Wonder*. At the 2015 Eisner Awards, Miller was inducted into the Comic Book Hall of Fame.

KLAUS JANSON

In a comics career now over 40 years strong, Klaus Janson's talent as an elite inker and artist have given him the kind of respect and name recognition normally restricted to superstar pencilers. German-born but Connecticut-raised, Janson jumped into comics in the early '70s while still a teenager. After a short tenure as art assistant to Dick Giordano, he began a long and illustrious career inking a variety of titles, including Black Panther in *Jungle Action*, *Captain Marvel* and *Vampire Tales*. As his reputation for stellar art grew, he would often provide finishes to pencil breakdowns by Sal Buscema on *Incredible Hulk*, *Battlestar Galactica* and more.

He is perhaps most famous for his collaborations on *Daredevil*, deftly finishing, inking and coloring Frank Miller's pencils, but his association with DD went back to the latter years of Gene Colan's tenure, making Janson's style the artistic link between the title's most legendary pencilers. Janson and Miller's styles so perfectly meshed that after Miller left *Daredevil*, Janson stayed on for several issues, single-handedly keeping the visual flavor of the series intact. Soon after, Janson rejoined Miller—this time at DC—on the groundbreaking *Batman: The Dark Knight Returns*. After their *Dark Knight* triumph, Janson penciled and inked several Batman stories in the pages of *Detective Comics*, *Legends of the Dark Knight* and later Greg Rucka's *Batman: Death and the Maidens* and Chuck Dixon's *Batman: Gordon's Law* miniseries. During this period, he also penciled and inked the first five issues of the inaugural *Punisher* ongoing series.

Today Janson remains an industry force, most notably inking the pencils of John Romita Jr. in *Thor*, *Amazing Spider-Man*, *Avengers* and *Black Panther*. Janson brings the same consummate skill to teaching the next generation of comics artists at both New York City's School of Visual Arts and seminars at the Museum of Comic and Cartoon Art.

ROGER McKENZIE

Kentucky-born Roger McKenzie began scripting comics in 1976 on Warren mags *Vampirella*, *Creepy* and *Eerie*. Influenced by both mystery and sci-fi writers, McKenzie was soon at Marvel adapting Battlestar Galactica for *Marvel Super Special* and picking up the reins of *Daredevil*. Several of his first issues were drawn by legendary *Daredevil* artist Gene Colan, but it was Frank Miller's debut in the title's 158th issue that gave McKenzie his most timeless collaborator. While he wrote the first year of Miller's *Daredevil*, McKenzie was also the ongoing writer of *Battlestar Galactica* and *Captain America*. During his tenure on the latter title, McKenzie and artist collaborator Don Perlin devised the plot of Captain America running for president. Later writer Roger Stern deployed the idea to much acclaim, making sure to credit McKenzie and Perlin for their inspiration. McKenzie's DC credits include *Men of War*, *Weird War Tales* and *House of Mystery*. He also premiered the red-headed gunslinger Cinnamon in the pages of *Weird Western Tales*. In the mid-'80s, McKenzie teamed with artist Pat Broderick on Pacific's *Sun Runners* and launched *Next Man* at Comico. McKenzie left the industry in the late '80s.

MARK GRUENWALD

Few can lay claim to the influence that Mark Gruenwald had on Marvel as an editor, writer and artist during the 1980s and '90s. Born in 1953 in Wisconsin, Gruenwald's love of comics manifested in a fanzine titled *Omniverse*, which led to writing articles for the DC-published fanzine *Amazing World of DC Comics*. In 1978, he was hired by Jim Shooter to serve as an assistant editor at Marvel. In addition, Gruenwald also scripted several titles. He was ongoing writer of *Spider-Woman* in 1978-79, he kicked off a long run co-scripting *Marvel Two-In-One* with the "Project Pegasus" arc, and he co-wrote a handful of stories in *What If?* and *Thor*. Early in his career, Gruenwald also penciled a number of titles, including issues of *Questprobe*, *Incredible Hulk* and *Marvel Team-Up*. His major art credit was drawing the 1983 *Hawkeye* miniseries, which he also scripted.

A well-known continuity hound and office jokester, Gruenwald gave T-shirts emblazoned with the catchphrase "Continuity or Bust" to his office peers. His deep love of the Marvel mythos didn't stop with T-shirts. As a writer, he delved deep into Marvel's past with his "Untold Tales of the Marvel Universe" backup stories in *What If?*, as well as the secret origin of the High Evolutionary in the 1989 "Evolutionary War" event. Gruenwald's biggest achievement in grappling with the encyclopedic history of Marvel was his development of *The Official Handbook of the Marvel Universe*, a series compiling the backgrounds of virtually every Marvel character. Eager fans devoured *OHOTMU*, and the series' success led to multiple sequels and updates that continue today.

Gruenwald's biggest accomplishment as a writer came with *Captain America*, a title which he wrote for an astonishing 137-issue run from 1985-1995. He also kicked off long runs on *Quasar* and the New Universe title *D.P. 7*. His critically acclaimed magnum opus, *Squadron Supreme*, a 12-issue miniseries, reestablished the alternate-reality Marvel team. When Tom DeFalco was named editor-in-chief in 1988, Gruenwald became his second-in-command with the title of executive editor. As an editor, he worked closely to mentor young writers, bringing an unforgettable sense of fun to the deadline slog. Tragically, Gruenwald passed away in 1996 due to an unknown heart ailment. In his will, he requested his ashes be mixed with ink used in the first printing of the *Squadron Supreme* trade paperback.

Biographies researched and written by John Rhett Thomas

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THE GOLDEN AGE

As the Great Depression wore on and the specter of war hung over America, a new storytelling medium was born: the comic book. Within their four-color pages, larger-than-life super heroes could make short work of America's foes, giving readers of all ages hope for victory against the real-life enemies that faced the United States. At the forefront of this new medium was Timely Comics, a young company staffed by such legendary creators as Carl Burgos, Bill Everett, Joe Simon, Jack Kirby and Stan Lee.

GOLDEN AGE ALL-WINNERS VOLS. 1-4
GOLDEN AGE CAPTAIN AMERICA VOLS. 1-6
GOLDEN AGE DARING MYSTERY VOLS. 1-2
GOLDEN AGE HUMAN TORCH VOLS. 1-3
GOLDEN AGE MARVEL COMICS VOLS. 1-7
GOLDEN AGE MYSTIC COMICS VOL. 1
GOLDEN AGE SUB-MARINER VOLS. 1-3
GOLDEN AGE U.S.A. COMICS VOLS. 1-2
GOLDEN AGE YOUNG ALLIES VOLS. 1-2

THE ATLAS ERA

Seeing super heroes waning, Timely Comics evolved into Atlas Comics and took on a vast new range of genres: science-fiction tales of outer space adventures; realistic war comics; buxom jungle heroines; horror comics that would become the center of a moral panic that rocked the industry; and romance comics for the emerging teen audience. Even the classic costumed heroes of the Golden Age retooled to take on the threat of Communism. From Western gunfighters to crime to horror, the Atlas Era had it all!

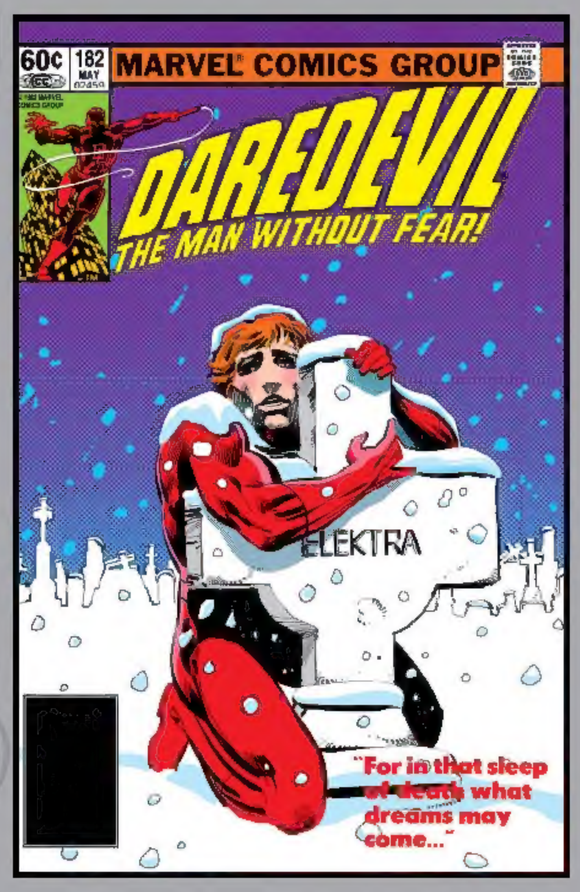
ATLAS ERA BATTLEFIELD VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA BLACK KNIGHT/YELLOW CLAW VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA HEROES VOLS. 1-3
ATLAS ERA JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA JUNGLE ADVENTURE VOLS. 1-3
ATLAS ERA MENACE VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA STRANGE TALES VOLS. 1-6
ATLAS ERA TALES TO ASTONISH VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA TALES OF SUSPENSE VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA VENUS VOL. 1

THE MARVEL AGE

In August 1961, change hit newsstands: *The Fantastic Four* #1 did not feature the squeaky-clean heroes of yesteryear. They were real characters placed in extraordinary circumstances. They lived together, they fought among themselves — and sometimes, they even lost to the bad guys. This was more than a change in attitude: It was the beginning of something entirely different — the beginning of the Marvel Age of Comics!

Thanks to the fertile imaginations of Stan Lee, Jack Kirby, Steve Ditko and others, an unending list of heroes followed the FF with ever-increasing acclaim and popularity: the Amazing Spider-Man, the Mighty Thor, the Incredible Hulk, Daredevil, Iron Man and the X-Men, to name but a few. These were the Marvel heroes, born of conflict and a continuous struggle to balance human lives with superhuman responsibilities.

THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN VOLS. 1-24
ANT-MAN/GIANT-MAN VOLS. 1-3
THE AVENGERS VOLS. 1-22
THE BLACK PANTHER VOLS. 1-3
BROTHER VOODOO VOL. 1
CAPTAIN AMERICA VOLS. 1-14
CAPTAIN MARVEL VOLS. 1-6
THE CHAMPIONS VOL. 1
DAREDEVIL VOLS. 1-17
DAZZLER VOLS. 1-4
DEATHLOK VOL. 1
THE DEFENDERS VOLS. 1-8
DOCTOR STRANGE VOLS. 1-10
THE FANTASTIC FOUR VOLS. 1-24
GHOST RIDER VOLS. 1-4
HOWARD THE DUCK VOLS. 1-2
THE HUMAN TORCH VOLS. 1-2
THE INCREDIBLE HULK VOLS. 1-16
THE INHUMANS VOLS. 1-2
THE INVINCIBLE IRON MAN VOLS. 1-16
IRON FIST VOLS. 1-2
KA-ZAR VOLS. 1-3
KILLRAVEN VOL. 1
LUKE CAGE VOLS. 1-3
MARVEL RARITIES VOL. 1
MARVEL TEAM-UP VOLS. 1-6
MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE VOLS. 1-6
THE MIGHTY THOR VOLS. 1-21
MS. MARVEL VOLS. 1-2
NICK FURY, AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D. VOLS. 1-3
NOT BRAND ECHH VOL. 1
RAWHIDE KID VOLS. 1-2
THE SAVAGE SHE-HULK VOLS. 1-2
SGT. FURY VOLS. 1-4
THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN VOLS. 1-5
SPIDER-WOMAN VOLS. 1-3
THE SILVER SURFER VOLS. 1-2
THE SUB-MARINER VOLS. 1-8
THE TOMB OF DRACULA VOLS. 1-2
WARLOCK VOLS. 1-2
WEREWOLF BY NIGHT VOL. 1
THE X-MEN VOLS. 1-8
THE UNCANNY X-MEN VOLS. 1-15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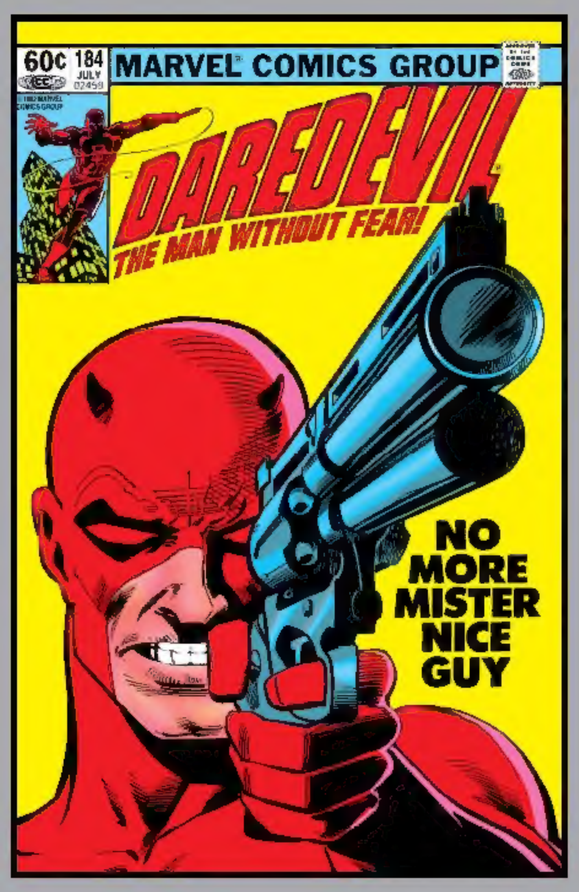
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